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PALACE OF WHITEHALL IN CHARLES THE SECOND'S REIGN: ANNO 1680.

LITERARY

AND HISTORICAL

MEMORIALS OF LONDON.

B 2795

By J. HENEAGE JESSE.

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND," "GEORGE SELWYN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES," "THE PRETENDERS AND THEIR ADHERENTS," ETC.

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TO THE BINDER.

The Plan of London and Westminster in the Reign of Elizabeth, to be placed loose in a pocket in the cover of the first volume.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL

MEMORIALS OF LONDON.

PICCADILLY.

TRADITIONS OF HYDE PARK CORNER.—SIR THOMAS WYATT.—CHARLES THE SECOND AND THE DUKE OF YORK.—SIR SAMUEL MORLAND.—WINSTANLEY.—POPE.—LORD LANESBOROUGH.—APSLEY HOUSE.—THE "PILLARS OF HERCULES."—ORIGIN OF THE NAME PICCADILLY.—EMINENT PERSONS WHO LIVED IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

HYDE Park Corner, as the great western approach to London, seems to be the most appropriate place for commencing our antiquarian rambles. The spot, too, in itself, possesses great interest. It was here that Sir Thomas Wyatt "planted his ordnance" in his famous attempt on London in 1554;* and here also, on the threatened approach of the royal army in 1642, the citizens of London hastily threw up a large fort, strengthened with four bastions; in which zealous work of rebellion they were enthusiastically aided by their wives and daughters. Butler tells us, in his inimitable Hudibras,—

* Stow.

From ladies down to oyster-wenches,
Laboured like pioneers in trenches;
Fell to their pick-axes and tools,
And helped the men to dig like moles.

I have seldom crossed the road between Constitution Hill and Hyde Park, without calling to mind the well-known retort which Charles the Second gave his brother, the Duke of York, on this particular spot. Charles, who was as fond of walking as his brother was of riding, after taking two or three turns, and amusing himself with feeding the birds in St. James's Park, proceeded up Constitution Hill, accompanied by the Duke of Leeds and Lord Cromarty, into Hyde Park. He was in the act of crossing the road, when he was met by the Duke of York, who had been hunting on Hounslow Heath, and who was returning in his coach, attended by an escort of the royal Horse Guards. The Duke immediately alighted, and, after paying his respects to the King, expressed his uneasiness at seeing him with so small an attendance, and his fears that his life might be in danger from the hands of an assassin. "No kind of danger," said the merry monarch, "for I am sure that no man in England will take away my life to make you king."*

Close to Hyde Park Corner, the well known mechanist, Sir Samuel Morland, had a country house. A letter of his, addressed to the high-minded and ingenious philosopher, John Evelyn, is dated

* Dr. King's "Anecdotes of his Own Time." Dr. King tells us that Lord Cromarty was in the constant habit of relating the story to his friends.

from his "hut near Hyde Park Gate." It was to the *town house* of Sir Samuel at Lambeth, that Charles the Second passed from the palace of Whitehall by water, to pass the first night of his almost miraculous Restoration with Mrs. Palmer, afterwards the too-celebrated Duchess of Cleveland. Winstanley, another ingenious mechanist, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne, had also a "water theatre" near Hyde Park Corner, conspicuous from its being surmounted by a large weathercock; and here, we are told, the town was accustomed to crowd of an evening to witness his hydraulic experiments. Steele mentions him in one of his papers in the "Tatler," and Evelyn has thought the projector worthy of praise.

One would be glad, but the wish is a vain one, to ascertain the exact spot, "by Hyde Park Corner," which was the scene of the school-boy days of Pope,—where the poet forgot the "little" which he had learnt from his Roman Catholic preceptor, Bannister,—from whence he used to stroll to the play-house, to delight himself with theatrical exhibitions,—and where the youthful bard composed his juvenile play from "Ogildby's Iliad," in which his school-fellows were the principal performers, and his master's gardener was the personator of Ajax.*

Since we are unable to point out the exact spot where the great poet "lisped in numbers," it is but small consolation to be able to fix the

* Spence's "Anecdotes of Men and Books." Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

residence of one whose follies have been immortalized by his verse. This was Theophilus, first Lord Lanesborough,—

Sober Lanesborough dancing with the gout.

His *country* residence was on the site of the present St. George's Hospital, and originally formed the centre of the old hospital, to which two wings were afterwards added on its being adapted to charitable purposes. So paramount is said to have been Lord Lanesborough's passion for dancing, that, when Queen Anne lost her consort, Prince George of Denmark, he seriously advised her to dispel her grief by applying herself to his favourite exercise. He died here on the 11th of March, 1723.

Apsley House, which stands on the site of the old Ranger's Lodge, was built by Lord Chancellor Apsley, afterwards second Earl of Bathurst, about the year 1770. Almost adjoining, and to the east of Apsley House, formerly stood a noted inn, the "Pillars of Hercules," which will always be memorable as the place where Squire Western took up his abode, when he came to London in search of Sophia, and was bursting with vengeance against Tom Jones. About the middle of the last century, the "Pillars of Hercules" was a fashionable dining place, especially for military men. It was also much frequented by country gentlemen from the West of England, which was probably the reason that Fielding made Squire Western take up his quarters there.

The space between the "Pillars of Hercules" and Hamilton Place was formerly occupied by a row of mean houses, one of which was a public-house called the "Triumphant Chariot." This was, in all probability, the "petty tavern" to which the unfortunate Richard Savage was conducted by Sir Richard Steele, on the well-known occasion of their being closeted together for a whole day composing a hurried pamphlet, which they were compelled to sell for two guineas before they could pay for their dinner.* Piccadilly Terrace now stands on the site of the row of houses we have referred to. At No. 13, Lord Byron resided shortly after his marriage: here occurred his memorable separation from Lady Byron; and here he seems to have composed "Parisina," and "The Siege of Corinth."

According to the authority of almost every person who has written on the subject of the streets of London,—and I am sorry to disturb an opinion so long received, — Piccadilly derives its name from Peccadilla Hall, a repository for the sale of the fashionable ruffs for the neck, entitled piccadillies or turnovers, which were introduced in the reign of James the First. Barnabe Rice, in his "Honestie of the Age," speaks of the "body-makers that do swarm through all parts, both of London and about London." "The body," he says, "is still pampered up in the very dropsy of excess. He that some forty years since should have asked after Piccadilly, I wonder who would have under-

* Johnson's "Life of Savage."

stood him; or could have told what a Piccadilly had been, either fish or flesh." In Ben Jonson's "Devil is an Ass;" in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Pilgrim;"* and in Drayton's satirical poem "The Moon Calf," will be found more than one allusion to the fashionable "pickadel," or "pickadilly." It must be remarked, however, that the earliest of these productions (and they have all evidently reference to a ridiculous and ephemeral fashion of recent introduction) dates no further back than 1616; and, moreover, according to every evidence which I have been able to collect on the subject, the introduction of the "Piccadilly" was at least not of an earlier period than 1614. When we are able, therefore, to prove, that the word "Pickadilla" was in common use as far back as 1596 (our authority is Gerard's "Herbal," where the "small wild buglosse," or ox-tongue, is spoken of as growing upon the banks of the dry ditches "about Pickadilla"), we are compelled to disturb the old opinion that the present street derives its name from a fashionable article of dress which we find was not introduced till nearly twenty years after "Pickadilla" had become a familiar name, and which, moreover, was little likely to be sold in so rural a district as Piccadilly was in the days of James the First.

Let us be allowed to throw out one suggestion on the subject. Pickadilla House, which stood nearly on the site of the present Panton Square, was a fashionable place of amusement, apparently as far

* D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

back as the reign of Elizabeth, and continued to be so nearly till the time of the Commonwealth.* It has been the custom of all countries to confer an alluring name on places of amusement, — as for instance, we find the fashionable "Folly" floating on the Thames in the days of Charles the Second,— and I cannot, therefore, but think, that Pickadilla House derived its name simply from the Spanish word *peccadillo*, literally meaning a venial fault, but which was intended, perhaps, to imply more than met the eye. Under all circumstances, it seems far more reasonable to suppose that the newly-invented ruff should have derived its name from being worn by the fair ladies and silken gallants who frequented Pickadilla House, than that a trifling article of dress should have given a name, first to the suburban emporium in which it is asserted to have been sold, and afterwards to one of the principal streets in Europe. Why, indeed, should a ruff have been called a pickadilla, unless from some such reason as we have mentioned? Or what lady is there who ever went into the fields to buy her attire? And, in the days of Elizabeth and James the First, Pickadilla House stood literally in the fields. The fact, however, that "Pickadilla" was a well-known spot, nearly twenty years before the introduction of the "pickadel," or "turn-over," at least puts one part of the argument at rest. We have already employed more time on the subject than perhaps it

* In Faithorne's "Plan of London," published in 1658, we find the spot still laid down as Pickadilly Hall.

deserves, and must leave the *vexata questio* to be decided by some more ingenious antiquary.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as appears by Aggas's "Plan of London," published in 1560, the present line of Piccadilly, extending from the Haymarket to Hyde Park Corner, was a mere road, which ran through an open country, and was called "the Roade to Readinge." Piccadilly appears to have been formed into a street about the year 1642. It extended then no farther than the end of the present Swallow Street, and when afterwards, in the reign of Charles the Second, it was continued in the direction of Hyde Park Corner, the new street, in compliment to Catherine of Braganza, obtained the name of Portugal Street. In a map of London, printed in 1707, Piccadilly and Portugal Street are still laid down as two distinct streets. Two years afterwards, as appears by the "Tatler" of the 18th of April, 1709, the whole line of street came to be known by its present denomination. There is an absurd story, which has received the authority of Pennant, that when Richard, the third Earl of Burlington, erected the present Burlington House, he observed that he had placed it there "because he was certain that no one would build beyond him." So far, however, is this story from being true, that we have seen Piccadilly already extending towards Hyde Park Corner in the days of Charles the Second, whereas Lord Burlington was not even born till the reign of William the Third.

Although Piccadilly is a street comparatively of

modern date, there is much to interest us in a stroll from Hyde Park Corner, to its termination, at the west end of Coventry Street. The houses, numbered 138 and 139, close to the Park, which are now the residences of the Earls of Cadogan and Roseberry, were formerly one mansion, which was occupied by the celebrated William Duke of Queensberry, familiarly known as "old Q." In his old age, it was his custom, in fine sunny weather, to seat himself in his balcony, where his remarkable figure was familiar to every person who was in the habit of passing through this great thoroughfare. Here (his emaciated figure rendered the more conspicuous from his custom of holding a parasol over his head,) he was in the habit of watching every attractive female form, and ogling every pretty face that passed by. He is said, indeed, to have kept a pony and a servant always in readiness, in order to follow, and ascertain the residence of any fair girl whose attractions particularly caught his fancy. There are many who may call to mind the flight of steps descending from the first floor into the street, which were constructed for the convenience of the Duke in his latter days, and which have only within the last few years been removed.

The first street diverging from Piccadilly, of any particular interest, is Half Moon Street, which derives its name from a public-house called the "Half Moon" which stood at the corner. Here died the charming comic actress, Mrs. Pope. After having performed at Drury Lane for forty years, she retired

from the stage into private life, with an unblemished character and an easy fortune. She was supposed to bear a strong resemblance to the beautiful Lady Sarah Bunbury, the first, and perhaps the only, romantic love of George the Third. Many years after the beauty of both ladies had been on the decline, the King happened to attend the performances at Drury Lane when Mrs. Pope was acting. The recollection of his earliest love came back to his mind, and, in a moment of melancholy abstraction, he is said to have observed to the Queen,—"*She is like Lady Sarah still.*"

In 1768, we find Boswell lodging in Half Moon Street, and entertaining Dr. Johnson as his guest. At No. 1 also, at the close of life, resided Madam D'Arblay, the celebrated authoress of "Evelina" and "Cecilia."

Passing on, we come to Clarges Street, so called from its being the site of Clarges House, the residence of Sir Thomas Clarges, brother-in-law of the celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle. In this street lived at one period the great Admiral, Earl St. Vincent,* and here, on the 19th of February, 1806, died, in extreme old age, the well-known Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.† At the north-west corner of Bolton Street, now occupied by Lord Ashburton, stood old Bath House, formerly the residence of William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, the formidable antagonist of Sir Robert Walpole; and from the house No. 80, Piccadilly, now occupied by the Duke

* Tupper's "Life of Earl St. Vincent." † Ann. Reg. for 1806.

of St. Albans, Sir Francis Burdett was taken to the Tower, in 1810.

The lady she sat and she played on the lute,
And she sung, "Will you come to the bower?"
The serjeant-at-arms had stood hitherto mute,
And now he advanced, like an impudent brute,
And said, "Will you come to the Tower?"

I am glad to be able to point out the London residence of the great poet, Pope. He lived at No. 9, Berkeley Street, leading from Piccadilly into Berkeley Square, close to his friend Lord Burlington; and it was here, possibly, on the eve of his departure to his quiet retreat at Twickenham, that he composed his "Farewell to London" in 1715.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
For sober studious days,
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For salads, tarts, and peas.

I am assured that in the lease of the house, the name of "Mr. Alexander Pope" occurs as a former occupant. From the poet it passed into the hands of General Bulkeley, who died about the year 1815, at an extreme old age. The present occupant informs me, that he well remembers that whenever the General visited his family, it was invariably his habit to observe with an air of respectful interest, "*This is the house Mr. Alexander Pope lived in!*"

It was to his house in Berkeley Street, that Mr. Chaworth was carried after he received his death-wound in his famous duel with Lord Byron in Pall Mall.*

* Bentley's "Collective Edition of Horace Walpole's Correspondence."

In the days of Charles the Second, when Piccadilly was almost open country, the space between Clarges Street and the Albany was occupied by three large villas, each surrounded by spacious pleasure-grounds, built respectively by Lord Berkeley of Stratton, the great Lord Clarendon, and the well known and wealthy poet, Sir John Denham. Opposite, on the site of Arlington Street, stood Goring House, the residence of the notorious statesman, Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington.

We will first speak of Berkeley House, which stood nearly on the site of the present Devonshire House. It was built by Lord Berkeley of Stratton, about the year 1670, on a property called Hay Hill Farm; from whence Hay Street, Hill Street, Farm Street, and Hay Hill have derived their names, as have Berkeley Street, Berkeley Square, and Stratton Street, from his Lordship's titles. Pepys writes, "25th September, 1672, I dined at Lord John Berkeley's. It was in his new house, or rather palace, for I am assured it stood him in nearly 30,000*l*. It is very well built, and has many noble rooms, but they are not very convenient, consisting but of one *corps de logis;* they are all rooms of state, without closets. The staircase is of cedar; the furniture is princely; the kitchen and stables are ill placed, and the corridor worse, having no respect to the wings they join to. For the rest, the fore-court is noble, so are the stables, and, above all, the gardens, which are incomparable, by reason of the inequality of the ground, and a pretty *piscina.*

The holly hedges on the terrace I advised the planting of."

Evelyn also speaks with enthusiasm of the "noble gardens" and "stately porticos" of Berkeley House. The former must have been of great size when we remember that they extended over the ground now occupied by Lansdowne House and Berkeley Square. In 1684, a part of them were let out for the purpose of being built upon. Evelyn mentions his deep regret at witnessing the work of partitioning, and the sacrilege offered to the "sweet place;" while at the same time he inveighs against the "mad intemperance of the age," in increasing the city, which he says is far out of proportion to the nation, and which in his time had been enlarged nearly ten-fold. What would Evelyn say to London as it *now* stands!

In 1695, when on bad terms with her brother-in-law, King William, Queen Anne, then Princess of Denmark, took up her abode at Berkeley House.* A few years afterwards, the original mansion was burnt down, and, early in the last century, the present unsightly structure was erected,—after a design by Kent,—by William, third Duke of Devonshire. Beyond the fact of its having been tenanted by more than one titled "transmitter of a foolish face," we know of no particular interest that attaches itself to the present structure. Let us except, however, the brief period, when the beau-

* Lord Dartmouth's "Notes to Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Time."

tiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, held her court within its walls, and when Fox, Burke, Wyndham, Fitzpatrick, and Sheridan, did homage at her feet. It would be difficult, at the present day, to convey even the slightest notion of the sensation which the lovely and charming Duchess,—herself a poetess and a wit,—created in the last age, or of the influence which she exercised over the fashion and politics of her time. Distinguished by her high rank, her surpassing lovelinesss, and the peculiar fascination of her manners;—surrounding herself with the gay, the beautiful, the witty, and the wise;—Devonshire House, under the auspices of this charming woman, displayed a scene of almost romantic brilliancy to which the court of our own day can present no parallel. Berkeley House, it may be remarked, was the residence of the Cavendish family, at least as early as the reign of Charles the Second. We find the venerable Christiana, widow of William the second Earl,—to whom she had been given away at the altar by James the First,—maintaining a splendid and hospitable establishment here in 1674, when Waller and Denham were her guests; in 1697, we find William the Third dining with William the first Duke, and here both the first and second Dukes, and the "beautiful Duchess," breathed their last.

The gardens of Clarendon House appear to have adjoined those of Berkeley House, and to have extended to the east as far as the present Burlington Arcade. Clarendon House, the delight and

pride of the great Earl of Clarendon, is said, by Burnet, to have cost him 50,000*l.*; a vast sum, if we consider the relative value of money in the days of Charles the Second's time, and at the present time. His enemies called it Dunkirk House, asserting that it had been built with a sum which he had received as a bribe from the French government for permitting the sale of Dunkirk. Evelyn writes on the 15th of October, 1664, "After dinner, my Lord Chancellor and his lady carried me in their coach to see their new palace, now building at the upper end of St. James's Street, and to project the garden." Pepys also writes, on the 31st of January 1665-6, "To my Lord Chancellor's new house, which he is building, only to view it, hearing so much from Mr. Evelyn of it; and indeed it is the finest pile I ever did see in my life, and will be a glorious house." Evelyn speaks of Clarendon House as possessing many architectural defects, but he adds that, on the whole, it stood most gracefully, and was a stately and magnificent pile.

In Evelyn's Diary for the 27th of August 1667, a few days after the disgrace of the great Chancellor, we find an interesting passage connected with Clarendon House. "I visited the Lord Chancellor," says Evelyn, "to whom his Majesty had sent for the seals a few days before: I found him in his bed-chamber very sad. The Parliament had accused him, and he had enemies at Court, especially the buffoons and ladies of pleasure, because he thwarted some of them and stood in their way.

I could name some of the chief. The truth is, he made few friends during his grandeur among the royal sufferers, but advanced the old rebels. He was, however, though no considerable lawyer, one who kept up the form and substance of things with more solemnity than some would have had." Again Evelyn adds, on the 9th of December, "To visit the late Lord Chancellor, I found him in his garden at his new-built palace, sitting in his gout wheel-chair, and seeing the gates setting up towards the north and the fields. He looked and spake very disconsolately. Next morning I heard he was gone."

The Chancellor died in exile, and shortly afterwards Clarendon House was sold by his successor to Christopher Monk, second Duke of Albemarle, for 25,000*l.* The Duke appears to have resided here for some time, but afterwards parted with it for about 35,000*l.*, when it was immediately levelled to the ground, and the present Dover Street, Albemarle Street, Old Bond Street, and Grafton Street, were erected on the site of its beautiful gardens. Evelyn witnessed with great pain "the sad demolition of that costly and sumptuous palace of the late Lord Chancellor, where he had often been so cheerful with him, and sometimes so sad." And on the 19th of June 1683, he writes, "I returned to town with the Earl of Clarendon: when passing by the glorious palace his father built but a few years before, which they were now demolishing, being sold to certain undertakers, I

turned my head the contrary way till the coach was gone past it, lest I might minister occasion of speaking of it, which must needs have grieved him, that in so short a time their pomp was fallen." Close to Berkeley Street is an archway (leading to the "Three Kings" public-house and livery stables,) on each side of which is a Corinthian pillar, which, according to Mr. D'Israëli, are the last remains existing of Clarendon House.

Burlington House stands on the site of a house built by the celebrated poet Sir John Denham, in the reign of Charles the Second. The present mansion was erected by Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington, who was the architect of his own house, as he also was of the Duke of Devonshire's palladian villa at Chiswick, and, in conjunction with the Earl of Pembroke, of Marble Hill, near Twickenham.

Who plants like Bathurst, and who builds like Boyle?

Horace Walpole says of Burlington House:— "I had not only never seen it, but never heard of it, at least with any attention, when, soon after my return from Italy, I was invited to a ball at Burlington House. As I passed under the gate by night it could not strike me. At day-break, looking out of the window to see the sun rise, I was surprised with the vision of the colonnade that fronted me. It seemed one of those edifices in fairy tales, that are raised by genii in the night's time." Pope was a constant visitor at Burlington House, and has celebrated "Burlington's delicious meal" in some verses which we have already quoted. Gay, too, tells us

that he always entered Burlington House with "cleaner shoes," and we find the great musician Handel a cherished guest. Gay says, in his "Trivia:"

> ——— Burlington's fair palace still remains,
> Beauty, within;—without, proportion reigns;
> There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
> Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein;
> There oft I enter—but with cleaner shoes,
> For Burlington 's beloved by every muse.

In Dover Street, at the close of life, on the site of the "fair gardens" which he had formerly laid out for his illustrious friend Lord Clarendon, lived the amiable and high-minded philosopher, John Evelyn. Here, also, when the death of his royal mistress, Queen Anne, drove him from St. James's Palace, lived the witty and amiable Dr. Arbuthnot, the friend of Swift, Pope, and Gay, and beloved by every man of genius who lived in the Augustan age of England.*

Albemarle Street derives its name from Christopher, second Duke of Albemarle, who succeeded the Earls of Clarendon in the possession of Clarendon House. Till very recently the "Duke of Albemarle" public-house was still to be seen in Dover Street. Albemarle Street witnessed the last scenes of "Harley's closing life;" that celebrated statesman having breathed his last at his house in this street, on the 21st of May, 1724.

It was in Albemarle Street, at the house of Lord Grantham, that George the Second, when Prince of Wales, kept his court, after his memorable quarrel

* Biog. Brit., Supplement.

with his father in 1717. Sir Gustavus Hume, groom of the bedchamber to George the First, writes, on the 24th of December, to the Earl of Marchmont: "The Prince and Princess, after having been both very ill, are now perfectly recovered: they are still at my Lord Grantham's, in Albemarle Street, where they saw company last Sunday for the first time. I am told, his Highness's levee was very slender, not above three or four noblemen, and they such as have not appeared at St. James's for a long time. All such as are admitted to the King's court are under strict orders not to go at any time to the prince or princess's, more particularly all of us that have the honour to be immediately in his Majesty's service. This unhappy difference gives a sensible disturbance to all honest men, and as much pleasure to all those that are enemies to the family." *

Hereafter Albemarle Street will be interesting to the lovers of past history, from its containing the residence of the late Mr. Murray,—

Lintot and Tonson of his day,

at whose hospitable table have assembled every person of talent of the present century, and whose house is especially interesting from so many literary recollections. He informed me, I remember, that it was in walking up and down Albemarle Street that Lord Byron composed the greater part of the "Corsair."

On the site of the Albany stood the house and

* Marchmont Papers.

gardens of the celebrated minister Charles Spencer Earl of Sunderland, who died in 1722. The first and late Lord Melbourne afterwards built a house on the spot, which he subsequently exchanged with the Duke of York for his mansion in Whitehall, now the residence of Lady Dover. Having been deserted by his Royal Highness a set of chambers were erected on the gardens,— to which purpose also the house was converted,—and they then received the name of the Albany Chambers, from the Duke's second title of Duke of Albany. In 1814 Lord Byron was residing at No. 2, in the Albany, and it was during his residence here that "Lara" was published, and apparently composed. In his journal of the 28th of March he writes: "This night I got into my new apartments, rented of Lord Althorpe, on the lease of seven years. Spacious, and room for my books and sabres. *In the house*, too, another advantage. The last few days, or whole week, have been very abstemious, regular in exercise, and yet very unwell." And, again he writes, on the 10th of the following month. "I do not know that I am happiest when alone; but this I am sure of, that I never am long in the society even of *her* I love without a yearning for the company of my lamp, and my utterly confused and tumbled-over library. I have not stirred out of these rooms four days past; but I have sparred for exercise (windows open) with Jackson an hour daily to attenuate and keep up the ethereal part of me."

Nearly opposite to the Albany is St. James's

Church, built by Sir Christopher Wren in the reign of James the Second. The interior is as beautiful as the exterior is unseemly; but even if it possessed no other object of beauty or interest, the exquisite marble font, the work of Grinlin Gibbons, would alone render it worthy of a visit. In this church is buried the celebrated footman and bookseller, dramatist and poet, Robert Dodsley, and in the chancel lies the body of William Duke of Queensberry, to whose eccentricities we have already alluded. There are few who have passed by the Jermyn Street entrance to St. James's churchyard, who have not noticed a small stone in the wall of the tower to the memory of Tom D'Urfey, the poet, on whose shoulders Charles the Second used familiarly to lean, and hum gay tunes in concert with his favourite. The inscription is sufficiently brief. "Tom D'Urfey, died Feb. ye 26th, 1723." On the west side of the parsonage-house may be seen a flat stone to the memory of the inimitable Gillray. "In memory of Mr. James Gillray, the caricaturist, who departed this life 1st of June, 1815, aged 58 years."

We have already mentioned that Piccadilly House stood on the site of Panton Square, at the east end of Piccadilly, and that it continued to be a fashionable place of amusement till the middle of the seventeenth century. Lord Clarendon, then Mr. Hyde, speaking of himself, observes: "Mr. Hyde, going to a house called Piccadilly, which was a fair house for entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel walks, with shade, and where were an upper

and lower bowling-green, whither many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted for exercise and recreation." Piccadilly House is generally supposed to be the same place of amusement as that mentioned by Garrard in one of his letters to the Earl of Strafford. "Since Spring Gardens was put down," he writes, in June 1635, "we have, by a servant of the Lord Chamberlain's, a new Spring Gardens erected in the fields beyond the Meuse, where is built a fair house, and two bowling-greens, made to entertain gamesters and bowlers, at an excessive rate, for I believe it hath cost him about 4000*l.* A dear undertaking for a gentleman-barber. My Lord Chamberlain much frequents this place, where they bowl great matches."

Not far from Panton Square, to the north-west, lies Golden Square; originally, according to Pennant, called Gelding Square, from the sign of a public house which formerly stood in the neighbourhood. This, however, is unquestionably a mistake. The name was originally Golding Square, as appears by the "New View of London," published in 1707, about ten years after its erection, and it is there distinctly stated to derive its name from one Golding, who built it. This gloomy-looking square, once one of the most fashionable sites in the metropolis, was built, after the accession of William the Third, in what were then styled the Pest House Fields, the site of a *lazaretto* erected by Lord Craven as a receptacle for the miserable sufferers from the great plague of 1665.

One would wish to be able to point out the house in Golden Square which was once the residence of the celebrated Henry St. John Lord Bolingbroke. Here he entertained for the last time at dinner his former colleague and friend the no less celebrated Harley, when, among other guests, were present the Duke of Shrewsbury, Earl Powlet, and Lord Rochester, and where the latter, we are told, "taking pains to calm the spirit of division and ambition," made a vain attempt to effect a reconciliation between the rival politicians. Here, a few months afterwards, we find Bolingbroke entertaining the great Duke of Marlborough as his guest;* here he was residing when the death of Queen Anne effected so extraordinary a revolution in his fortunes, and from hence, apparently, he departed by stealth, in the dress of a servant, on the night of his memorable escape to the continent.

Either in Golden Square, or in the immediate neighbourhood, at the house of her father, who was a painter, lived the beautiful singer Anastasia Robinson.† Although a performer at the opera, a teacher of music, and of the Italian language—occupations which constantly threw her in the way of temptation—she refused to enrich herself by any illicit connection, and for some years supported an aged father by her industry and her talents. Her beauty and her virtue captured the heart of the celebrated and eccentric Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who privately married her towards the

* Cooke's "Life of Lord Bolingbroke." † Noble's Biog. Hist.

close of his long life. Their marriage was not acknowledged till the year 1735, but, as many as twelve years previous to its announcement, we find Lord Peterborough horse-whipping a foreign singer, Senescino, at a rehearsal, for some offence which he had given to his future Countess.* Of the year in which they were married we have no record; indeed, it was only when broken down by disease, and when harassed by her repeated refusals to live under the same roof with him, unless he acknowledged her as his wife, that Lord Peterborough was induced to divulge his secret to the world. Even when he proclaimed his weakness, it was in a very characteristic manner. He went one evening to the rooms at Bath, where a servant had previously received orders to exclaim in a distinct and audible voice, "*Lady Peterborough's carriage waits.*" Every lady of rank and fashion, we are told, immediately rose, and offered their congratulations to the new Countess. Gay, in his "Epistle to William Pulteney," has celebrated the vocal powers of the beautiful songstress :—

> O soothe me with some soft Italian air,
> Let harmony compose my tortured ear;
> When Anastasia's voice commands the strain,
> The melting warble thrills through every vein;
> Thought stands suspended, silence pleased attends,
> While in her notes the heavenly choir descends.

It is in this square that Smollet makes Matthew Bramble and his sister, with Humphrey Clinker and Winifred Jenkins, take up their residence.

* Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters.

THE GREEN PARK AND HYDE PARK.

THE GREEN PARK.—DUEL BETWEEN THE EARL OF BATH AND LORD HERVEY.—HYDE PARK IN THE REIGNS OF HENRY THE EIGHTH, QUEEN ELIZABETH, QUEEN ANNE, CROMWELL, AND CHARLES THE SECOND.—FAMOUS DUEL BETWEEN LORD MOHUN AND THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.—M'LEAN AND BELCHIER THE HIGHWAYMEN.—MYSTERIOUS INCIDENT TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

PREVIOUS to the Restoration, the site of the Green Park was occupied by meadows, and it is to Charles the Second, that the children who fly kites, and the nursery-maids who make love, are indebted for its being converted into an appanage of St. James's Palace. With the exception of its being the scene of a remarkable duel between the celebrated minister Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, and the scarcely less celebrated John, Lord Hervey, I am not aware that the Green Park possesses any particular feature of interest. In 1730, there appeared in print a pamphlet, entitled "Sedition and Defamation Displayed," which the world in general attributed to Lord Hervey, and which contained a violent personal attack on Pulteney. This pamphlet was replied to by the latter, who, believing it to be the production of Lord Hervey, vomited forth an acrimonious attack on its presumed author. Al-

luding to the well-known effeminate appearance and habits of Lord Hervey, Pulteney speaks of his opponent as a thing half-man and half-woman, and dwells malignantly on those personal infirmities, produced by suffering and disease, which Pope afterwards introduced with no less acrimony, but with increased wit, in his celebrated character of "Sporus."

Immediately on the production of the offensive pamphlet, Lord Hervey sent to Pulteney, inquiring whether he was correct in presuming him to be his maligner? To this Pulteney replied, that, whether or no he was the author of the "Reply," he was ready to justify and stand by the truth of any part of it, "at what time and wherever Lord Hervey pleased." "This last message," writes Thomas Pelham to Lord Waldegrave, "your Lordship will easily imagine was the occasion of the duel; and, accordingly, on Monday last, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, they met *in the Upper St. James's Park, behind Arlington Street*, with their two seconds, who were Mr. Fox and Sir J. Rushout. The two combatants were each of them slightly wounded, but Mr. Pulteney had once so much the advantage of Lord Hervey, that he would infallibly have run my Lord through the body if his foot had not slipped, and then the seconds took an occasion to part them; upon which Mr. Pulteney embraced Lord Hervey, and expressed a great deal of concern at the accident of their quarrel, promising, at the same time, that he would

never personally attack him again, either with his mouth or his pen. Lord Hervey made him a bow, without giving him any sort of answer, and, to use the common expression, thus they parted." It is somewhat singular that Lady Hervey, the beautiful and celebrated Mary Lepel, should have afterwards built and resided in a house in the Green Park immediately overlooking the spot where her husband had so narrow an escape from the sword of Lord Bath.

In the time of Henry the Eighth, Hyde Park formed part of a manor belonging to the abbot and monks of Westminster; and, in a survey of church lands, taken in the 26th year of the reign of that monarch, it is styled Manerium de Hyde, and is valued at xiiij*l.* Although there is some reason to believe that it was formed into a park while still in possession of the monks of Westminster, we have no positive certainty of its having been enclosed till the reign of Edward the Sixth, when we have a record of George Roper having been appointed keeper, with a salary of sixpence a day!

Previous to the reign of Queen Anne, Hyde Park was of much larger extent than it is at the present time. In 1705, that princess curtailed it of thirty acres, which she added to the gardens of Kensington Palace, which a few years previously had been purchased by William the Third of the Earl of Nottingham; and, in 1730, Queen Caroline, the consort of George the Second, appropriated as many as three hundred acres more to the same purpose.

Another and still more deplorable curtailment,—for it has divorced, as far as the picturesque is concerned, Hyde Park from the Green Park, and has deprived us of the aspect of a fine uninterrupted space of pleasure-ground,—was the robbery of the angular piece of ground from Hyde Park Corner to beyond Hamilton Place, the boundary-wall of the park anciently running where the houses of Park Lane, formerly called Tyburn Lane, now stand. The ranger's house, it may be remarked, stood on the site of the present Apsley House, and on the site of Hamilton place was the famous fortification thrown up by the citizens of London at the threatened approach of the royal army in 1642.

It would be idle to endeavour to trace any resemblance between the Hyde Park of our own time, and the aspect which it presented as late as the early part of the last century. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we read of its "herbage, pannage, and browze-wood for deer," and its solitary "lodge and mansion in the Park;" and, at a much later period, we find mention made of a piece of waste ground called "the Moor," the "Tyburn meadow," and a "parcel of meadow ground enclosed for the deer." It was, indeed, a place of fashionable resort as early as the days of the Commonwealth; but, as we learn from De Grammont, the ground was then a mere uncultivated waste: there were scattered ponds, and "browzing-grounds," and thick woods; and the only resort of the wealthy, the idle, and the gay, was the famous "Ring," around which there

was a circular drive, the interior being planted and adorned according to the taste of the period. The domain must then have extended nearly to the site of Kensington Palace, and, previous to the reign of George the Second, there was a string of pools, or ponds, from the Bayswater Gate, (a name derived from "Bayard's watering,") to the present western termination of the Serpentine River. These ponds were connected by Queen Caroline, and to her we are indebted for the present beautiful sheet of water.

In the reign of Charles the First, we find races taking place in Hyde Park, and it was on one of these occasions that the unfortunate Charles gave that mortal offence to Henry Marten, the regicide, which, says Aubrey, afterwards "raised the whole county of Berks against him."—"Marten," says Aubrey, "was a great lover of pretty girls, to whom he was so liberal, that he spent the greatest part of his estate. King Charles the First had complaint against him for his wenching: it happened that Henry was in Hyde Park one time when his Majesty was there, going to see a race. The King espied him, and said aloud,—'Let that ugly rascal be gone out of the Park, that w——master, or else I will not see the sport.' So Henry went away patiently, but *manebat altâ mente repostum*: that sarcasm raised the whole county of Berks against him." How little could Charles have imagined that the "ugly rascal," whom he thus rebuked, should afterwards sign his death-warrant!

Under the rule of the Puritans, the May meetings, the merry sports, and festive rejoicings, which were in the habit of taking place in Hyde Park, were declared to be iniquitous and abominable. In 1652, the Parliament ordered the manor to be sold to the highest bidder; and consequently the inhabitants of this great city had a narrow escape from being deprived of the advantages of fresh air, exercise, and beautiful scenery, which they have now enjoyed for nearly three centuries. The purchasers were Richard Wilcox, of Kensington, Esq.; John Tracy, of London, merchant; and Anthony Deane, of St. Martin in the Fields, Esq. The latter appears to have become the proprietor of that part of the park, in which, as at the present day, our ancestors came, either in their equipages or on horseback, to take the air. Evelyn writes on the 11th of April, 1653, "I went to take the air in Hyde Park, where every coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who has purchased it of the state, as they are called." For some years after the Restoration, the Park continued to be let in farms, nor was it till 1670, that it was entirely surrounded by a wall, and re-stocked with deer. In the days of the Commonwealth, Hyde Park must have been extremely well wooded, for we find the timber alone valued at 5099*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* The deer were valued at 765*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*

If it was one of the objects of the Parliament, in selling Hyde Park, to prevent its being the scene

of May meetings, and similar kinds of festivities, the result was certainly not what they anticipated. On the 1st of May, 1654, about a year after it had become private property, we read, "This day was more observed by people going a-maying than for diverse years past, and indeed much sin committed by wicked meetings with fidlers, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like; great resort came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of coaches and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered-hair men, and painted and spotted women. Some men played with a silver ball, and some took other recreation. But his Highness, the Lord Protector, went not thither, nor any of the Lords of the Commonwealth, but were busy about the great affairs of the Commonwealth." * The "Moderate Intelligencer," dated the same day as the preceding extract, gives a similar account of the May sports in Hyde Park; but it is there distinctly stated that Cromwell was present. "This day there was a hurling of a great ball by fifty Cornish gentlemen on one side, and fifty on the other; one party played in red caps, and the other in white. There was present his Highness the Lord Protector, many of his Privy-Council, and diverse eminent gentlemen, to whose view was presented great agility of body, and most neat and exquisite wrestling, at every meeting of one with the other, which was ordered with such dexterity, that it was to shew more the strength, vigour, and nimbleness

* Several Proceedings of State Affairs, 27th April to 4th May, 1654.

of their bodies, than to endanger their persons. The ball they played withal was silver, and designed for that party which did win the goal."

When Cromwell, at the close of life, was suffering under a painful disorder, his physicians recommended him to take as much exercise as possible, and consequently we find him frequently either driving or riding in Hyde Park. It was not unusual for him to mount his own coach-box, and to drive his six horses, surrounded by a regiment of guards. It was on one of these occasions, that an accident occurred which nearly cost him his life. "The Duke of Holstein," says Ludlow, "made him a present of a set of grey Friesland coach-horses, with which, taking the air in the park, attended only with his secretary, Thurloe, and a guard of janizaries, he would needs take the place of the coachman, not doubting but the three pair of horses he was about to drive, would prove as tame as the three nations which were ridden by him; and therefore, not content with their ordinary pace, he lashed them very furiously; but they, unaccustomed to such a rough driver, ran away in a rage, and stopped not till they had thrown him out of the box, with which fall his pistol fired in his pocket, though without any hurt to himself, by which he might have been instructed how dangerous it was to meddle with those things wherein he had no experience." Heath repeats the story in his "Flagellam," and also places the scene in Hyde Park, "The generous horses," he says, "no sooner heard

the lash of the whip, but away they ran, with Thurloe sitting trembling inside, for fear of his own neck, over hill and dale, and at last threw down the unexpert governor from the box into the traces." In his fall, it seems, the Protector's legs became entangled in the harness, and for several seconds he remained suspended from the pole of the carriage. Thurloe, in great trepidation, threw himself from the door of the vehicle, and escaped with some slight bruises. Heath elsewhere likens Cromwell and Thurloe to Mephistophiles and Dr. Faustus. "Cromwell," he says, "like Phaeton, fell from his chariot." * Many pasquinades were of course written on the subject, of one of which the following concluding verse is not without merit,—

Every day and hour has shewn us his power,
And now he has shewn us his art;
His first reproach was a fall from a coach,
And his next will be from a cart.

We must not omit to mention that it was at Hyde Park Gate, (the hinges of which they filed off in order to secure their escape) that Syndercombe and Cecil more than once lay in wait, in hopes of finding an opportunity of assassinating the great Protector in one of his rides in the Park.

In the pages of Pepys and Evelyn we find some interesting notices of the gay scene presented by Hyde Park in the reign of Charles the Second. The former writes, on the 30th of April, 1661, "I am sorry I am not at London to be at Hyde

* "Chronicles of the Civil War."

Park to-morrow morning among the great gallants and ladies, which will be very fine." Evelyn was more fortunate, and on the following day thus notices the lively scene, "May 1st, I went to Hyde Park to take the air, where was his Majesty and an innumerable appearance of gallants and rich coaches, being now at a time of universal festivity and joy." The following year we find Pepys himself among the gay equestrians in the Park. "1662, December 18th, in St. James's Park Mr. Coventry's people had a horse ready for me, so fine a one that I was almost afraid to get upon him, but I did, and found myself more feared than hurt, and followed the Duke and some of his people to Hyde Park." Again Pepys writes on the 8th of April, 1663, "After dinner to the Hyde Park; at the Park was the King, and in another coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every turn."

In Colley Cibber's "Apology for his Life," there is a passage connected with Hyde Park which throws a curious light on the manners of the time. Speaking of Kynaston, the actor, he says, "he was at that time so beautiful a youth, that the ladies of quality prided themselves in taking him with them in their coaches to Hyde Park, in his theatrical habit, after the play; which, in those days, they might have sufficient time to do, because plays were then used to begin at four o'clock, the hour that people of the same rank are now going to dinner."

We will conclude our notices of Hyde Park in

the reign of Charles the Second, with an account of a military review, at which Evelyn was present. He writes in July, 1664, "I saw his Majesty's guards, being of horse and foot four thousand, led by the general the Duke of Albemarle in extraordinary equipage and gallantry, consisting of gentlemen of quality and veteran soldiers, excellently clad, marched, and ordered, drawn up in battalia before their Majesties in Hyde Park, where the old Earl of Cleveland trailed a pike, and led the right-hand file commanded by the Viscount Wentworth, his son, a worthy spectacle and example, being both of them old and valiant soldiers. This was to shew the French Ambassador, Monsieur Comminges, there being a great assembly of coaches, &c., in the Park." The gossiping Pepys was present in Hyde Park on the occasion. "It was a goodly sight," he says, "to see so many fine horses and officers, and the King, Duke, and others, come by on horseback, and the two Queens in the Queen-mother's coach; my Lady Castlemaine not being there. And after long being there, I alighted, and walked to the place where the King, Duke, &c., did stand, to see the horse and foot march by and discharge their guns, to shew a French Marquis, for whom this muster was caused, the goodness of our firemen, which, indeed, was very good, though not without a slip now and then, and one broadside close to our coach, as we were going out of the park, even to the nearness to be ready to burn our hairs. Yet methought all these gay men are

not the soldiers that must do the King's business, it being such as these that lost the old King all he had, and were beat by the most ordinary fellows that could be."

In reference to the mere *fashionable* history of Hyde Park from the days of Oliver Cromwell to our own time, we must not forget to mention that the spot designated by our ancestors *par excellence* as Hyde Park,—the spot where Charles the Second exchanged amorous glances with the haughty Castlemaine, and where the young, the witty, the titled, and the beautiful, greeted each other from their equipages or on horseback, for more than two centuries, — was confined to the famous "Ring," to which we have already made allusion. When we read in Evelyn of a "coach-race in Hyde Park;" or, in Pepys, of a "fine foot-race, *three times round the park*, between an Irishman and Crow that was once my Lord Claypole's footman," it was evidently "the Ring" which was the scene of their contests. "Hyde Park," says Pennant, "was in the last century, and the early part of the present, celebrated by all our dramatic poets, for its large space railed off in form of a circle, round which the *beau monde* drove in their carriages; and, in their rotation, exchanged, as they passed, smiles and nods, compliments or smart repartees."

In passing along the banks of the Serpentine from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington Gardens, if, on reaching the receiving house of the Humane Society, we turn immediately to the right, and skirt the

palings of the lodge or farm-house, it will lead us to the site of the celebrated "Ring," which was situated in the centre of the Park, between the farm-house and Dorchester House, in Park Lane, though considerably nearer to the former. Pope writes in his Essay on "The Characters of Women,"—

> Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
> To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine!
> That charm shall grow, while what fatigues *the Ring*,
> Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.

And again, in the same inimitable poem,—

> Rufa whose eye, quick-glancing o'er the park,
> Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark.

Between the Farm house, (the Cake House, or Mince-pie House, as it was called in the reign of Queen Anne) and the Ring, was fought on the 15th of November, 1712, the celebrated and sanguinary duel between Charles Lord Mohun, and James fourth Duke of Hamilton. They had married two nieces of Charles Gerrard, Earl of Macclesfield; and a dispute having taken place between them respecting the disposal of the Gerrard estates, they chanced to meet at an examination before a Master in Chancery, when high and angry words arose, and the following day Lord Mohun sent his friend, General Macartney, to the Duke, challenging him to a sword duel in Hyde Park. It may be mentioned, that many years before, Lord Mohun, when in company with the Earl of Warwick and another friend, had been engaged in a midnight brawl in the streets with three persons, probably as

intoxicated and riotous as himself, when swords were drawn, and one Captain Richard Coote was killed. Warwick and Mohun were tried by their peers, when the former was convicted of manslaughter, and the latter was acquitted. Some years later, having conceived a passion for Mrs. Bracegirdle, the celebrated actress, who was supposed to be on the point of marriage with Montfort, the no less celebrated actor, he instigated, it is said, one Captain Richard Hill, to assassinate Montfort as he was passing along the Strand; if I remember right, at the corner of Norfolk Street. For this second murder he was again tried by his peers, but had again the good fortune to be acquitted.

The third catastrophe in which Lord Mohun was concerned was his famous duel with the Duke of Hamilton, but on this occasion he was destined to be tried by a far higher tribunal than that which had absolved him on the two previous occasions. At the meeting in Hyde Park, Lord Mohun came attended by General Macartney, and the Duke of Hamilton by Colonel Hamilton. On the ground, the Duke taunting Macartney with being the cause of the duel, the latter expressed his perfect readiness to join in the conflict, to which the Duke, pointing to Colonel Hamilton, observed, — "There is my friend; he will take his share in my dance." Both principals and seconds then drew their swords and engaged at the same moment. Lord Mohun almost immediately received a fatal wound, and died on the spot: the Duke also received his death wound,

but, according to the evidence of Colonel Hamilton, it was General Macartney who gave him the fatal stab.

Swift writes to Stella on the day of the duel; —"Before this comes to your hands you will have heard of the most terrible accident that hath almost ever happened. This morning at eight, my man brought me word that Duke Hamilton had fought with Lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the Duke's house, in St. James's Square; but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning. The dog Mohun was killed on the spot; and, while the Duke was over him, Mohun shortened his sword, and stabbed him in the shoulder to the heart. The Duke was helped toward the Cake House, by the Ring in Hyde Park, where they fought, and died on the grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor Duchess was asleep. Macartney and one Hamilton were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told that a footman of Lord Mohun's stabbed Duke Hamilton, and some say Macartney did so too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor Duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better." A short time afterwards, Colonel Hamilton, the Duke's second, was tried at the old Bailey, and

acquitted. General Macartney surrendered himself to take his trial the following year, when Hamilton swore positively that he was the person who gave the Duke his fatal wound. The jury, however, seem to have placed but little faith in his evidence, for Macartney was merely found guilty of manslaughter, and Colonel Hamilton, to avoid a prosecution for perjury, fled to the Continent, where he died within four months. General Macartney survived till 1730.

The retired spot of ground, between the Ring and the Serpentine, on which the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun lost their lives, is that apparently which Fielding, in his inimitable novel of "Amelia," mentions as the usual meeting-place of the duellists of the last century, and where probably many a life has been lost. It is here that Fielding fixes the encounter between his hero Booth and the fiery Colonel Bath. Having quarrelled on the fashionable Mall in St. James's Park, the combatants,—unaccompanied by seconds, and with no weapons but the sword which every gentleman wore at the period,—proceeded forthwith to the secluded spot which we have mentioned. "The Colonel bade Booth come along, and strutted forward directly up Constitution Hill, to Hyde Park, Booth following him at first, and afterwards walking before him, till they came to that place which may be properly called the field of blood, being that part, a little to the left of the Ring, which heroes have chosen for the scene of their exit out of this world."

We must not omit to mention that it was in Hyde Park, that Wilkes fought his memorable duel with Mr. Martin, in which he received the wound from a pistol-ball which so nearly cost him his life.

In Swift's journal to Stella we find another interesting passage connected with Hyde Park. On the 25th of February, 1712, he writes;—"I was this morning again with the secretary [Lord Bolingbroke] and we were two hours busy; and then went to the Park,—Hyde Park I mean; and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two Arabian horses, sent some time ago to the Lord Treasurer. The Duke of Marlborough's coach overtook us, with his Grace and Lord Godolphin in it; but they did not see us, to our great satisfaction; for neither of us desired that either of those two lords should see us together. There were half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air." The Lord Treasurer, here mentioned, was Lord Godolphin, and it is not improbable that one of the two Arabian horses which Swift refers to, was the famous Godolphin Arabian.

Let us pass from the time of Swift and Bolingbroke to that of Horace Walpole; those days when the lonely situation of Hyde Park rendered it still the frequent scene of highway robbery and murder. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 17th of November, 1749;—"Gibberne says you will be frightened at a lamentable history that you will read of me in the newspapers; but pray don't be

frightened: the danger, great as it was, was over before I had any notion of it; and the hurt did not deserve mentioning." Walpole, it seems, was passing through Hyde Park, when he was stopped by one M'Lean, a highwayman of formidable reputation, whose pistol, accidentally going off, not only stunned him, but grazed the skin from his cheek-bone.

In a letter to Sir Horace Mann dated the 2nd of August, 1750, Walpole thus relates the capture of the dreaded M'Lean:—"I have been in town for a day or two, and heard no conversation but about M'Lean, a fashionable highwayman, who is just taken, and who robbed me among others. He was taken by selling a laced waistcoat to a pawnbroker, who happened to carry it to the very man who had just sold the lace. His history is very particular, for he confesses everything, and is so little of a hero, that he cries. His father was an Irish Dean; his brother is a Calvinist minister, in great esteem at the Hague. He himself was a grocer, but losing a wife that he loved extremely, about two years ago, and by whom he has one little girl, he quitted his business with two hundred pounds in his pocket, which he soon spent, and then took to the road with only one companion, Plunket, a journeyman apothecary, my other friend, whom he has impeached, but who is not taken. M'Lean had a lodging in *St. James's Street*, over against White's and and another at Chelsea; Plunket one in *Jermyn Street;* and their faces are as known about St.

James's, as any gentleman's who lives in that quarter, and who, perhaps, goes upon the road too. M'Lean had a quarrel at Putney bowling-green, two months ago, with an officer, whom he challenged for disputing his rank; but the captain declined till M'Lean should produce a certificate of his nobility, which he has just received. There was a wardrobe of clothes, and three-and-twenty purses, found at his lodgings, besides a famous kept-mistress. As I conclude he will suffer, and wish him no ill, I don't care to have his idea, and am almost single in not having been to see him. Lord Mountford, at the head of half White's, went the first day: his aunt was crying over him: as soon as they were withdrawn, she said to him, knowing they were of White's,—'My dear, what did the Lords say to you? *Have you ever been concerned with any of them?*' Was not it admirable! what a favourable idea people must have of White's!"

M'Lean was hanged in October following. Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 18th,—"Robbing is the only thing that goes on with any vivacity, though my friend Mr. M'Lean is hanged. The first Sunday after his condemnation, three thousand people went to see him; he fainted away twice with the heat of his cell. You can't conceive the ridiculous rage there is of going to Newgate; and the prints that are published of the malefactors, and the memoirs of their lives and death set forth with as much parade as Marshal Turenne's."

M'Lean, as we have already mentioned, was

hanged in October 1750, and, a little more than a year afterwards, we find his place occupied by one William Belchier, another fashionable highwayman, who robbed in Hyde Park and its lonely vicinity. The evidence given at Belchier's trial, by one William Norton, a thief-catcher, is not a little curious. "The chaise to the Devizes," he says, "having been robbed two or three times, as I was informed, I was desired to go in it, to see if I could take the thief, which I did on the 3rd of June, about half an hour after one in the morning. I got into the postchaise; the post-boy told me the place where he had been stopped was near the half-way house between Knightsbridge and Kensington. As we came near the house the prisoner came to us on foot and said, 'Driver, stop!' He held a pistol tinder-box to the chaise and said, 'Your money directly: you must not stay; this minute your money.' I said, 'Don't frighten us; I have but a trifle; you shall have it!' Then I said to the gentlemen (there were three in the chaise), 'Give your money.' I took out a pistol from my coat-pocket, and from my breeches-pocket a five-shilling piece and a dollar. I held the pistol concealed in one hand, and the money in the other. I held the money pretty hard. He said, "Put it in my hat.' I let him take the five-shilling piece out of my hand: as soon as he had taken it I snapped my pistol at him; it did not go off. He staggered back, and held up his hands, and said, 'Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!' I jumped out of the chaise: he ran away, and I after him about six or seven hundred yards,

and then took him. I hit him a blow on his back; he begged for mercy on his knees. I took his neck-cloth off, and tied his hands with it, and brought him back to the chaise. Then I told the gentlemen in the chaise that was the errand I came upon, and wished them a good journey, and brought the prisoner to London." When Norton was asked in court by the prisoner what trade he followed, "I keep a shop," he said, "in Wych Street, and sometimes I take a thief."

Before we conclude our notices of Hyde Park, we must not omit to mention a mysterious incident which created an extraordinary sensation at the period. The hero of the tale was Charles, second Duke of Marlborough, who commanded the brigade of Foot Guards at the battle of Dettingen, and who held, at different periods, the high appointments of Lord Steward of the King's household, Keeper of the Privy Seal, and Master-General of the Ordnance. In 1758, when the English government determined on making a descent at St. Malo, the Duke of Marlborough was appointed to the command of the expedition. A few months before his departure, the following extraordinary letter was thrust under the door-way of the Ordnance Office, and, being addressed to the Duke, was delivered to him by one of the messengers:—

"TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, WITH CARE AND SPEED.

"MY LORD,

"As ceremony is an idle thing upon most occasions, more especially to persons in my state of mind, I shall proceed immediately to acquaint you with the motive and end of addressing this epistle to you, which is equally interesting to us both. You are to know, then, that my present situation in life is such that I should prefer annihilation to a continuance in it; desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and you are the man I have pitched upon, either to make me, or unmake yourself: as I had never the honour to live among the great, the tenor of my proposals will not be very courtly, but let that be an argument to enforce the belief of what I am now going to write. It has employed my invention for some time to find out a method to destroy another, without exposing my own life; that I have accomplished, and defy the law now for the application of it. I am desperate, and must be provided for; you have it in your power, it is my business to make it your inclination to serve me; which you must determine to comply with by procuring me a genteel support, for my life, or your own will be at a period before this Sessions of Parliament is over. I have more motives than one for singling you out first upon this occasion; and I give you this fair warning, because the means I shall make use of are too fatal to be eluded by the power of physic: if

you think this of any consequence you will not fail to meet me, on Sunday next, at ten in the morning, or on Monday (if the weather should be rainy on Sunday) near the first tree beyond the style in Hyde Park, in the foot-walk to Kensington. Secrecy and compliance may preserve you from a double danger of this sort, as there is a certain part of the world, where your death has been more than wished for, upon other motives: I know the world too well to trust this secret in any breast but my own; a few days determine me your friend or enemy.

"FELTON.

"You will apprehend that I mean you should be alone, and depend upon it that a discovery of any artifice in this affair will be fatal to you; my safety is insured by my silence, for confession only can condemn me."

On the Sunday morning, having armed himself with a pair of loaded pistols, the Duke proceeded on horseback to the spot in Hyde Park, which was pointed out by his mysterious correspondent; having previously taken the precaution of securing the services of a friend, who lay concealed within a short distance. The spot was in those days a retired one, and on reaching it the Duke, perceiving a person loitering about, rode up to him, and inquired if he had any communication to make to him? The stranger answered in the negative, on which the Duke inquired whether he knew who he was? The man answering "no,"—"I am the Duke of

Marlborough," said the Duke; "and I again ask you if you have any business with me?" The mysterious stranger again answering in the negative, the Duke turned his horse's bridle and rode away.

It may be readily imagined that the curiosity, if not the fears, of the Duke, was excited by this strange adventure, and the receipt of a second threatening epistle, a day or two afterwards, could scarcely have tended to allay either.

"TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

"MY LORD,

"You receive this as an acknowledgment of your punctuality as to the time and place of meeting on Sunday last, though it was owing to you that it answered no purpose; the pageantry of being armed, and the ensign of your order were useless, and too conspicuous. You needed no attendant, the place was not calculated for mischief; nor was any intended. If you walk in the west aisle of Westminster Abbey towards eleven o'clock on Sunday next, your sagacity will point out the person, whom you will address, by asking his company to take a turn or two with you. You will not fail, on inquiry, to be acquainted with the name and place of abode, according to which directions you will please to send two or three hundred pound bank notes the next day by the penny-post. Exert not your curiosity too early; it is in your power to make me grateful on certain terms; I have friends who are faithful, but they do not bark before they bite. I am, &c., &c., "F——."

The Duke, at the appointed hour, did not fail to make his appearance in the west aisle of Westminster Abbey; when, to his surprise, he encountered the same mysterious person whom he had previously met in the Park. The Duke immediately approached him, and again inquired if he had any communication to make to him; but the man replied, as on the former occasion, in the negative.

Shortly afterwards he received a third letter.

"TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

"MY LORD,

"I AM fully convinced you had a companion on Sunday. I interpret it as owing to the weakness of human nature, but such proceeding is far from being ingenuous, and may produce bad effects, while it is impossible to answer the end proposed. You will see me again soon, as it were by accident, and may easily find where I go to, in consequence of which, by being sent to, I shall wait on your grace, but expect to be quite alone, and to converse in whispers. You will likewise give your honour upon meeting, that no part of the conversation shall transpire. These and the former terms complied with, ensure your safety; my revenge, in case of not compliance, or any scheme to expose me, will be slower, but not less sure, and strong suspicion the utmost that can possibly ensue upon it, while the chances would be tenfold against you. You will possibly be in doubt after the meeting, but it is quite necessary the outside should be a mask to the

in. The family of the "Bloods" is not extinct, though they are not in my scheme."

About two months afterwards the Duke received a fourth letter:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

"I have reason to believe that the son of one Barnard, a surveyor, in Abingdon Buildings, Westminster, is acquainted with some secrets that nearly concern your safety. His father is now out of town, which will give you an opportunity of questioning him more privately; it would be useless to your Grace, as well as dangerous to me, to appear more publicly in this affair.

"Your sincere friend, ANONYMOUS."

"He frequently goes to Storey's Gate Coffee House."

On the receipt of this letter, the Duke despatched a person, in whom he could confide, to the coffee-house at Storey's Gate, who, having easily obtained an interview with Barnard, persuaded him to accompany him to Marlborough House. The Duke immediately recognised him as the person whom he had encountered both in Hyde Park, and in Westminster Abbey. Barnard, however, positively denied having been the author of the three threatening letters; and as to the fourth, he said, the writer must be out of his senses. The Duke then told him, that as he himself was principally concerned in the transaction, it was his duty to assist in discovering the

writer. To this Barnard only answered with a smile, and, with the Duke's permission, took his leave.

Immediately after his departure, Barnard was arrested by a warrant from Sir John Fielding, the celebrated Justice of the Peace for Westminster; who, we are told, proceeded "at twelve at night to the New Prison to search his pockets." Barnard delivered up his keys and pocket-book with great readiness; and, in the search which was made over his house and premises, nothing whatever was found to implicate him in the recent unaccountable transaction.

In due time he was brought to trial at the Old Bailey. The letters addressed to the Duke of Marlborough were produced in court, but they were proved to bear not the slightest resemblance to the hand-writing of the accused. It was shewn, moreover, that he was a person in affluent circumstances; that he could have no object whatever in extorting money; and that he was a gentleman of unspotted character, and eminent in his profession of a surveyor. The Duke's evidence might have been supposed to have proved fatal to him; but, even on this point, evidence was brought forward that he had occasion to be in Hyde Park on the morning on which he was encountered by the Duke; and that his being in the Abbey, on the occasion of the second singular *rencontre*, was purely accidental. It was further proved, that Barnard had mentioned these interviews with the Duke, to several persons,

as singular incidents for which he could in no manner account.

The whole affair at the time appears to have been generally regarded as a "detestable plot." We are rather inclined, however, to believe that it was a clever practical joke, played by Mr. Barnard and his friends, one of whom seems to have proved a traitor in the camp, and to have parried back the jest on the principal accomplice, without imagining, perhaps, that it would lead to a serious trial at the Old Bailey.

MAY FAIR, GROSVENOR, PORTMAN, CAVENDISH, AND HANOVER SQUARES.

MAY FAIR.—MAY FAIR CHAPEL.—SINGULAR MARRIAGES.—CURZON STREET.—SOUTH AUDLEY STREET.—GROSVENOR SQUARE.—PORTMAN SQUARE.—CAVENDISH SQUARE.—HANOVER SQUARE.—BOND STREET.—BERKELEY SQUARE.

MAY FAIR, the site of which was anciently known as Brook Fields, derives its name, it is almost needless to remark, from the celebrated fair which was held in its green meadows from the reign of Henry the Eighth till the middle of the last century. "May Fair," says Pennant, "was kept about the spot now covered with May Fair Chapel, and several fine streets. The fair was attended with such disorders, riots, thefts, and even murders; that, in 1700, it was prevented by the magistrates, but revived again, and I remember the last celebrations. The place was covered with booths, temporary theatres, and every enticement to low pleasure."

Malcolm, in his "Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London," quotes an advertisement which appeared in the London Journals of the 27th of April, 1700, which affords us a curious picture of this memorable fair. "In Brookfield

market-place, at the east corner of Hyde Park, is a fair to be kept for the space of sixteen days, beginning with the 1st of May; the three first days for live cattle and leather, with the same entertainments as at Bartholomew Fair, where there are shops to be let ready built for all manner of tradesmen that usually keep fairs, and so to continue yearly at the same place." As mentioned by Pennant, the disgraceful scenes of outrage, riot, and profligacy, which were annually to be witnessed at May Fair, led, in 1700, to its temporary suppression. In the Tatler of the 24th of May, 1708, we find;—"The downfal of May Fair has sunk the price of this noble creature [the elephant] as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A tiger will sell almost as cheap as an ox; and I am credibly informed a man may purchase a calf with three legs for very nearly the value of one with four. I hear likewise that there is great desolation, among the ladies and gentlemen who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diadems, the heroes being most of them pressed, and the queens beating hemp." May Fair, however, was again revived. Notwithstanding that a part of the ground was built over as early as 1721, we find a donkey-race attracting great crowds to the fair in 1736, and as late as 1756, it is still mentioned in Maitland's Anecdotes as being annually celebrated.

Not the least remarkable feature connected

with old May Fair was the celebrated chapel, presided over by one Keith, where any two persons might be married at a moment's notice; the law, in the middle of the last century, requiring neither public notice, the consent of guardians, nor, indeed, any other formality than the mutual agreement of the consenting parties. Keith's little chapel stood within a few yards of the present chapel in Curzon Street; indeed, an extract from one of his own remarkable advertisements points out the exact spot:—"To prevent mistakes, the little new chapel in May Fair, near Hyde Park Corner, is in the corner-house opposite to the city side of the great chapel; and within ten yards of it. The minister and clerk live in the same corner-house where the little chapel is; and the licence on a crown stamp, minister and clerk's fees, together with the certificate, amount to one guinea, as heretofore, at any hour till four in the afternoon. And that it may be better known, there is a porch at the door like a country church porch."

When, in consequence of the profligate manner in which he prostituted his sacred vocation, Keith was subsequently excommunicated for "contempt of the Holy and Mother Church," he had the cool impudence to retort on Bishop Gibson, the Judge of the Ecclesiastical Court, whom he formally excommunicated in his chapel. The consequence was that he was committed to prison, where he continued for some years, leaving his duties to be performed by his *curates*, who were

apparently his shopmen. At length, in 1744, the Act for preventing Clandestine Marriages came into agitation, against which he had the impudence to issue a formal manifesto from his prison. Speaking of the hardship which he insists it would entail on the lower orders of society, he writes;—"Another inconveniency which will arise from this act will be, that the expense of being married will be so great that few of the lower classes of people can afford it; for I have often heard a Fleet parson say, that many have come to be married when they have had but half-a-crown in their pockets, and sixpence to buy a pot of beer, and for which they have pawned some of their clothes."

The walls of the little chapel in Curzon Street might have told strange tales of love, folly, and romance. Among other singular marriages, it witnessed that of the beautiful Elizabeth Gunning to James Duke of Hamilton. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 27th of February, 1752;—"The event that has made most noise since my last, is the extempore wedding of the youngest of the two Gunnings, who have made so vehement a noise. Lord Coventry, a grave young lord, of the remains of the patriot breed, has long dangled after the eldest, virtuously with regard to her honour, not very honorably with regard to his own credit. About six weeks ago, Duke Hamilton, the very reverse of the Earl, hot, debauched, extravagant, and equally damaged in

his fortune and person, fell in love with the youngest at the masquerade, and determined to marry her in the spring. About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield's, made to shew the house, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room, while he was playing at pharoah at the other end; that is, he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each: he soon lost a thousand. I own I was so little a professor in love, that I thought all this parade looked ill for the poor girl; and could not conceive, if he was so much engaged with his mistress as not to regard such sums, why he played at all. However, two nights afterwards, being left alone with her, while her mother and sister were at Bedford House, he found himself so impatient that he sent for a parson. The Doctor refused to perform the ceremony without licence or ring; the Duke swore he would send for the Archbishop; at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half-an-hour after twelve at night, at May Fair chapel. The Scotch are enraged; the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect; and, what is more silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other."

Scarcely less remarkable is a marriage which Horace Walpole mentions in a letter to George Montagu, of the 3rd of September, 1748:—"Did you know a young fellow that was called hand-

some Tracy? He was walking in the Park with some of his acquaintance, and overtook three girls; one was very pretty: they followed them, but the girls ran away, and the company grew tired of pursuing them, all but Tracy. He followed them to Whitehall-gate, where he gave a porter a crown to dog them: the porter hunted them, he the porter. The girls ran all round Westminster and back to the Haymarket, where the porter came up with them. He told the pretty one she must go with him, and kept her talking till Tracy arrived quite out of breath, and exceedingly in love. He insisted on knowing where she lived, which she refused to tell him; and after much disputing, went to the house of one of her companions, and Tracy with them. He there made her discover her family, a butterwoman in Craven Street, and engaged her to meet him the next morning in the Park; but before night he wrote her four love-letters, and in the last offered two hundred pounds a year to her, and a hundred a year to Signora la Madre. Griselda made a confidence to a staymaker's wife, who told her that the swain was certainly in love enough to marry her if she could determine to be virtuous and refuse his offers. 'Ay,' says she, 'but if I should, and should lose him by it.' However, the measures of the cabinet council were decided for virtue; and when she met Tracy the next morning in the Park, she was convoyed by her sister and brother-in-law, and stuck close to the letter of her reputation. She would do nothing,

she would go nowhere. At last, as an instance of prodigious compliance, she told him that if he would accept such a dinner as a butterwoman's daughter could give him he should be welcome. Away they walked to Craven Street; the mother borrowed some silver to buy a leg of mutton, and they kept the eager lover drinking till twelve at night, when, with a chosen committee, the faithful pair waited on the minister of May-fair. The Doctor was in bed, and swore he would not get up to marry the King, but that he had a brother over the way who perhaps would, and who did. The mother borrowed a pair of sheets, and they consummated at her house; and the next day they went to their own palace."

The streets which occupy the site of old May Fair are of too modern date to present any extraordinary features of interest. Where Hertford Street, originally called Garrick Street, now stands, there formerly stood a public-house, known as the "Dog and Duck," behind, or rather to the north of which was a large pond, which was a favourite resort of the admirers of the ancient sport of duck-hunting. In this street lived General John Burgoyne, as celebrated for his defeat at Saratoga as for his comedy of the "Heiress," and in the same house afterwards resided Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In this street also Mrs. Jordan took up her residence when she first placed herself under the protection of the late King.

At his house in Curzon Street, May Fair, died

George Earl Macartney, celebrated for his embassy to China;* and in Chesterfield Street, for many years, resided the witty and eccentric George Selwyn. At a small house (No. 4.) in the latter street lived the celebrated George Brummell. His establishment must have been sufficiently contracted; but with the aid of his own fascinating powers of conversation, an excellent cook, and admirable wine, he attracted to his little dining-parlour in Chesterfield Street, all the wit, the talent, and profligacy, which distinguished the commencement of the present century. Here George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, was often his guest. Frequently, it is said, the Prince would pay him a morning visit in Chesterfield Street, to watch the progress of his friend's inimitable toilet; sometimes sending his horses away, and remaining to so late an hour, that he was compelled to insist on Brummell's giving him a quiet dinner, which not uncommonly terminated in a midnight debauch. Chesterfield House, from which Chesterfield Street takes its name, was built by the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield in the reign of George the Second. The staircase, (the only marble one, we believe, in London, except that at Northumberland House,) was brought from the magnificent seat of the Duke of Chandos at Canons.

From Curzon Street we pass into South Audley Street,—in the chapel in which street Lord Chesterfield, and the celebrated John Wilkes, lie

* Annual Regr. for 1806.

buried; and to the west runs Chapel Street, at No 13 in which street Brummell removed from Chesterfield Street, and from which house he made his sudden flight to the Continent in 1816. In South Audley Street, the two exiled Kings of France, Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth, occupied at different periods the same house; and close by, in a house overlooking Hyde Park, lived the infamous Egalité, Philip Duke of Orleans.

South Audley Street leads us into Grosvenor Square, which derives its name from having been built on the property of Sir Richard Grosvenor, who was cup-bearer at the coronation of George the Second, and who died in 1732. On the site of this aristocratic square, the rebel citizens of London, during the civil war, erected a strong line of fortifications; the redoubt, long known as Oliver's Mount, being thrown up close to where the statue of George the First, the work of Van Nost, now stands: from this mound it would seem that Mount Street derives its name. The gardens in the centre of Grosvenor Square were laid out by the well-known landscape gardener Kent.

In Grosvenor Square lived Melesina Schulenberg, Duchess of Kendal,—the gaunt and unsightly mistress of George the First, to whom she was supposed to have been united by a left-handed marriage;—and next door to her, before the erection of Chesterfield House, lived the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, who had married Melesina, Countess of Walsingham, the *reputed* niece of the

Duchess, but who, there is every reason to believe, was her daughter by her royal lover.

At his house in Upper Grosvenor Street died, in 1765, William, Duke of Cumberland, memorable for the atrocities which he committed after the battle of Culloden; and in Grosvenor Street also breathed her last, in 1730, the frail, the beautiful, and warm-hearted actress, Mrs. Oldfield. Her corpse, having been decorated with fine Brussels lace, "a holland shift with a tucker and double ruffles of the same lace, and a pair of new kid gloves," was conveyed from her house in Grosvenor Street to the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster, from whence, having lain in state during the day, it was carried at eleven o'clock at night to the Abbey, Lord De la Warr, Lord Hervey, Bubb Dodington, and other gentlemen supporting the pall.*

Running parallel with Upper Grosvenor Street is Upper Brook Street, remarkable for one of the most lamentable fires which occurred in London during the last century. Horace Walpole writes to Marshal Conway, on the 6th of May, 1763,— "I must tell you of the most dismal calamity that ever happened. Lady Molesworth's house in Upper Brook Street was burnt to the ground between four and five this morning. She herself, two of her daughters, her brother, and six servants, perished. Two other of the young ladies jumped out of the two-pair of stairs and garret windows; one broke her thigh, the other (the eldest of all) broke her's too,

* Biog. Brit. Art. Oldfield.

and has had it cut off. The fifth daughter is much burnt; the French governess leaped from the garret and was dashed to pieces; Dr. Molesworth and his wife, who were there on a visit, escaped; the wife by jumping from the two pair of stairs, and saving herself by a rail,—he by hanging by his hands till a second ladder was brought, after a first had proved too short. Nobody knows how or where the fire began; the catastrophe is shocking beyond what one ever heard, and poor Lady Molesworth, whose character and conduct were the most amiable in the world, is universally lamented." It was to the credit of George the Third, that immediately upon hearing of this dreadful calamity, he sent the surviving young ladies a handsome present; ordered a house to be immediately prepared for their reception at his own expense; and not only continued to them a pension which had been enjoyed by their mother, but ordered it to be increased by two hundred pounds a year.

Crossing Oxford Street, we soon find ourselves in Portman Square, which was built about the year 1764, but of which I know little that is interesting, except that Montague House, the large house which stands alone at the north-west corner, was once the residence of the well-known Mrs. Montague, the Madame du Deffand of her day. Here, once a year, she feasted the chimney-sweepers in the garden of Montague House; here assembled the wit, the rank, and the talent of the last century; and here was the apartment, covered with

feather-hangings, which Cowper has rendered so celebrated;—

> The birds put off their every hue,
> To dress a room for Montague;
> The peacock sends his heavenly dyes,
> His rainbows and his starry eyes;
> The pheasant plumes, which round infold
> His mantling neck with downy gold;
> The cock his arched tail's azure show,
> And river-blanched, the swan his snow, &c. &c.

Seymour Street, and Wigmore Street lead us into Cavendish Square. It is curious to find how, almost entirely, the streets in this vicinity have derived their names from the Harleys, Earls of Oxford, and from the different families with which they have intermarried. From the earldom of Mortimer and the barony of Harley of Wigmore, we trace the names of Mortimer Street, Harley Street, and Wigmore Street; from the marriage of Edward, second Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, with Henrietta Cavendish, daughter and heiress of John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, we derive Edward Street, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, and Holles Street; from the union of their only child, Margaret, to William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland, we trace Margaret Street, Bentinck Street, Duke and Duchess Street, and Portland Place; and, lastly, we derive Bulstrode Street from the family seat of the Dukes of Portland, and Welbeck Street from an estate formerly in the possession of the Dukes of Newcastle, which came into the possession of the Harleys, by the marriage

of the last female descendant of the former to the second Earl of Oxford.

Cavendish Square was built about the year 1718. Here Lady Mary Wortley Montagu held her court, composed of youth, rank, and beauty, before her long absence from England,* and, at the corner house of the Square and Harley Street, the Princess Amelia, daughter of George the Second, lived and died. In the same house afterwards lived Mr. Hope, the author of "Anastasius," and subsequently Mr. Watson Taylor.†

Harley Street, and other streets to the north, were not built till many years after the erection of Cavendish Square. This site was formerly known as Harley Fields, and, as late as 1768, we find thousands of persons assembling here in the open air to listen to the exhortations of the eminent preacher Whitfield. About the same time we find the celebrated John Wesley preaching on "execution days" on Kennington Common. In Harley Street lived Sir Philip Francis, previous to his removal to St. James's Square.

The streets, in the vicinity of Cavendish Square, furnish the names of several persons of celebrity who formerly resided in them. In Bentinck Street lived Gibbon the historian,‡ and in Holles Street resided the mother of Lord Byron, and here the great poet was born in January 1788.§ Martha

* "Letters and Works of Lady M. W. Montagu."

† "Correspondence of Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk."

‡ "Miscellaneous Works." § Moore's "Life of Byron."

Blount, beloved and immortalized by Pope, lived in Welbeck Street;* in this street Lord George Gordon was residing at the time of the celebrated riots which bear his name; and here died, in 1769, at the age of ninety-seven, Edmund Hoyle, author of the famous treatise on the game of whist.

Castle Street, Cavendish Square, is interesting from having been the residence of two men of genius, Dr. Johnson and Barry the painter, who lived here, at different times, in the days of their distress. Opposite to Dr. Johnson's humble lodgings resided two sisters of the name of Cotterell. Sir Joshua Reynolds, then scarcely known to fame, was their frequent visitor, and at the house of the maiden ladies commenced the friendship between Johnson and Reynolds, which only terminated with their lives. "Sir Joshua," says Boswell, "told me a pleasant characteristical anecdote of Johnson about the time of their first acquaintance. When they were one evening together at the Miss Cotterells', the then Duchess of Argyle and another lady of high rank came in. Johnson, thinking that the Miss Cotterells were too much engrossed by them, and that he and his friend were neglected, as low company of whom they were somewhat ashamed, grew angry; and resolving to shock their supposed pride, by making their great visitors imagine that his friend and he were low indeed, he addressed

* Pope, in his will, speaks of her as Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square.

himself in a loud tone to Mr. Reynolds, saying, 'How much do you think you and I could get in a week, if we were to *work as hard* as we could?' —as if they had been common mechanics."*

The residence of poor Barry is known to have been at No. 36, Castle Street. Edmund Burke, on one occasion, offered to dine with him at his humble abode, at which the artist demurred for a moment, but afterwards added, that if the statesman would content himself with no other fare than a steak, he would promise him one of the hottest and best in London. "Accordingly," we are told, "on the day and hour named, Burke appeared, and was received by his host, who conducted him into the carpenter's shop, which he had transformed into his painting-room. Along the walls hung the sketches of his great paintings which now exist at the Adelphi. Old straining-frames, sketches, a printing press, with which he printed with his own hand the plates engraved from his pictures, formed the other chief contents of the place. The windows were mostly broken or cracked, and the tiled roof shewed the sky through many a crevice. There were two old chairs and a single deal table. The fire, however, was bright, and Barry cordial. Presently a pair of tongs were put in Burke's hands, with the remark,—'Be useful, my dear friend, and look to the steaks while I fetch the porter.' The statesman got on admirably with his

* Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

task, and, by the time Barry returned, the steak was done to a turn. 'What a misfortune,' exclaimed Barry, as he entered, 'the wind carried away the fine foaming top as I crossed Titchfield Street.' The friends then sat down to the feast; anecdote and criticism flowed freely; the stars were propitious; no cloud ruffled the painter's mind, and, altogether, Burke used to say he had never spent a happier evening."*

Oxford House, the ancient manor house of Mary-le-bone, the residence, at a later period, of the Harleys, Earls of Oxford, and the receptacle of the great Harleian library, before its transfer to the British Museum stood opposite Mary-le-bone Church, and was in existence as late as 1791.

Mary-le-bone is corrupted from St. Mary-on-the bourne, or rather St. Mary-on-the-river; *bourne* being the Saxon name for a river.† In the days of Queen Elizabeth, the crown possessed a vast domain in this district, of which, we believe, the Regent's Park is now nearly all that remains to it, and accordingly in that reign we find the ambassador from the Emperor of Russia, "and other Muscovites," riding through the city of London to Mary-le-bone Park, and there "hunting at their pleasure." The old manor house was probably the ancient hunting-lodge of the royal domain. Having passed out of the possession of the Harleys, it became,

* Knight's "London." † "Curiosities of Literature."

in the reign of Queen Anne, celebrated for its fashionable bowling-green, and as the resort of well-dressed gamesters and sharpers. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, alluding to Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, observes:—

Some dukes at Mary-bone bowl time away.

Pennant, also, speaking of the Duke's intimacy with the frequenters of Mary-le-bone gardens, says, "His Grace always gave them a dinner at the conclusion of the season, and his parting toast was, '*May as many of us, as remain unhanged next spring, meet here again.*'" Mary-le-bone gardens are perhaps now principally remembered as being the scene of one of Macheath's debauches in the "Beggar's Opera." At a later period they were converted into a place of diversion resembling the present Vauxhall; the amusements consisting of theatrical exhibitions, vocal and instrumental music, and terminating with fire-works. The gardens, which were closed to the public about 1777, stood on the site of the present Devonshire Place, Beaumont Street, and the north end of Harley Street; and close to the latter may still be seen three or four trees, the last mementos of the once celebrated Mary-le-bone gardens. It may be mentioned, that in the theatre in Mary-le-bone gardens, Charles Dibdin and Bannister made their *debût*.

At a tavern in High Street Mary-le-bone, the celebrated Nancy Dawson, when a young girl, was employed in setting up skittles. She died at

Hampstead in 1767, and was buried behind the Foundling Hospital. In Titchfield Street, Mary-le-bone, Cuthbert Shaw, the poet, "distinguished alike by his genius, his misfortunes, and his misconduct," died in great distress in 1771,* and in this street, at the house of a brother artist, Joseph Bonomi, died the celebrated artist James Barry in 1806.†

We will conclude our notices of the vicinity of Cavendish Square, with a tragical event which occurred at Chandos House, the London residence of James Brydges, Duke of Chandos, styled from his magnificent mode of living, the "grand duke," and sometimes the "princely Chandos." Exceeding his customary splendour, the Duke had announced a princely entertainment on the occasion of the christening of his infant heir. The King and Queen had consented to become sponsors; for weeks the magnificent preparations were the topic of conversation in every circle; the long expected night arrived; the guests, including the royal family, filled the gorgeous apartments; and, with all due honours, the child, in the arms of its nurse, was conducted to the place of honour which had been appointed for the ceremony of its initiation into the church. Suddenly, however, the scene changed. Affected, it is said, by the excessive glare of light, the child was seized with convulsions; the ceremony was stopped;

* Boswell's "Life of Johnson." † Annual Register for 1806.

the guests departed to their respective homes, and, before midnight, the infant pride of the princely Chandos had breathed its last. The Duke and Duchess were both deeply affected by their extraordinary bereavement. The former died shortly afterwards, and the latter retired from the world, but not from the house which had witnessed the wreck of her fondest hopes, for she is said to have conceived a melancholy pleasure in residing there to the last.

Hanover Square and the adjoining streets were built about the same time as Cavendish Square. In 1716, the site which they occupy was open country, but their names appear in the plans of London, published in 1720. Pennant, who died as late as 1798, observes,—"Oxford Street, from Prince's Street eastward, as far as High Street St. Giles's, was almost unbuilt on the north side. I remember there a deep hollow road, and full of sloughs: there was here and there a ragged house, the lurking-place of cut-throats; insomuch, that I never was taken that way by night, in my hackney-coach, to a worthy uncle's who gave me lodgings at his house in George Street, but I went in dread the whole way." At his house in Hanover Square, died, in 1735, the once popular poet George Granville, Lord Lansdowne; here also at one time lived the celebrated circumnavigator of the globe, George Lord Anson; and here, in 1792, a no less celebrated naval commander, George Lord Rodney, breathed his last.

In George Street, Hanover Square, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu passed the last months of her long life. We learn, from a member of her family, that from her long residence on the continent, she had imbibed foreign tastes and foreign habits, and consequently that the change from the gloomy magnificence of an Italian palace, to a small, three storied house in the neighbourhood of Hanover Square, was as striking as it was disagreeable. "I am most handsomely lodged," she said, "for I have two very decent closets, and a cupboard on each floor."* One can almost imagine her figure as she issued from her house in George Street; such at least as it is described by Walpole in a letter written about six months before her death. "Lady Mary Wortley," he writes, "is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity, are all increased. Her dress, like her languages, is a galimatias of several countries; the ground-work rags, and the embroidery nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last."† Such is the picture, drawn at the close of life, of the once witty, beau-

* "Works and Letters of Lady M. W. Montagu," edited by Lord Wharncliffe.

† Letter from Horace Walpole to George Montagu, 2nd February, 1762.

tiful, and fascinating Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. She died in August 1762, of a terrible disorder, a cancer in the breast.

Before quitting the neighbourhood of Hanover Square, let us cross New Bond Street into Woodstock Street, which will always be interesting to the lovers of literary history, as the street where Dr. Johnson first fixed himself with his "Tetty," after his arrival in London in search of fortune and fame. "He now [1737] removed," says Boswell, "to London with Mrs. Johnson. His lodgings were for some time in Woodstock Street, near Hanover Square, and afterwards in Castle Street, Cavendish Square. As there is something pleasingly interesting to many, in tracing so great a man through all his different habitations, I shall, before this work is concluded, present my readers with an exact list of his lodgings and houses, in order of time, which, in placid condescension to my respectful curiosity, he one evening dictated to me, but without specifying how long he lived at each."

In Argyle Street, within a short distance of Hanover Square, lived the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, who expiated a life of vanity, hypocrisy, and pleasure, on the gibbet. Wraxall mentions his having dined at his table in Argyle Street, when the celebrated Wilkes, Sir William Jones, and De Lolme, formed the remainder of the company. "Mrs. Dodd," says Wraxall, "presided, and afterwards received in her drawing-room a large party of both sexes." In that

gay circle, who would not have laughed to scorn the idea that their clerical and gifted host would die by the hands of the common hangman!

Bond Street is replete with interesting literary associations. From hence I find Gilbert West, the poet, dating many of his letters to Gray;—here, at the house of Mrs. Miller, Fielding has placed many of the most pathetic scenes in his immortal novel of Tom Jones;—here it was that the unfortunate poet, Richard Savage, besieged the house of his unnatural mother, the Countess of Macclesfield;* and here Archibald Bower, author of the "History of the Popes,"—so remarkable for his eccentric vices and strange adventures,—breathed his last. He died in September, 1766, and was buried in Mary-le-bone churchyard, where there is a monument to his memory.

In 1769, Boswell lived in lodgings in Old Bond Street. He mentions, on one occasion, entertaining at dinner, in this street, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, Goldsmith, Murphy, Tom Davis, the bookseller and actor, and Bickerstaff, the author of "Love in a Village,"†

But there are literary associations still more interesting connected with Bond Street. It was here that Gibbon passed his solitary evenings, composing his immortal history. Every one remembers the memorable passage, in which the great historian paints his lonely situation in the

* Johnson's "Life of Savage." † Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

midst of the fashionable world. "I had not been endowed by art or nature with those happy gifts of confidence and address, which unlock every door and every bosom; nor would it be reasonable to complain of the just consequences of my sickly childhood, foreign education, and reserved temper. While coaches were rattling through Bond Street, I have passed many a solitary evening in my lodging with my books. My studies were sometimes interrupted by a sigh, which I breathed towards Lausanne; and on the approach of spring, I withdrew without reluctance from the noisy and extensive scene of crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure."*

Sterne breathed his last in Bond Street. We are told, in the Memoir of him attached to his works, that "he submitted to fate on the 18th day of March, 1768, at his lodgings in Bond Street."

Mr. D'Israeli observes:—"It does not appear to have been noticed that Sterne died with neither friend nor relation by his side! a hired nurse was the sole companion of the man whose wit found admirers in every street, but whose heart, it would seem, could not draw one to his deathbed. We cannot say whether Sterne, who had been long dying, had resolved to practise his own principle, when he made the philosopher Shandy, who had a fine saying for everything, deliver his

* Gibbon's Memoirs of his Life and Writings.

opinion on death,—'that there is no terror, brother Toby, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions, and the blowing of noses, and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man's room. Strip it of these, what is it?' I find the moment of his death described in a singular book, the "Life of a Footman." I give it with all its particulars:—'In the month of January, 1768, we set off for London. We stopped for some time at Almack's house in Pall Mall. My master afterwards took Sir James Gray's house in Clifford Street, who was going ambassador to Spain. He now began house-keeping, hired a French cook, house-maid, and kitchen-maid, and kept a great deal of the best company. About this time, Mr. Sterne, the celebrated author, was taken ill at the silk-bag shop in Old Bond Street. He was sometimes called Tristram Shandy, and sometimes Yorick, a very great favourite of the gentlemen's. One day my master had company to dinner, who were speaking about him; the Duke of Roxburgh, the Earl of March, the Earl of Ossory, the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Garrick, Mr. Hume, and Mr. James. 'John,' said my master, 'go and inquire how Mr. Sterne is to-day.' I went, returned, and said, 'I went to Mr. Sterne's lodging—the mistress opened the door—I inquired how he did. She told me to go up to the nurse; I went into the room, and he was just a-dying. I waited ten minutes; but in five, he said, 'Now is it come!' He put up his hand, as if to stop

a blow, and died in a minute.' The gentlemen were all very sorry, and lamented him very much.' " *

A cheerless end, neglected Sterne, was thine!
Thy closing scene demands a gloomier line;
Thou who didst boast when youthful blood ran warm,
That Death was dreadful only in his form;
A boon, if free from Love's convulsive sighs,
From groans, and pomp, and funeral obsequies;
Say, through thy nights of sickness and of pain,
Did nothing whisper thee thy boast was vain?
When Death upon thy lonely couch looked down,
Was there no terror, Yorick, in his frown?
Short was the triumph of thy bright career,
Who wok'st at will the laughter or the tear;
Whose plaintive fiction, or whose comic page
Cheered the sick room, and soothed the cares of age;
Yet ill the world that of thy wit did rave,
Repaid thee for the pleasure which it gave:
Lone was thy parting scene! no friend was there,
No loved one sobbing with dishevelled hair;
Of all who wooed thee to their social board,
The wealthy coxcomb, and the empty lord,
Not all thy genius, wit, nor fame could bring
One friend to tend thee till thy soul took wing;
Thy sole companion was the hireling nurse,
The hireling mute sole mourner o'er thy hearse!—J. H. J.

Sterne was interred in the burying-ground belonging to the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, near Connaught Place, where a monument, erected by two brother free-masons to his memory, may still be seen.†

* "Calamities of Authors."

† Memoir prefixed to his works.

The literary interest which attaches itself to Bond Street, has descended even to our own time. In the days of his dissipation, "Stevens's" hotel, near Clifford Street, was the favourite resort of Lord Byron; and, in 1815, we find Sir Walter Scott residing at a neighbouring hotel, "Long's." "I saw Lord Byron for the first time," says Sir Walter, "in 1815, after I returned from France. He dined, or lunched, with me at Long's, in Bond Street. I never saw him so full of gaiety and good-humour, to which the presence of Mr. Matthews, the comedian, added not a little. Poor Terry was also present. After one of the gayest parties I ever was present at, my fellow-traveller and I set off for Scotland, and I never saw Lord Byron again." *

Bond Street, it may be remarked, derives its name from Sir Thomas Bond, whose house, in Piccadilly, we find temporarily occupied by the French ambassador, in 1699. The building of Old Bond Street was commenced about the year 1716; and, even at this early period, we find it a fashionable lounging-place. In the "Weekly Journal," of the 1st of June, 1717, we read,—"The new buildings, between Bond Street and Mary-le-bone, go on with all possible diligence; and the houses even let and sell before they are built. They are already in great forwardness. Could the builders have supposed their labours would have produced

* Moore's "Life of Lord Byron."

a place so extremely fashionable, they might probably have deviated, once at least, from their usual parsimony by making the way rather wider: as it is at present, coaches are greatly impeded in the rapidity of their course; but this is fortunate for the *Bond Street loungers*, who are by this defect granted glimpses of the fashionable and generally titled fair, who pass and repass from two till five o'clock."

From Bond Street, let us pass, through Bruton Street, into Berkeley Square. In Bruton Street, for many years, lived Richard Brinsley Sheridan, where his house was often so beset with duns and bailiffs, that the provisions required for his family were obliged to be introduced over the iron railing into the area below. We have already mentioned, in our notices of Piccadilly, that Berkeley Square, Hill Street, Hay Hill, and Farm Street, derive their names from Lord Berkeley of Stratton, and a property called Hay Hill Farm, of which his lordship had become the purchaser. Berkeley Square was built at the commencement of the last century. Lansdowne House, the principal house in the square, was once the residence of John, Earl of Bute, the celebrated minister and favourite, by whom it was built in 1765, and afterwards sold by him for 22,000*l.* to the first Marquis of Lansdowne, who, as Lord Shelburne, played scarcely a less prominent part in politics than Lord Bute. Many other persons of celebrity have been residents of Berkeley Square. Here lived the "heaven-

born general" Lord Clive, and Thomas Hope, the author of "Anastasius." Here, shortly after her removal from George Street, died Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and here also Horace Walpole breathed his last.

In Hill Street, in 1775, lived the gifted and accomplished Mrs. Montagu. Hannah More writes to one of her sisters: — "I had yesterday the pleasure of dining in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, *at a certain Mrs. Montagu's, a name not totally obscure.* The party consisted of Mrs. Carter, Dr. Johnson, Solander, and Maty, Mrs. Boscawen, Miss Reynolds, and Sir Joshua, the idol of every company, some other persons of high rank and less wit, and your humble servant, — a party that would not have disgraced the table of Lælius, or of Atticus."*

Hay Hill is interesting as being the spot where a skirmish took place between the rebels and the royal forces, during Sir Thomas Wyat's insurrection in 1554. Here, after his execution, the head of Sir Thomas was exposed on the common gibbet; three of his most dangerous associates being hung in chains on the same spot. From Hay Hill we pass into Grafton Street, where Charles James Fox resided when Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1782, and thence return to Bond Street, to the east of which we will point out a few spots worthy of notice.

In Conduit Street, a few yards from Bond Street, is a small chapel dedicated to the Holy Trinity, to

* Hannah More's "Memoirs."

which a peculiar interest attaches itself. When James the Second sought to seduce his subjects, and more especially the army, to embrace the Roman Catholic religion, he caused a large wooden chapel to be erected, movable at will, which was wheeled to Hounslow Heath, where his army was then lying, and occasionally moved from one part of the camp to the other. When James was subsequently compelled to fly the kingdom, this chapel was brought back to London, and placed in what was then fields, where it remained till 1716, when the present Trinity Chapel was erected on its site. In 1772, Boswell mentions Dr. Johnson drinking tea with him at his lodgings in Conduit Street.

From Conduit Street a narrow passage leads us into Saville Row: here, Henrietta Countess of Suffolk, the celebrated mistress of George the Second, lived after the death of her royal lover;* here the well-known Betty Germaine was residing in 1741;* and here Richard Brinsley Sheridan breathed his last. At the north end of Saville Row is Uxbridge House, the work of Leoni, formerly called Queensberry House, from having been the residence of Charles third Duke of Queensberry and his beautiful Duchess, Katherine Hyde, the "Kitty" of Prior, and rendered still more celebrated by the verse of Pope;—

> If Queensberry to strip there 's no compelling,
> 'Tis from a handmaid we must paint a Helen.

* Suffolk Correspondence.

It was here that Gay was domesticated and petted by his affectionate patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and in this house he died. To Pope he writes, about two years before his death. "My melancholy increases, and every hour threatens me with some return of my distemper. Not the divine looks, the kind favours and expressions of the divine Duchess, nor the inexpressible goodness of the Duke, can in the least cheer me. The drawing-room no more receives light from those two stars; there is now, what Milton says is in hell, 'darkness visible.' Oh that I had never known what a court was!"* How beautifully has Pope done justice to the affectionate friendship of the Duchess of Queensberry!—

> Blest be the great, for those they take away,
> And those they left me for they left me Gay;
> Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
> Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
> Of all thy blameless life the sole return,
> My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!

In Cork Street, which runs parallel with Saville Row, died the gifted and amiable Dr. Arbuthnot, the courtly physician of Queen Anne, and the friend of Pope, Gay, Bolingbroke, and Swift; and in this street, also, the well-known General Wade had a house, which was designed by Lord Burlington. It was wittily said of it, that it was too small to live in, and too large to append to a watch-ribbon; indeed, so inconvenient was its interior, and so

* Biog. Brit. Art. Gay.

fantastic its exterior, that Lord Chesterfield observed, "since the General could not live in it, he had better hire the opposite house in order to look at it." No vestige of it now remains. In Cork Street Dr. Johnson was a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Diamond, an apothecary. About the year 1752, he used to dine there nearly every Sunday, accompanied by his blind *protégée*, Mrs. Williams the poetess.*

* Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

ST. JAMES'S STREET.

ST. JAMES'S STREET. — CLUBS.—COLONEL BLOOD.—COCOA TREE TAVERN.—THATCHED HOUSE.—DEATH OF GIBBON.—BYRON.

St. James's Street, styled in 1670, the "Long Street," appears to have grown into a regular street between the last days of the Protectorate and the early part of the reign of Charles the Second; and, it is almost needless to add, derived its name from the neighbouring palace of St. James's. It has continued, almost from the days of the merry monarch to the present time, to be the nucleus of fashionable society, and the lounging-place of the witty and the gay. In the days of Queen Anne, it was scarcely less celebrated for the gifted society which frequented its exclusive chocolate-houses, than it is at the present time for the fashionable clubs which are its principal characteristics;—the latter, unfortunately, preserving the worst qualities which distinguished the society of the last century, without either the dignity of its talent, or the fascination of its wit.

It is rather remarkable, that two of the most fashionable clubs of our own time,—the "Cocoa Tree," and "White's,"—should have sprung from

the "Cocoa Tree Tavern," and "White's Chocolate House" of the reign of Queen Anne. The former, —the favourite resort of George the Fourth when Prince of Wales,—has only ceased to exist within the last few years, while White's has recently acquired a second youth. Even as late as 1745, we find, by the correspondence of the day, that the latter still continued to be called "White's Chocolate House."* Could we fortunately obtain proper materials, there would be no social history more curious or more amusing than that of White's Club, from the days of Addison and Swift, to those of Lord Alvanley and Brummel.

The first event of any interest connected with St. James's Street, is the seizure of the Duke of Ormond's person by the notorious Colonel Blood, on the night of the 6th of December, 1670. The Duke, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, had executed some of Blood's accomplices who had been engaged in a treasonable design of surprising Dublin Castle, and, in revenge for this act, Blood expressed his determination to seize the Duke's person, and hang him at Tyburn. Accordingly, on a dark night,—as the Duke was returning from an entertainment in the city, and was passing the bottom of St. James's Street, at the end of which, facing the palace, stood Berkshire, afterwards Cleveland

* A letter from Dr. Newton to George Selwyn, dated 10 December, 1745, is addressed to him at "White's Chocolate House, St. James's, London." "Selwyn and his Contemporaries."

House, where he then resided;—the door of his coach was opened, and he was dragged out by Blood and five of his associates, and mounted on horseback behind one of the party. The Duke, as usual, was attended by six footmen. It was the general custom of the time for these persons to hang behind the coach of their master, but his Grace, willing to spare his horses so great an additional weight, had caused iron spikes to be driven behind the cumbrous vehicle, in order to prevent his domestics getting up; a practice which, notwithstanding the present attempt to assassinate him, he continued to the day of his death. The Duke's footmen, therefore, were in the habit of attending him, three by three, on each side of the street; but on the present occasion they were accidentally some distance off when Blood and his associates made their appearance.

In the meantime, the latter, having carefully bound the Duke to their companion, hurried him up St. James's Street in the direction of Tyburn; Blood, it is said, riding on before, for the purpose of adjusting the rope to the gallows. They had proceeded somewhat further than the present Devonshire House, when the Duke contrived to get one of his feet under that of his companion, and though sixty years of age, succeeded in unhorsing him. They both fell in the mud, and had continued struggling on the ground for some seconds, when the Duke's servants, who had been alarmed by the outcries of the coachman, fortunately made

their appearance. The ruffian then disengaged himself, and having fired two pistols at the Duke, which providentially missed their aim, the whole party rode off as fast as they could. When the Duke's servants reached the spot, his Grace was so exhausted by the struggle as to be unable to speak, and so dark was the night that it was only from the light reflected from the diamonds in his star, that they were enabled to discover the spot where he lay.

There is said to be honour among thieves, and consequently, notwithstanding that a thousand pounds,—a vast sum in the days of Charles the Second,—was offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of this impudent outrage, Blood remained, if not without suspicion, at least unmolested. It was not till the following year, when he was captured in his famous attempt to seize the crown jewels, that it became generally known that he was the instigator of the attempt on the life of the Duke of Ormond. He was immediately conducted to the Tower, where, with that calm intrepidity which was the constitutional characteristic of this extraordinary man, he patiently and sullenly awaited the ignominious death which he could not fail to expect would be the inevitable consequence of his crime.

To the astonishment however of the world, Charles the Second expressed his determination of examining the daring culprit in person before his Privy Council. Blood, who seems to have been intimate-

ly acquainted with the character and failings of his sovereign, took every advantage of this unexpected piece of good fortune; and, indeed, his conduct while under examination was a masterpiece of cunning. He excited the admiration of the King by his indomitable courage; he charmed him with the readiness of his wit, and ingeniously flattered him by the high respect which he expressed personally for his sovereign. The interview, indeed, was altogether a remarkable one. He candidly told the King, who put several questions to him in person, that on one occasion he had been engaged to kill his Majesty, and with this purpose had concealed himself, with a loaded carbine, in some reeds by the side of the Thames above Battersea, where Charles was accustomed to bathe; but, he added, that he was struck with so great an awe at the sight of majesty, that his heart failed him, and he relinquished the design.

He candidly confessed that he was author of the outrage on the Duke of Ormond, but when asked to name his associates:—"I would never," he said, "betray a friend's life, nor be guilty of a falsehood to save my own." When asked what provocation he could have received from the Duke, —his Grace, he said, had deprived him of his estate, and had executed some of his friends; and he added, that he belonged to a gang of ruffians as desperate as himself, who had bound themselves by the most solemn oaths to revenge the death of any of their associates. When asked

by Charles how he could have the audacity to make his attempt on the crown jewels,—"My father," said Blood, "lost a good estate *for* the crown, and I considered it no crime to recover it *by* the crown."—"What," said the King, "if I should give you your life?"—"I shall endeavour," replied Blood, "to deserve it."

Charles was evidently predisposed to pardon, but the Duke of Ormond was too powerful a subject not to be consulted on the occasion, and how could he be expected to overlook either the insolent outrage, or the daring attempt on his life? His reply, however, was worthy of the man. "If your Majesty," he said, "forgive his attempt on the crown, how can I withhold my forgiveness at his attempt on my life?" Blood was accordingly not only pardoned, but became even a favourite at court, had a pension conferred on him, and was subsequently the means of screening from the hands of justice more than one of his associates in treason and in crime.*

The Cocoa Tree Tavern, the lounging place of the wits, the dandies, and the adventurers of the days of Queen Anne, stood apparently on the site of the present building, which still bears its name, No. 64, on the west side of St. James's Street. Addison

* For a full account of Blood's extraordinary offences and adventures.—See Echard's "History of England," Carte's "Life of the Duke of Ormond," Bishop Kennett's "Complete History," Stowe's "Survey of London," Oldmixon's "History of the Stuarts," and Baxter's "History of his own Life and Times."

mentions it as a place of fashionable resort as early as 1710. "Sometimes," he says, "I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Wills', and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Childs', and while I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, [newspaper] overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's Coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise known at the Grecian, the *Cocoa Tree*, and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Haymarket. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, whenever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club."*

It may be interesting, perhaps, to point the site of the different places here mentioned. Child's coffee-house, then the resort of the clergy, was in St. Paul's Churchyard; St. James's stood at the bottom of St. James's Street, the corner house on the west side, opposite the palace; the Grecian stood in Devereux Court, outside Temple Bar, and continued to be styled the Grecian Coffee-house till within the last year or

* "Spectator," No. 1.

two, when it was converted into sets of hired chambers; and Jonathan's, the resort of the merchants and stock-jobbers, was in Change Alley.

The Cocoa Tree was the resort of Swift during his occasional visits to London, after he had become Dean of St. Patrick's. Prior, the poet, writes to him on the 30th of July 1717,—"I have been made to believe that we may see your reverend person this summer in England; if so, I shall be glad to meet you at any place; but when you come to London, do not go to the Cocoa Tree, (as you sent your letter,) but come immediately to Duke Street, where you shall find a bed, a book, and a candle; so pray think of sojourning nowhere else." *

Gibbon, the historian, was a member of the Cocoa Tree after it had been converted into a fashionable club. On the 24th of November, 1762, he inserts in his private journal,—"I dined at the Cocoa Tree with Holt. We went thence to the play, (the "Spanish Friar,") and when it was over, returned to the Cocoa Tree. That respectable body, of which I have the honour of being a member, affords every evening a sight truly English. Twenty or thirty, perhaps, of the first men in the kingdom, in point of fashion and fortune, supping at little tables covered with a napkin, in the middle of a coffee-room, upon a bit of cold meat or a sandwich, and drinking a glass of punch. At present, we are full of king's counsellors and lords

* Swift's "Correspondence."

of the bedchamber; who, having jumped into the ministry, make a very singular medley of their old principles and language with their modern ones."* Gibbon was also a member of White's, Boodle's, and Almack's, to the latter of which he gave the preference. On the 24th of June, 1776, he writes from Almack's,—"Town grows empty, and this house, where I have passed many agreeable hours, is the only place which still invites the flower of the English youth. The style of living, though somewhat expensive, is exceedingly pleasant, and, notwithstanding the rage of play, I have found more entertaining, and even rational society here, than in any other club to which I belong."†

The Cocoa Tree is connected with another illustrious name, that of Lord Byron, who was also a member of the club. To Mr. Moore he writes on the 9th of April, 1814,—"I am but just returned to town, from which you may infer that I have been out of it; and I have been boxing, for exercise, with Jackson for this last month daily. I have also been drinking, and, on one occasion, with three other friends at the Cocoa Tree, from six till four, yea, until five in the matin. We clareted and champagned till two, then supped, and finished with a kind of regency punch composed of Madeira, brandy, and *green* tea, no *real* water being admitted therein. There was a night for

* Gibbon's "Miscellaneous Works."

† Ibid., p. 276.

you! without once quitting the table except to ambulate home, which I did alone, and in utter contempt of a hackney-coach and my own *vis*, both of which were deemed necessary for our conveyance. And so,—I am very well, and they say it will hurt my constitution."* Lord Byron was at this time residing at the Albany in Piccadilly. The rooms in which Gibbon moralized, and Lord Byron debauched, are now converted into a gunsmith's shop below, and, I believe, billiard tables and French hazard above.

The Thatched House, another celebrated place of entertainment in the days of Queen Anne, stood somewhat lower down, on a part of the ground on which the Conservative Club now stands. Swift writes to Stella on the 20th of December, 1711,—"I dined, you know, with our society, and that odious secretary [Lord Bolingbroke] would make me president next week; so I must entertain them this day se'night at the Thatched House Tavern, where we dined to-day; it will cost me five or six pounds, yet the secretary says he will give me wine." Again Swift writes on the 27th of the same month,—"I entertained our society at the Thatched House Tavern to-day at dinner; but brother Bathurst sent for wine, the house affording none." The "society," alluded to by Swift, consisted of a club comprising the most eminent men in rank, literature, and politics, at the commence-

* Moore's "Life of Byron," vol. iii. p. 60.

ment of the last century. In the Thatched House Tavern, the celebrated literary and dilettanti clubs held for many years their meetings. Both of these clubs were originally founded at the Turk's Head Tavern, in Gerard Street, Soho; Sir Joshua Reynolds having had the merit of being the proposer and principal promoter of both. The portraits of several members of the latter club, more than one of them the work of Sir Joshua, are still preserved in the present Thatched House Tavern in St. James's Street.

On the 5th of April, 1684, died at his house in St. James's Street, William Lord Brounker, whom Bishop Burnet styles a "profound mathematician," but who is now principally remembered from having been the first President of the Royal Society. According to Anthony Wood, he did much honour to the society, and advanced it by his learning and experience; but Evelyn, who was probably better acquainted with him, observes,—"He was noted for a hard, covetous, vicious man, though for his worldly craft, and skill in gaining, few exceeded him." On the 25th of February, 1723, the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, died in St. James's Street. It was his custom to fall asleep after dinner, and one evening, his servant, observing that he had slept longer than usual, entered his apartment and found him dead in his chair.

In a house in St. James's Street, adjoining Brooke's Club, lived, in 1781, Charles James Fox.

It was the scene of many of his follies and distresses. Horace Walpole writes to Marshal Conway on the 31st of May 1781,—I had been to see if Lady Ailesbury was come to town: as I came up St. James's Street, I saw a cart and porters at Charles Fox's door; coppers and old chests of drawers loading. In short, his success at faro has awakened his host of creditors; but unless his bank had swelled to the size of the Bank of England, it could not have yielded a sop a piece for each. Epsom, too, had been unpropitious, and one creditor has actually seized and carried off his goods, which did not seem worth removing. As I returned full of this scene, whom should I find sauntering by my own door but Charles? He came up, and talked to me at the coach window on the Marriage Bill, with as much *sang-froid* as if he knew nothing of what had happened."*

> Hark where the voice of battle shouts from far,
> The Jews and Macaronis are at war;
> The Jews prevail, and thundering from the stocks,
> They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox.†

St. James's Street witnessed the closing scene of the great historian, Edward Gibbon, on the 16th of January, 1794. The account which Lord Sheffield gives of the last moments of his illustrious friend is deeply interesting. "After I left him on Tuesday afternoon, he saw some company, Lady

* Walpole's "Correspondence."

† Mason, "Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers."

Lucan and Lady Spenser, and thought himself well enough at night to omit the opium draught which he had been used to take for some time. He slept very indifferently; before nine the next morning he rose, but could not eat his breakfast. However, he appeared tolerably well, yet complained at times of a pain in his stomach. At one o'clock he received a visit of an hour from Madame de Silva; and at three, his friend Mr. Crawford, of Auchinames, (whom he always mentioned with particular regard,) called, and stayed with him till past five o'clock. They talked, as usual, on various subjects; and twenty hours before his death, Mr. Gibbon happened to fall into a conversation, not uncommon with him, on the probable duration of his life. He said that he thought himself a good life for ten, twelve, or perhaps twenty years. About six, he ate the wing of a chicken, and drank three glasses of Madeira. After dinner, he became very uneasy and impatient; complained a good deal, and appeared so weak that his servant was alarmed. Mr. Gibbon had sent to his friend and relation, Mr. Robert Darell, whose house was not far distant, desiring to see him, and adding that he had something particular to say. But, unfortunately this desired interview never took place.

"During the evening he complained much of his stomach, and of a disposition to vomit. Soon after nine he took his opium draught, and went to bed. About ten he complained of much pain, and desired that warm napkins might be applied to

his stomach. He almost incessantly expressed a sense of pain till about four o'clock in the morning, when he said he found his stomach much easier. About seven, the servant asked whether he should send for Mr. Farquhar? He answered, no: that he was as well as he had been the day before. About half-past eight he got out of bed, and said he was '*plus adroit*' than he had been for three months past, and got into bed again, without assistance, better than usual. About nine he said that he would rise. The servant, however, persuaded him to remain in bed till Mr. Farquhar, who was expected at eleven, should come. Till about that hour he spoke with great facility. Mr. Farquhar, came at the time appointed, and he was then visibly dying. When the *valet-de-chambre*, after attending Mr. Farquhar out of the room, returned, Mr. Gibbon said,—'*Pourquoi est ce que vous me quittez?*' This was about half past eleven. At twelve he drank some brandy and water from a tea-pot, and desired his favourite servant to stay with him. These were the last words he pronounced articulately. To the last he preserved his senses; and when he could no longer speak, his servant having asked a question he made a sign to shew that he understood him. He was quite tranquil, and did not stir; his eyes half shut. About a quarter before one he ceased to breathe. The *valet-de-chambre* observed that Mr. Gibbon did not, at any time, shew the least sign of alarm or apprehension of death; and it does not appear that he ever thought

himself in danger, unless his desire to speak to Mr. Darell may be considered in that light."*

Lord Sheffield hastened to the bed-side of his dying friend; but, on his arrival in St. James's Street, he found that the great historian had ceased to exist. He caused the remains of his friend to be interred in the burial place of his family at Sheffield Place in Sussex. The house in which Gibbon breathed his last was No. 76, St. James's Street, near the corner of Little St. James's Street, and was pulled down to make room for the present Conservative Club.

No. 62, higher up the street, (now occupied by Lauriere, the jeweller) was, in the last century, well-known as Betty's fruit-shop, where men of wit and fashion met to discuss the scandal or politics of the day. It would seem that the old lady herself had some reputation for saying good things; at least, Horace Walpole writes to George Selwyn, on the 2nd of December, 1765,—"When you have a quarter of an hour *awake*, and to spare, I wish you would bestow it on me. There are no such things as *bon mots* here to send you, and I cannot hope that you will send me your own: next to them I should like Charles Townshend's, but I don't desire *Betty's*." Walpole, elsewhere describing a party of pleasure at Vauxhall, mentions that Betty accompanied them to the gardens with baskets of strawberries and cherries.

With a name scarcely less illustrious than that

* Gibbon's "Miscellaneous Works."

of Gibbon we will conclude our notices of St. James's Street. Lord Byron, at the time when the publication of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" rendered his name for the first time conspicuous in the literary history of his country, resided at No. 8 in this street. It was from this house that the proud and misanthropic poet departed, on a melancholy and well-known occasion, to take his seat in the House of Lords as a peer of the realm,—"in a state," says Moore, "more lone and unfriended, perhaps, than any youth of his high station had ever before been reduced to on such an occasion,—not having a single individual of his own class, either to take him by the hand as friend or acknowledge him as acquaintance." Nothing can be more strikingly dramatic than the account which his relative, Mr. Dallas, gives of this painful passage in the life of the great poet. "I was passing down St. James's Street," he says, "with no intention of calling, when I saw his chariot at the door, and went in. His countenance, paler than usual, shewed that his mind was agitated, and that he was thinking of the nobleman* to whom he had once looked for a hand and countenance in his introduction to the house. He said to me, 'I am glad you happened to come in; I am going to take my seat, perhaps you will go with me.' I expressed my readiness to attend him; while, at the same time I concealed the shock I felt on thinking that this young man, who, by birth, fortune,

* His relative, the late Earl of Carlisle.

and talent stood high in life, should have lived so unconnected and neglected by persons of his own rank, that there was not a single member of the senate to which he belonged, to whom he would or could apply to introduce him in a manner becoming his birth; I saw that he felt the situation, and I fully partook of his indignation." The subsequent scene in the house of Lords is graphically described by Dallas but is too long for insertion. "We returned to St. James's Street," he says, "but he did not recover his spirits."

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THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ST. JAMES'S STREET.

BENNET STREET.—ARLINGTON STREET.—PARK PLACE.— ST. JAMES'S PLACE.—CLEVELAND ROW.—KING STREET. — ALMACK'S. —LITTLE RYDER STREET.—BURY STREET.

THE streets diverging from St. James's Street are all of them more or less associated with some person of celebrity or some event of interest. As we descend towards St. James's Palace, the first opening to the right is Bennet Street, a small avenue leading to Arlington Street. At No. 4, Bennet Street, in the apartments which he occupied on the first floor, Lord Byron composed the "Giaour," the "Bride of Abydos," and the "Corsair." He resided here during a great part of the years of 1813 and 1814, and sometimes in his letters amuses himself with playfully styling it Benedictine Street.

Let us pass on to Arlington Street, so called from the Bennets Earls of Arlington, which, considering how small a number of houses it contains, has been inhabited by a greater number of persons of note and genius than perhaps any other street of the same size in London. As early as the reign of Queen Anne, we find it containing the residences of several persons of rank. Here, in 1708, were residing the Duke of Richmond, Lord Brook, Lord Cholmondley,

Lord Guildford, and Lord Kingston. Here, before her marriage, in the pride of youth, of beauty, and of genius, resided Lady Mary Wortley Montagu;*—here, in 1739, lived the celebrated William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath,† and to this street, three years afterwards, retired his great rival, Sir Robert Walpole, when his famous defeat in the House of Commons terminated his long political career: it was here that the great minister breathed his last. In a small house, adjoining that of his father, his scarcely less celebrated son, Horace Walpole, resided for many years, and from hence many of the most charming of his letters are dated. To Arlington Street, when Prince of Wales, George the Second retired to sulk with his small court after his memorable quarrel with his father; and here the celebrated Duke of Cumberland, the "Butcher" of Culloden, dined the same day on which he died. Charles James Fox resided for some time in Arlington Street: and here at the house of the Duke of Rutland, lamented by every one but his creditors, his late Royal Highness the Duke of York breathed his last.

As we pass down St. James's Street, the next opening on the west side is Park Place. At No. 9 lived the well-known antiquary, Sir William Musgrave, and in this street Hume the historian resided when Under Secretary of State in 1769. We next arrive at St. James's Place, a street in which the

* "Letters and Works of Lady M. Wortley Montagu."

† Letters to and from the Countess of Suffolk.

houses remain nearly the same as they existed in the days of Queen Anne. Here, the celebrated Addison had a house, and in this street occasionally resided Thomas Parnell, the poet, the friend and correspondent of Congreve, Addison, and Steele, of Swift, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot. Future chroniclers of the local associations of London, will point out the residence of a third poet, Mr. Rogers, and will do honour to the walls where Byron, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Campbell have been favoured guests, and in which, at different times, have assembled all the wit, the beauty, and the talent of the present century.

In St. James's Place, in a house overlooking the Green Park, lived the charming and beautiful Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey, the idol of her contemporaries, and celebrated in verse by Pope, Gay, Voltaire, Arbuthnot, Pulteney, and Lord Chesterfield:—

> Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well,
> With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel.
>
> GAY.

Lady Hervey writes from Ickworth Park on the 5th of April, 1749,—"I am preparing a dwelling that will suit better with my purse, though not so well with my inclination. I have paid dear to make that dwelling *look* as like the country as I can; but I have been too much used to grass and green trees to bear the changing them for brick walls and dust."* Lady Hervey could scarcely have fixed on any spot in London which had more the

* "Lady Hervey's Letters."

appearance of being in the country. The house in question was afterwards the residence of Lord Hastings, and is now divided into two. At No. 13 St. James's Place, lived Mrs. Robinson the actress, and here also in 1756, resided the celebrated John Wilkes. Lastly, in St. James's Place lived the Right Honourable Richard Rigby, the jovial politician and *bon-vivant* of the last century; whose name is so intimately connected with the social and convivial history of that period, and will probably long live in the pages of Junius, Wraxall, and Horace Walpole.

If St. James's Place is famous for having been the residence of the poets, Cleveland Row (at the bottom of St. James's Street, facing the palace,) is no less remarkable as having been frequented by the wits. Here resided Colonel John Selwyn, an aide-de-camp of the great Duke of Marlborough, and the father of the memorable wit, George Selwyn: and it was in his house that the celebrated personal encounter took place between Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister, and Lord Townshend, one of the Secretaries of State. The particulars may be briefly related.

During an altercation, in which they were engaged, Sir Robert exclaimed with considerable warmth,—"My Lord, for once, there is no man's sincerity whom I so much doubt as your lordship's." Lord Townshend, who to many excellent qualities united a fiery and uncertain temperament, immediately seized the first minister by the

throat. Sir Robert grappled with his antagonist in return, and, after a momentary struggle, both parties mutually relinquished their grasp and laid their hands on their swords. Mrs. Selwyn, who was present, ran out in a fright to call in the palace guard; she was prevented, however, by the celebrated Henry Pelham, by whose interposition the friends were subsequently reconciled.* According to Wraxall, Gay introduced this scene into the "Beggar's Opera," where Walpole and Townshend are represented as Peachum and Lockit.† Unfortunately however, for the truth of this literary anecdote, I find that the fracas between the two ministers of state did not take place till the year 1729, at which period the "Beggar's Opera" had had the run of the stage about a year.

It was in the house, where this extraordinary scene occurred, that George Selwyn resided for some years, and here he died, penitent and devout, on the 25th of January, 1791. Close to him, in Cleveland Court, died, in 1805, his friend Gilly Williams, another celebrated wit of the last century, whose correspondence with Selwyn, during more than twenty years, has recently been given to the public; and, lastly, at No. 5, Cleveland Row, lived a wit still more brilliant, the late lamented Theodore Hook.

Previous to his great victory over De Grasse, in 1782, Lord Rodney lived in great distress in Cleve-

* Coxe's "Life of Walpole."

† Wraxall's "Memoirs of his own Time."

land Row. In Wraxall's "Memoirs of his Own Time," the reader will find an interesting account of him at this period.

Cleveland Row and Cleveland Court,—the latter a small area at the back,—take their names from Cleveland House which stood close by, but nearer the Green Park. It was originally called Berkshire House, from being the residence of the Howards, Earls of Berkshire, and was then of great extent. After the restoration of Charles the Second, it was for some time the residence of the great Earl of Clarendon, but was afterwards purchased and presented by Charles the Second to his beautiful mistress Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, and was the scene of many of their revels and their loves. A part of the property was sold by the Duchess, and converted into smaller houses. The remaining part, which she kept herself, was afterwards the residence of the Dukes of Bridgewater, but has been pulled down within the last few years, to make room for the splendid mansion which has been so long projected. by the representative of the Bridgewater family, Lord Ellesmere.

Passing up St. James's Street, on the east side, are two streets, King Street and Little Ryder Street, which deserve a passing notice. In King Street are Almack's rooms, which were opened, in 1765, by Almack, the proprietor of the once fashionable club in Pall Mall, which we have seen Gibbon preferring to every other club in

London. Horace Walpole writes to the Earl of Hertford on the 14th of February, 1765,—"The new assembly room at Almack's was opened the night before last, and they say is very magnificent, but it was empty; half the town is ill with colds, and many were afraid to go, as the house is scarcely built yet. Almack advertised that it was built with hot bricks and boiling-water; think what a rage there must be for public places, if this notice, instead of terrifying, could draw any body thither. They tell me the ceilings were dropping with wet,—but can you believe me when I tell you the Duke of Cumberland was there? Nay, he had had a levee in the morning, and went to the opera before the assembly! There is a vast flight of steps, and he was forced to rest two or three times. If he died of it, it will sound very silly, when Hercules or Theseus ask him what he died of, to reply,—'I caught my death on a damp staircase at a new club-room."*

Somewhat higher up St. James's Street is Little Ryder Street, where Swift was residing in December, 1712.† From hence we pass into Bury Street, where the unfortunate Letitia Pilkington informs us that she lodged in the time of her necessity.‡ Swift also resided here in 1710, and from this street many of the most interesting of his letters to Stella are dated. He writes to her on the 19th

* Walpole's "Correspondence."

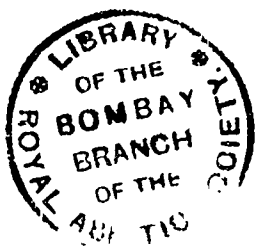
† "Journal to Stella," 12 December, 1712.

‡ See her curious "Memoirs of Herself," vol. ii. p. 47.

of September, 1710,—"To-morrow I change my lodgings in Pall Mall for one in Bury Street, where I suppose I shall continue while in London." And again he writes to her on the 29th of the month,—"I lodge in Bury Street, where I removed a week ago; I have the first floor, a dining-room, and bed-chamber, *at eight shillings a week, plaguy dear*, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet after all it will be expensive."*

It is a pleasure to me to point out that Bury Street has long been the temporary residence of the author of the "Irish Melodies" and of "Lalla Rookh," during his periodical visits to London. Future historians of London may perhaps thank me for the information.

* "Journal to Stella," 22 Sept. 1710.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ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.—DUKE OF HAMILTON.—FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.—JOHNSON AND SAVAGE.—JERMYN STREET.—LORD ST. ALBANS.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE dates its existence from the days of Charles the Second. King Street, and Charles Street, were named in compliment to that monarch, as York Street and Duke Street were also named after his brother the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second.

As early as the year 1683, we find the Marquis of Dorchester, and the Earls of Kent, St. Albans, and Essex, residing in St. James's Square. Many, however, of the ancient nobility still continued to retain their old family mansions in the eastern quarters of London, or in districts which now sound strangely uninhabitable to fashionable ears. At the period of which we are speaking, the Duke of Newcastle lived in Clerkenwell Close, the Earl of Bridgewater in the Barbican, the Earl of Thanet in Aldersgate Street, and Lord Grey of Werk in Charterhouse Close. The Dukes of Norfolk and Beaufort, and the Earls of Bedford and Salisbury, still retained the houses of their forefathers in the Strand; the Marquis of Winchester, and the Earls

of Cardigan and Powis, resided in Lincoln's Inn fields, and the Earls of Clare, Anglesea, and Craven in Drury Lane.*

When James the Second, worn out by the reproaches of his young wife and the arguments of his priests, determined on separating from his celebrated mistress Catherine Sedley, he created her Baroness of Darlington and Countess of Dorchester, and removed her from her apartments in the royal palace of Whitehall to a house which he presented to her in St. James's Square. In a letter of the period, dated 6th of April, 1686, the writer says, "I imagine your Countess of Dorchester will speedily move hitherwards, for her house is furnishing very fine in St. James's Square, and a seat taken for her in the new consecrated St. Ann's Church."†

> Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
> And Sedley cursed the charms which pleased a king.

When Dr. Johnson wrote this well-known couplet, he must have been strangely ignorant of the true history and real character of Lady Dorchester. She retired from the embraces of her royal lover with a coronet, a handsome fortune, a house in St. James's Square, and a pew in St. Ann's Church. With these she possessed a wit and exuberance of spirits, which continued with her apparently to the last. Speaking of the eccentric physician, Dr. Radcliffe, she said, "Dr. Radcliffe and myself together

* Chamberlain's "Angliæ Notitia for 1688."

† The Ellis' Correspondence.

could cure a fever."* With these advantages, what reason could she have had to curse the charms which had fascinated her royal lover?

In St. James's Square lived another minion of a court, William Bentinck, Earl of Portland, the Dutch favourite of William the Third, and here his body lay in state previous to its interment in Westminster Abbey.†

In the "New View of London," published in 1708, St. James's Square is described as "a very pleasant, large, and beautiful square, mostly inhabited by the prime quality; all very fine spacious building, except that side toward Pall Mall." At this period there were residing here, on the north side, the Dukes of Northumberland and Ormond, and the Earl of Pembroke; on the east side, the Earls of Sunderland and Kent, and Lords Ossulstone and Woodstock; and, on the west side, the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Torrington.

To St. James's Square were conveyed the remains of the unfortunate Duke of Hamilton, after he was killed in his famous duel with Lord Mohun. Swift writes, on the 15th of November, 1712, "This morning at eight my man brought me word that Duke Hamilton had fought with Lord Mohun and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent to the Duke's house in St. James's Square; but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. He was brought home in his coach by eight, while

* Lord Chesterfield's "Letters." † Biog. Britannica.

the poor Duchess was asleep. They have removed her to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub Street screamers mentioning her husband's murder in her ears."*

Sir Robert Walpole lived at one period of his life in St. James's Square, and at the same time, nearly opposite to him, lived the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, on the other side of the square. When George the Second quarrelled with his eldest son, Frederick Prince of Wales, in 1737, and when he issued his peremptory order to the Prince to quit St. James's Palace with his family, the latter took up his residence at Norfolk House, on the east side of the square, which immediately became the centre of opposition and political intrigue.† His court was necessarily a small one, for the King at the same time issued an order that no persons who paid their court to the Prince and Princess should be admitted to his presence. In Norfolk House George the Third was born, on the 4th of June, 1738. He was a "seven-months' child," as is evident from his sister, afterwards Duchess of Brunswick, having been born on the 11th of August,

* "Journal to Stella," 15th Nov. 1712.

† Lord Mahon's "Hist. of England."

1737. "The identical bed," says Wraxall, "in which the Princess of Wales was delivered, is now at the Duke of Norfolk's seat of Worksop, in the county of Nottingham; and it forcibly proves the rapid progress of domestic elegance and ease within the last eighty years. Except that the furniture is of green silk, the bed has nothing splendid about it, and would hardly be esteemed fit for the accommodation of a person of ordinary condition in the present times.*"

In St. James's Square lived Warren Hastings, one of the greatest men who were ever persecuted by an ungrateful country. The residence of the unfortunate statesman, the Marquis of Londonderry, better known as Lord Castlereagh, was at No. 16, at the north corner of King Street. No. 15 was formerly occupied by Sir Philip Francis, the reputed, and, I believe, indisputable author of Junius;† next door, No. 13, is Litchfield House, celebrated for having been the scene of Whig cabals in the present century; and at No. 11, in the north-west corner, lived the amiable scholar and statesman, William Windham.

There remain the names of two other individuals whose history is associated with St. James's Square, one of which at least is no less illustrious than any we have yet mentioned, while both of them excite

* Wraxall's "Memoirs."

† This house was occupied by Queen Caroline during the period of her celebrated trial, and from hence she proceeded in state to the House of Lords on each day that it lasted.

feelings of deep and painful interest. We allude to Dr. Johnson, and Savage, the poet. It is melancholy to reflect, that to such a state of misery and destitution were they reduced, at one period of their lives, that they were unable to defray the expenses of a lodging, and were consequently compelled to wander together during whole nights in the streets. In after years, Johnson mentioned a particular night to Sir Joshua Reynolds, when, without a shilling between them, he had perambulated St. James's Square for hours with his unfortunate friend.* Misfortune and misconduct generally mean the same thing; and whatever the errors or the habits of the great philosopher may have been at this period of his life, by improved industry and a life of virtue he grew to hold a high position in society and in the literature of his country, while the ill-fated Savage, by a long course of dissipation and self-indulgence, was reduced to a miserable death, within the precincts of a provincial gaol.

It may be necessary to observe, that the statue in the centre of St. James's Square is that of William the Third.

From St. James's Square we pass into Charles Street, of which I have nothing to remark but that it was at one period the residence of Edmund Burke. Close by is Jermyn Street, which derives its name (as does St. Alban's Place, running out of Charles Street,) from Henry Jermyn Earl of St.

* Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

Alban's, whose mansion and gardens occupied, in the days of Charles the First, the spot of ground where Waterloo Place now stands. The Earl, as is well known, was the lover and reputed husband of Henrietta Maria. Of their marriage, indeed, there can be little doubt; and it was probably on this very ground that the Earl entertained and wooed his royal mistress. In her subsequent days of exile and distress, the once haughty and beautiful queen had little reason to congratulate herself on the frailty and condescension which had induced her to be unfaithful to the memory of her martyred husband,—

Non servata fides cineri promissa Sichæo,

and to bestow her hand upon a subject. Madame de Bavière observes, in one of her letters: "The widow of Charles the First made a clandestine marriage with her *chevalier d'honneur*, Lord St. Alban's, who treated her extremely ill, so that, while she had not a faggot to warm herself with, he had in his apartment a good fire and a sumptuous table. He never gave the queen a kind word, and when she spoke to him, he used to say, '*Que me veut cette femme?* What does that woman want?'" The truth of this anecdote is corroborated by Count Hamilton, in his Memoirs of Count de Grammont. "It is well known," he says, "what an excellent table the Earl kept at Brussels, while the King, his master, was starving, and his mistress, the Queen Dowager, lived not over well in France."

But Jermyn Street is associated with brighter

names than these. We find, by his correspondence, that Sir Isaac Newton was residing here in 1699, and here, in 1768, lived Thomas Gray, the poet. In a letter from him, dated the 3rd of August, in this year, he informs his correspondent, Mr. Nicholls, that the King has conferred upon him the Professorship of History at Cambridge.

I seldom pass by the St. James's Hotel in Jermyn Street, without reflecting with a painful interest that it was the scene of almost the latest sufferings, and received nearly the last sigh, of Sir Walter Scott. When that great man, by his own particular wish, was hurried from the shores of the Mediterranean to breathe his last at his beloved Abbotsford, it was here that he passed the three melancholy weeks which intervened between his arrival in London, and his departure for the banks of the Tweed.* "When we reached the hotel," says Mr. Lockhart, "he recognised us with many marks of tenderness, but signified that he was totally exhausted; so no attempt was made to remove him farther, and he was put to bed immediately. To his children, all assembled once more about him,

* Just before Sir Walter Scott set out for the Continent, in hopes of regaining that health which never returned to him, he dined with the late Mr. Murray in Albemarle Street. Mr. Murray informed me, that, for some time, he joined cheerfully in conversation, but suddenly a thought seemed to strike him, and an expression of melancholy passed over his face. After a short pause, he said, "It is singular that both Fielding and Smollett should have died in foreign countries;" evidently reflecting on his own shattered state of health, and foreseeing that the fate of his two illustrious brother novelists would in all probability be his own.

he repeatedly gave his blessing in a very solemn manner, as if expecting immediate death; but he was never in a condition for conversation, and sunk either into sleep or delirious stupor upon the slightest effort." The account of Fergusson, who was seldom absent from Sir Walter's pillow during his sojourn in Jermyn Street, is extremely interesting:—"When I saw Sir Walter," he says, "he was lying in the second-floor back-room of the St. James's Hotel in Jermyn Street, in a state of stupor, from which, however, he could be roused for a moment by being addressed, and then he recognised those about him, but immediately relapsed. I think I never saw anything more magnificent than the symmetry of his colossal bust, as he lay on the pillow with his chest and neck exposed. During the time he was in Jermyn Street he was calm but never collected, and in general either in absolute stupor or in a waking dream. He never seemed to know where he was, but imagined himself to be still in the steam-boat. The rattling of carriages, and the noises of the street, sometimes disturbed this allusion, and then he fancied himself at the polling of Jedburgh, where he had been insulted and stoned.* During the whole of this period of apparent helplessness, the great features of his character could not

* To the disgrace of the Scottish nation, whom he had delighted with his writings, honoured with his genius, and enriched by the crowds of strangers which flocked to their country to visit the scenes which his pen has immortalized, this great man, as is well known, during an election at Jedburgh, was stoned and actually *spit at* by a brutal populace!

be mistaken. He always exhibited great self-possession, and acted his part with wonderful power whenever visited, though he relapsed the next moment into the stupor from which strange voices had roused him. A gentleman stumbled over a chair in his dark room; he immediately started up, and, though unconscious that it was a friend, expressed as much concern and feeling as if he had never been labouring under the irritation of disease. It was impossible even for those, who most constantly saw and waited on him in his then deplorable condition, to relax from the habitual deference which he had always inspired. He expressed his will as determinedly as ever, and enforced it by the same apt and good-natured irony as he was wont to use. At length his constant yearning to return to Abbotsford induced his physicians to consent to his removal; and the moment this was notified to him it seemed to infuse new vigour into his frame. It was on a calm clear afternoon of the 7th of July that every preparation was made for his embarkation on board the steam-boat. He was placed on a chair, by his faithful servant Nicholson, half-dressed, and loosely wrapt in a quilted dressing gown. He requested Lockhart and myself to wheel him towards the light of the open window, and we both remarked the vigorous lustre of his eye. He sat there silently gazing on space for more than half an hour, apparently wholly occupied with his own thoughts, and having no distinct perception of where he was, or how he came there. He suffered himself

to be lifted into his carriage, which was surrounded by a crowd, among whom were many gentlemen on horseback, who had loitered about to gaze on the scene. His children were deeply affected, and Mrs. Lockhart trembled from head to foot, and wept bitterly. Thus surrounded by those nearest to him, he alone was unconscious of the cause or the depth of their grief, and while yet alive seemed to be carried to his grave."*

On the 7th of July, 1832, Sir Walter embarked on board the steam-vessel for Scotland. On the 11th his eye once more brightened up as it caught the familiar waters of the Tweed, and when at length he recognised the towers of his own Abbotsford, he sprang up in the carriage with a cry of delight. On the 21st of September the mighty master of romance and song had ceased to exist.

Oh! who, like him, could soar from zone to zone,
And paint alike the cottage and the throne!
Feelings that still from every bosom flow,
Yet flowed the same a thousand years ago;
Joy in her wildness, anguish in her throes,
The rich man's pageantry, the poor man's woes;
Nature, the same in all her various climes,
The picture of all countries and all times;
Warming each heart to soar on Fancy's wings,
And making peasants intimate with kings.
His name is blazed in many a distant land,
By foreign tongues his wondrous words are scanned;
Millions unborn, their magic to partake,
Shall learn the language for the poet's sake.

* Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

Him, too, shall virtue mourn, whose muse begot
"No line which dying he could wish to blot;"
The master-spirit, who has left behind
An universal debtor in mankind!
Then, had ye seen him heave the generous sigh,
Where Anguish groaned, and Want retired to die;
Seen how his glance in gentlest pity fell,
To soothe those pangs his pen could draw so well;
Or, where the circle closed around the fire,
Watched the kind husband, and th' indulgent sire;
Warm from your hearts would flow the fond regard,—
Ye'd love the Christian, as ye prize the bard.
Ev'n when he wandered on a foreign shore,
To seek that health which must return no more;
Ev'n then from that worn frame no groan was wrung,
No fretful murmur faltered on his tongue;
But one fond wish his native land to reach,
And fix his dying eyes on that loved beach;
The land his childhood roamed, his manhood prized,
The scenes his genius has immortalised!

J. H. J.

ST JAMES'S PALACE and part of the CITY of WESTMINSTER.

Taken From the N.th side of Pall Mall, as they appeared about the Year 1660.

A THE CLOCK TOWER, OLD PALACE YARD.
B WESTMINSTER HALL.
C WESTMINSTER ABBEY.
D THE GATEHOUSE, WESTMINSTER.
E PALING OF ST JAMES'S PARK.
F PALL MALL.
G THE CONDUIT.
H ST JAMES'S PALACE.

PALL MALL.

FORMER STATE OF PALL MALL.—SIR THOMAS WYATT.—MURDER OF THYNNE.—CHARLES THE SECOND'S MISTRESSES.—BEAU FIELDING'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.—SCHOMBERG HOUSE.—STAR AND GARTER.—DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S RESIDENCE.—CARLTON HOUSE.

ABOUT the year 1660, the tract of ground on which Pall Mall, St. James's Square, and Piccadilly now stand, consisted of open fields; St. James's Street alone being partially built. The wall of St. James's Park ran along the site of the houses on the south side of Pall Mall, and the only buildings to be seen west of Charing Cross were a small church, the name of which is not remembered, —the conduit, a small Gothic building, which stood nearly on the site of St. James's Square,—and a house of public refreshment. The latter building was probably the tavern, called the "Old Pall Mall," at which Pepys informs us that he occasionally supped. Anderson, who wrote in the middle of the last century, observes, "I have met with several old persons in my younger days, who remembered when there was but one single house (a cake-house) between the Mews Gate at Charing Cross and St. James's Palace Gate, where now stand the stately piles of St. James's Square, Pall Mall, and other

fine streets." The tract of ground on which Pall Mall now stands, was apparently the meadow, "always green," to which Le Serre alludes in his "Entrée Royale," "Near the avenues of the palace," he says, "is a large meadow, always green, in which the ladies walk in summer. Its great gate has a long street in front, reaching nearly to the fields. The palace itself is built of brick, very ancient, with a flat leaden roof, and is surrounded at top by crenelles."

It was along the site of the present Pall Mall that Sir Thomas Wyatt marched his troops in his rash attempt on London in 1554. The Earl of Pembroke, who advanced to oppose him at the head of the royal forces, planted his artillery on the high ground, where Hay Hill and Piccadilly now stand, when a piece of the Queen's ordnance, we are told, slew three of Wyatt's followers in a rank, and after carrying off their heads, passed through the wall into the Park. Stowe, in his brief narrative of the insurrection, affords us an interesting account of the locality of this part of London in the middle of the sixteenth century, "The same night, (February 6th) about five of the clock, a trumpeter went about and warned all horsemen and men of arms to be at St. James's Field, and all footmen to be there by six of the clock on the next morning. The Queen's scout, upon his return to the Court, declared Wyatt's being at Brentford, which sudden news made all the Court wonderfully afraid. Drums went through London at four of the clock in the

morning, commanding all soldiers to armour, and so to Charing Cross.

"Wyatt, hearing the Earl of Pembroke was come into the field, stayed at Knightsbridge until day, where his men being very weary with travel of that night and the day before, and also partly feebled and faint, having received small sustenance since their coming out of Southwark, rested. There was no small ado in London; and likewise the Tower made great preparation of defence. By ten of the clock the Earl of Pembroke had set his troop of horsemen on the hill in the highway, above the new bridge over against St. James's; his footmen were set in two battles, somewhat lower and nearer Charing Cross, at the lane turning down the brick wall from Islington ward, where he also placed certain other horsemen; and he had planted his ordnance upon the hill side. In the mean season, Wyatt and his company planted his ordnance upon a hill beyond St. James's, almost over against the Park corner; and himself, after a few words spoken to his soldiers, came down the old lane on foot, hard by the court gate at St. James's, with four or five ancients, his men marching in good array. The Earl of Pembroke's horsemen hovered all this while without moving, until all was passed by, saving the tail, upon which they did set and cut off. The other marched forward in array, and never stayed or returned to the aid of their tail. The great ordnance shot off freshly on both sides, Wyatt's ordnance overshot the troop of horsemen. The

Queen's ordnance, one piece, struck three of Wyatt's company in a rank, upon the heads, and slaying them, struck through the wall into the Park. More harm was not done by the great shot of either party.

"The Queen's whole battle of footmen standing still, Wyatt passed along by the wall towards Charing Cross, when the said horsemen that were there set upon part of them, but were soon forced back. At Charing Cross there stood Sir John Gage, Lord Chamberlain with the Guard, and a number of others, being almost a thousand; the which, upon Wyatt's coming, shot at his company, but at the last fled to the Court gates, which certain pursued, and forced with shot to shut the Court gates against them. In this repulse, the said Lord Chamberlain and others were so amazed, that many cried treason in the Court, and had thought that the Earl of Pembroke, who was assaulting the tail of his enemies, had gone to Wyatt, taking his part against the Queen. There was running and crying out of ladies and gentlemen, shutting of doors and windows, and such a shrieking and noise as was wonderful to hear. The noise of women and children," adds Stow, "when the conflict was at Charing-Cross was so great, that it was heard at the top of the White Tower, and also the great shot was well discerned there out of St. James's Fields." On the leads of St. James's Palace stood the Marquis of Northampton, Sir Nicholas Penn, Sir Thomas Pope, and others, anxious spectators of the

conflict. Wyatt passed on to Ludgate, but his followers, finding that no persons of consequence joined him, insensibly deserted him, and he was at length seized by Sir Maurice Berkeley near Temple Bar. He was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 11th of April, 1554, and his quarters were set up in different parts of the metropolis. His head was fixed to the public gallows on Hay Hill, from whence it was shortly afterwards stolen away by some of his relatives or friends.

The next incident of interest connected with Pall Mall, is the murder of Thomas Thynne, the princely Lord of Longleat, on the 12th of February, 1682. The scene of this celebrated tragedy was nearly opposite to the entrance of the present Opera arcade, in those days apparently a dark and retired spot. The story is well known. Elizabeth, heiress of Jocelyn Percy, eleventh earl of Northumberland, had been married when a mere child to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, son and heir of Henry, Duke of Newcastle, who died in 1680, leaving her a "virgin widow" at an early age. Shortly afterwards, she was contracted by her grandmother, the old Countess of Northumberland, to Thynne, on the condition, however, that, on account of her extreme youth, a twelvemonth should elapse before the consummation of the marriage. In the mean time, Count Coningsmark, afterwards so celebrated as the lover of the ill-fated Princess Sophia of Zell, and who himself fell by the hand of an assassin, entertained the daring project of marrying the heiress of

the Percys, and, as a preliminary step, decided on the murder of Thynne. With this purpose in view, he engaged the services of three foreign adventurers,—Captain Vratz, a German; Lieutenant Stern, a Swede, and Borotski, a Pole; who, on a winter's evening between seven and eight o'clock, posted themselves on horseback at a spot where they had ascertained that the equipage of Thynne would shortly pass. As soon as the coach appeared in sight, the three men rode up to the window, and, by their imposing attitude, easily compelled the coachman to stop. Only one shot was fired, which was from a musketoon by Borotski; but so sure was the aim, that as many as five bullets entered the body of his unfortunate victim. "I happened," says Reresby, in his Memoirs, "to be at Court that evening, when the King, hearing the news, seemed greatly concerned at it, not only for the horror of the action itself, which was shocking to his natural disposition, but also for fear the turn the anti-court party might give thereto. I left the Court, and was just stepping into bed, when Mr. Thynne's gentleman came to me to grant him an hue and cry, and immediately at his heels comes the Duke of Monmouth's page, to desire me to come to him at Mr. Thynne's lodgings, sending his coach for me, which I made use of accordingly. I found there his Grace, surrounded by several lords and gentlemen, Mr. Thynne's friends, and Mr. Thynne himself mortally wounded with five shots from a blunderbuss."

The following epigram, in allusion to the assassi-

nation of Thynne, appears to have been much in vogue at the time,—

> Here lies Tom Thynne of Longleat Hall,
> Who never would have miscarried,
> Had he married the woman he lay withal,
> Or lain with the woman he married.

"Two anecdotes," says Horace Walpole, "are attached to these lines. Miss Trevor, one of the maids of honour to Catherine of Portugal, wife of Charles the Second, having discovered the Duke of Monmouth in bed with a lady, the Duke excited Mr. Thynne to seduce Miss Trevor. She was 'the woman he lay withal.' 'The woman he married' was the great heiress, to whom he was affianced when he was killed by Count Coningsmark in Pall Mall." With some difficulty the Count and his three auxiliaries were taken into custody, Captain Vratz being the last who was captured, in the house of a Swedish doctor in Leicester Fields. They were severally tried at Hicks's Hall, when Coningsmark, after some hesitation, was acquitted. The remaining three were found guilty, and, on the 10th of March, 1682, suffered the last penalty of the law at the scene of their offence in Pall Mall."

It appears from a small tract* which was drawn up by the celebrated Bishop Burnet, who attended the criminals in their last moments, that Stern and Borotski admitted the justice of their punishment

* "An Account of the Deportment of Captain Vratz, Lieutenant Stern, and George Borotski, the murderers of Thomas Thynne Esq., both in the prison and at the execution."

and died penitent. Vratz, however, persisted to the last in affirming that he merely intended to challenge Thynne to single combat, and that the fact of Borotski having fired the fatal shot was altogether from a misapprehension of his orders. When Burnet attempted to impress him with a due sense of the heinousness of his crime, "he considered it to be sufficient," he said, "if he confessed his sins to God," and added, that he "thought it was a piece of popery in the Bishop to press him to confess." He expressed his firm conviction that he should be "received into eternal happiness," and added, as his opinion of the next state, that the only punishment of the damned would be their exclusion from the presence of God, and their seeing others happier than themselves. To Dr. Horneck, another clergyman who attended him, he expressed even more extraordinary opinions. "He was confident," he said, "that God would consider a gentleman, and deal with him suitably to the condition and profession he had placed him in; and that he would not take it ill if a soldier, who lived by his sword, revenged an affront offered him by another."

Burnet had more than once warned him against a false affectation of courage, which must necessarily desert him in his last moments. But when they finally met on the scaffold in Pall Mall, "he smiled on me," says the Bishop, "and said that I should see it was not a false bravery, but that he was fearless to the last. It is certain that never man died with more resolution and less signs of fear, or the

least disorder. His carriage, both in the cart as he was led along, and at the place of execution, was astonishing: he was not only undaunted, but looked cheerful and smiled often. When the rope was put about his neck, he did not change colour nor tremble; his legs were firm under him. He looked often about on those that stood in balconies and windows, and seemed to fix his eyes on some persons. Three or four times he smiled; he would not cover his face as the rest did, but continued in that state, often looking up to heaven, with a cheerfulness in his countenance, and a little motion of his hands." "The Captain," says Reresby in his "Memoirs," "died without the least symptom of fear; and seeing me in my coach as he passed by in the cart, he made a bow to me with the most steady countenance, as he did to several of the spectators he knew, before he was turned off." Stern, on the scaffold, complained that he died for a man's fortune whom he never spoke to, for a woman whom he never saw, and for a dead man whom he never had a sight of.*

As early as the year 1690, Pall Mall appears to have been formed into a complete street. I find that the fascinating actress, Mrs. Oldfield, was born here in 1683;† about the same time Nell Gwynn built a house in Pall Mall, overlooking the park, on a spot of ground which had been granted her by her royal lover, Charles the Second; and here John Baptist Moneyer, the

* Scott's "Dryden."

† Biog. Brit. Art. Oldfield.

painter, died in 1690.* "Nell Gwynne's house," says Pennant, "is the first good one on the left hand of St. James's Square as we enter from Pall Mall. The back room was, within memory, entirely of looking-glass, as was said to have been the ceiling. Over the chimney was her picture; and that of her sister was in a third room." Unless Nell Gwynn occupied two different houses in this locality Pennant's statement is incorrect. A Mr. Ewin writes to Granger the historian, on the 7th of March, 1771, "My friend, Dr. Heberden, has built a fine house in Pall Mall, on the palace side; he told me it was the only freehold house on that side; that it was given by a long lease by Charles the Second to Nell Gwynn, and upon her discovering it to be only lease under the Crown, she returned him the lease and conveyance, saying she had always *conveyed free* under the crown, and always would; and would not accept it till it was conveyed free to her by an act of parliament, made on and for that purpose. Upon Nelly's death it was sold, and has been conveyed free ever since."† This statement is perfectly correct. The house in question, on the site of which the light-hearted actress toyed with the merry monarch and laughed at his gay courtiers, is now No. 79, Pall Mall, and is still the only freehold residence on the Park, or south side, of the street. She died here in 1691.

Pall Mall is connected with two other mistresses of Charles the Second, the lovely and eccentric

* Noble's "Biog. Hist." † Granger's "Letters."

Hortense Mancini, Duchess of Mazarine, and the beautiful and imperious Duchess of Cleveland. The Viscountess de Longueville who resided, in the days of William the Third, at the house of her father, in Pall Mall, well remembered the celebrated Monsieur de St. Evremond, "a little old man in his black silk coif," being carried every morning by her window in a sedan-chair to the house of the Duchess of Mazarine. He always took with him a pound of butter, made in his own little dairy, for her grace's breakfast.* The death of the Duchess, in 1699, appears to have caused great distress to St. Evremond. In a letter to M. Silvester, he writes,—"Had the poor Duchess of Mazarine been alive, she would have had peaches, of which I should not have failed to have shared; she would have had truffles, which we should have shared together; not to mention the carps of Newhall."

The extraordinary salutation with which the Duchess of Cleveland greeted William Wycherley, the poet, in Pall Mall, is well known. Wycherley, then perhaps the handsomest man of his day, had just risen into reputation by the success of his comedy, "Love in a Wood, or St. James's Park," which was first acted in 1672. He was passing along Pall Mall, when he encountered the equipage of the Duchess of Cleveland, to whom he was entirely unknown. To his astonishment she thrust her head out of the carriage window, and exclaimed,—"You Wycherley, you are a son of a ——."

* Oldys, MS. notes to Langbaine.

The poet was at first somewhat confused, but remembering the following stanza in a song introduced into his "Love in a Wood,"—

> Where parents are slaves,
> Their brats cannot be any other;
> Great wits and great braves,
> Have always a punk for their mother;

he considered it as a compliment to his wit, and immediately drove after her carriage into the Park. The Duke of Buckingham, then Master of the Horse, and an unsuccessful lover of the Duchess, threatened to inform the King of their intimacy, but shortly afterwards, meeting Wycherley at the house of a mutual acquaintance, he became so delighted with his society, that he appointed him one of his equerries and obtained for him the colonelcy of a regiment. The easy monarch also forgave him for interfering with his amours. He became fascinated with his wit, and when the poet was ill with a fever, he visited him at his lodgings, and defrayed the expenses of a journey which he persuaded him to take to the continent, for the recovery of his health.

One would wish to be able to point out the house of the celebrated Beau Fielding, the "Orlando the fair," of "The Tatler," in Pall Mall: one would like to visit the rooms which were the scene of his strange adventure; where the beautiful opera-singer, Marguarita, was sent for to sing the "Ianthe the lovely," and where he passed his wedding night with the fictitious widow of Waddon Hall. In the romance of real life there is scarcely a story

more amusing or more remarkable than that of Robert Fielding, the handsomest coxcomb of his day. Having ruined himself by the splendour of his equipages and his addiction to the gaming-table, he proposed to repair his broken fortunes by uniting himself to a wealthy wife. The lady on whom his choice fell was a rich widow, a Mrs. Deleau, with whom he had no previous acquaintance. Having taken the preliminary step of parading his handsome person before her windows, he contrived to make the acquaintance of a Mrs. Charlotte Villars, a woman of indifferent reputation, who assured him that she was on intimate terms with the widow, and who obtained from him a promise of 500*l.*, in the event of Mrs. Deleau becoming his wife.

Of this woman Fielding became the entire dupe. At length, having almost worn out his patience by promises of an interview which were never fulfilled, and his finances by several valuable presents of "gold aprons stuck with green," and other articles, which she pretended were delivered to the reluctant widow, she informed him that she had with difficulty induced Mrs. Deleau to grant him an interview at his apartments, and promised that in a few days she would bring them together. In the mean time she had secured the connivance of a young woman, one Mary Wadsworth, who is said to have somewhat resembled the widow in person, and whom she carefully instructed in the part which she was about to play. The easy manner in which a man of the town, like Fielding, was duped and mys-

tified by these two women, is not a little curious. The remainder of the scene is laid in Pall Mall. Mary Wadsworth, having consented to play the part of Mrs. Deleau, was conducted on a certain evening to Fielding's apartments, where he was anxiously expecting his intended bride. The scene which follows is taken from the evidence of the go-between, Mrs. Villars, as it appears in the "State Trials." "He desired," she says, "that I would bring her to his lodgings on Lord Mayor's day, at night, which I did about nine o'clock, in a mourning-coach. Mr. Fielding was not at home, but came immediately. When he came in, he fell upon his knees, and kissed her, and expressed abundance of fond expressions. He asked her why she stayed so long, and whether she loved singing? He said he would send for Marguarita to come up. When she came up, Mr. Fielding bade her sing the two songs he loved; which she did: the one was 'Charming creature,' — and the other, 'Ianthe the lovely.' After which Mr. Fielding sent for two pints of wine, and some plum-cakes." The evidence of the beautiful Marguarita,* the *prima donna* of her

* The Marguarita is mentioned by Swift in a letter to Stella from Windsor, in 1711:—"We have a music-meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Marguarita and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers; I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly."—"Journal to Stella," 6th of June, 1711. "According to Mrs. Manley, the Earl of Nottingham purchased the favours of the Marguarita for 4000*l.*, and afterwards bought her silence for a similar sum."—"New Atalantis," vol. i. pp. 187, 188.

day, is no less curious. "I remember," she says, "Mr. Fielding sent for me to his lodgings in Pall Mall. I sang several Italian songs and one English, and that was 'Ianthe the lovely.' He desired me to sing that song, 'Ianthe the lovely,' for he said he had the original of it, and had translated it out of the Greek."

The evidence of Mrs. Villars affords an extraordinary picture of a clandestine marriage at the commencement of the last century. "The priest," she says, "called for water, salt, and rosemary, to make holy water. Boucher (Fielding's man-servant), brought up water and salt, but could get no rosemary, Mr. Fielding and I received it at the dining-room door. Then Mr. Fielding locked the door, and took the key on the inside. Mr. Fielding asked Mrs. Wadsworth, whether it should be done in the bed-chamber or dining-room? Mrs. Wadsworth agreed it should be in the bed-chamber. There were none present but Mr. Fielding, Mrs. Wadsworth, the priest, and myself. The priest made holy water, and blessed it. Then he set Mrs. Wadsworth at the right of Mr. Fielding. The priest stood before them, and read the ceremony in Latin, as I understood; and Mrs. Wadsworth said she was not yet satisfied he was a priest. Says Mr. Fielding to her, 'Do you think, my dear, that I would have anybody to do this business but the holy father?' Mrs. Wadsworth was well satisfied till he came to that part,—'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?' She desired it

might be spoken in English by him. He did so. Mr. Fielding said, "Yes, with all my heart.' He asked the lady, then, if she would have this gentleman for her husband? She said, 'yes,' faintly. 'But,' says Mr. Fielding, 'you must speak it so earnestly as I do; you must say with all my heart and soul;' which she did. Then the priest blessed the ring, and gave it to Mr. Fielding to put on the lady's finger. He said something in Latin, but what it was I know not. Then we went into the dining-room. Boucher brought up wine, and when all had drank, the priest was discharged."

We will conclude these curious extracts with the evidence of Fielding's servant, Boucher. "My master," he says, "ordered me to be at home and get clean sheets, wax-candles, and sconces; and fires in both the rooms. He told me some ladies would be there that night, and ordered me, if he was not at home when they came, to tell them that he would be there presently. Accordingly they came, and he was not at home, but in a little time he came, and went up to them. Some little time after that, he came down stairs, in great haste, and said, 'Boucher, go and speak a dish of pickles.' I did so, and brought over a cloth, and the rest of the things, and left them in the window. I stayed by the stairs till he came back in a hackney-coach, with a priest along with him, in a long gown, and long beard, and a fur cap. I knew him to belong to the Emperor's envoy. Then I was ordered to set the table, and glasses, and wine, and things of

that kind upon the side-board. I waited at table all the while. When supper was over, Mr. Fielding ordered me to go down and fetch water, salt, and rosemary. I went and got water and salt, but could get no rosemary. Then I was ordered to go down, and they were locked in about three-quarters of an hour. When this was over, the priest went away. Presently after, says Mr. Fielding,—'Take the sheets from my bed, and lay them on the other bed for Mrs. Villars, and see that none lie there.' Mrs. Villars, in the mean time, put the lady to bed. When I came down to tell them of it, I saw the lady's clothes on a stool in the chamber, and Mrs. Villars folding them up and laying them in another room. I then lighted Mrs. Villars to bed, and then went to bed myself. In the morning I was called to make a fire. I then perceived this lady and Mr. Fielding in bed together. The fire being made, I was ordered to get a hackney-coach. Mrs. Villars dressed the lady hastily, and she was carried away in the hackney-coach."

Fielding appears to have soon discovered the trick which was played upon him, for, little more than a fortnight afterwards, he married the celebrated Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland. About a year afterwards, on the 4th of December, 1706, he was tried for bigamy at the bar of the Old Bailey, and being found guilty, was sentenced to be burnt in the hand, but was afterwards pardoned by Queen Anne. His marriage with the

Duchess of Cleveland was formally annulled in the Arches Court on the 23rd of May, 1707.

Schomberg House, Pall Mall, is still one of the most striking-looking objects in the street. It was built by the Duke of Schomberg in the reign of William the Third; apparently by Charles, the second Duke, the son of the celebrated German favourite of William, who fell at the battle of the Boyne at the age of eighty-one. Schomberg House appears to have been subsequently the residence of the celebrated Duke of Cumberland, the "butcher" of Culloden. It was afterwards inhabited by Astley the painter, commonly called "Beau Astley," who divided it into three different residences, reserving the centre for himself, which he fitted up in a very whimsical manner. Here subsequently resided Richard Cosway, the well-known miniature-painter, and here, after he had outlived his ninetieth year, and had retired from a profession which he had so much honoured, "he used," we are told, "to hold up his palsied right hand, that had painted lords and ladies for upwards of sixty years, and smile with unabated good-humour at the vanity of human wishes."* In Schomberg House lived the celebrated painter, Gainsborough; here the once well-known Robert Bowyer formed his gallery of paintings and engravings, and here the eccentric Dr. Graham resided and gave his lectures.

The following curious notice of Pall Mall, in 1703, is from the pen of Defoe:—"I am lodged in

* London Magazine, vol. vi. p. 410.

the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's Palace, the Park, the Parliament House, the theatres, and the chocolate and coffee-houses, where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus;—we rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levees find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as at Holland, go to tea-tables. About twelve, the *beau-monde* assembles in several coffee or chocolate houses; the best of which are the Cocoa Tree, and White's chocolate houses, St. James's, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's, and the British coffee houses; and all these so near one another, that in less than an hour you see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in sedan chairs, which are here very cheap, a guinea a week, or a shilling per hour; and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands, as your gondoliers do at Venice."

The sign of the Star and Garter, immediately opposite Schomberg House, still points out the site of the fashionable tavern which bore the same name in the days of Queen Anne. It was here that the celebrated club occasionally assembled of which Swift was a member, and which consisted of the most eminent men of rank and genius in that remarkable period. Swift writes to Stella, on the 20th of March, 1711–12, "I made our society change their house, and we met together at the Star and Garter in the Pall Mall; Lord Arran was president. The other dog was so extravagant in his bills, that for

four dishes and four, first and second course, *without wine or dessert*, he charged twenty-one pounds six shillings and eightpence to the Duke of Ormond."* This sum is not a little exorbitant, if we remember that Swift mentions a party of *nine* as constituting a large meeting at the club, and especially when we consider the difference of prices between the early period of the last century and the present day. In 1763 we find a club still held at the Star and Garter, consisting of George Selwyn, Gilly Williams, and other men of wit and fashion of the last century.†

At the Star and Garter took place the famous duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, on the 26th of January, 1765. Horace Walpole writes to the Earl of Hertford the next day, "The following is the account nearest the truth that I can learn of the fatal duel last night. A club of Nottinghamshire gentlemen had dined at the Star and Garter, and there had been a dispute between the combatants whether Lord Byron, who took no care of his game, or Mr. Chaworth, who was active in the association, had most game on their manor. The company, however, had apprehended no consequences, and parted at eight o'clock; but Lord Byron, stepping into an empty chamber, and sending the drawer for Mr. Chaworth, or calling him thither himself, took the candle from the waiter, and bidding Mr. Chaworth defend himself, drew his

* "Journal to Stella," 20th of March, 1711–12.

† "Selwyn Correspondence."

sword. Mr. Chaworth, who was an excellent fencer, ran Lord Byron through the sleeve of his coat, and then received a wound fourteen inches deep into his body. He was carried to his house in Berkeley Street, made his will with the greatest composure, and dictated a paper which, they say, allows it was a fair duel, and died at nine this morning." "The duel seems to have produced a long feud between the neighbouring families of Byron and Chaworth, nor was it apparently till the great poet succeeded his grand-uncle as the lord of Newstead Abbey, that a Byron was again received as a cherished guest at Annesley Hall. The romantic love of Lord Byron for the heiress of the Chaworths is well known, and the feud which had divided the families is more than once referred to in his writings. In "The Dream," the most pathetic and one of the most beautiful of his compositions, he says of his first love,—

> Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
> Even as a brother—but no more; 'twas much,
> For brotherless she was, save in the name
> Her infant friendship had bestowed on him;
> Herself the solitary scion left
> Of a time-honoured race. It was a name
> Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why?
> Time taught him a deep answer.

And he says in prose, scarcely less beautiful, "Our union would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least *one* heart and two persons not ill-matched

in years,—and—and — and — what has been the result?"

In Pall Mall stood the Smyrna Coffee House, a fashionable resort of the wits of the reign of Queen Anne, but the site we are unable to point out.

The only other house in Pall Mall of any interest, which still remains, is the residence of the Duke of Buckingham, in which so often assembled the wit, the rank, the beauty, and the talent of a past age. It was here that an event occurred, which, though consisting merely of a private and disreputable quarrel, Horace Walpole thought proper to record in his "Correspondence," and Sir Nathaniel Wraxall in his "Memoirs." The hero was George,* eldest son of the celebrated John Lord Hervey, the effeminate son of an effeminate father. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 25th of February, 1750; "About ten days ago, at the new Lady Cobham's assembly, as Lord Hervey was leaning over a chair, talking to some women, and holding his hat in his hand, Lord Cobham came up and spit in it—yes, spit in it! and then, with a loud laugh, turned to Nugent and said, 'Pay me my wager.' In short, he had laid a wager that he committed this absurd brutality, and that it was not resented. Lord Hervey, with great temper and sensibility, asked if he had any further occasion for his hat?—'Oh! I see you are angry!'—'Not

* He afterwards succeeded as second Earl of Bristol; was Ambassador to Spain in 1758, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1766. He died unmarried in 1775.

very well pleased.' Lord Cobham took the fatal hat and wiped it, made a thousand foolish apologies, and wanted to pass it for a joke. Next morning he rose with the sun, and went to visit Lord Hervey; so did Nugent: he would not see them, but wrote to the spitter (or, as he is now called, Lord Gob'-em), to say that he had affronted him very grossly before company, but having involved Nugent in it, he desired to know to which he was to address himself for satisfaction. Lord Cobham wrote him a most submissive answer, and begged pardon both in his own and Nugent's name. Here it *rested* for a few days, till, getting wind, Lord Hervey wrote again to insist on an explicit apology under Lord Cobham's own hand, with a rehearsal of the excuses that had been made to him. This too was complied with, and the *fair conqueror* shews all the letters."*

But Pall Mall is associated with brighter names than any we have yet recorded. Swift had lodgings here in 1710,† here Lord Bolingbroke had a house after his return from exile; and here he renewed his intrigues against his old enemy, Sir Robert Walpole. Gay the poet writes to Swift on the 22nd October, 1726, "I hear that Lord Bolingbroke will be in town, at his house in Pall Mall, next week," and about a fortnight afterwards we find Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot assembled together

* See Walpole's "Letters," vol. ii. p. 319, and Wraxall's "Memoirs," vol. i. p. 188.

† "Journal to Stella," 18th of September, 1710.

at the table of the noble philosopher.* Pall Mall also is associated with another illustrious name, that of Addison, who, in the reign of Queen Anne, appears to have been a frequenter of the then fashionable tavern, the "George," in this street. In a letter, dated 29th February, 1708, we find him inviting Swift to dine with him here at two o'clock in the afternoon, and he mentions that Sir Richard Steele is to be of the party.† In 1772, Gibbon dates his letters from Pall Mall.

Two other literary names, though of less interest, are associated with Pall Mall. The one is Robert Dodsley,—the footman, the poet, the dramatist, and the publisher,—who opened a bookseller's shop here in 1735, which was the lounging-place of Pope, Young, Akenside, Gray, Joseph and Thomas Warton, Horace Walpole, and Burke. The other is the unfortunate Letitia Pilkington, the authoress of the well known autobiography, who in her girlhood had been the sprightly favourite of Swift, and whose indiscretions appear to have been at least equal to her wit. With a capital, it is said, of only five guineas, she opened a small shop in Pall Mall for the sale of pamphlets. Distress conducted her to the Marshalsea prison, and an addiction to spirituous liquors, contracted by her in her days of penury and misfortune, brought her to an untimely grave. She died at Dublin in 1750, in her thirty-eighth year.

Carlton House, with its beautiful and sequestered

* "Swift's Correspondence." † Ibid.

pleasure-grounds, has passed away in the present century, and the buildings known as Carlton Gardens, alone point out the site. Carlton House was purchased of the Earl of Burlington, by Frederick Prince of Wales, in 1732, and was the occasional residence of that Prince. It was here that, in 1751, he contracted the illness which was the immediate cause of his death. He had been unwell for some time with a pleurisy, but, a few days before his end, was sufficiently recovered to be able to attend the King to the House of Lords. On his return, though much heated, he was imprudent enough to change his clothes for a light unaired dress, in which, on a very inclement day, he travelled to Kew. In the evening he returned to Carlton House, and being extremely fatigued, lay down for three hours in a very cold room, that opened on the ground floor into the garden. Lord Egmont remonstrated with him that it was a very dangerous indulgence, but to no purpose. The consequence was a fresh cold, and this produced a return of the illness which proved fatal to him.

After the death of Frederick, Carlton House became the residence of his widow, Augusta of Saxe Gotha, mother of George the Third, and the scene in which she carried on her amatory intimacy with the celebrated minister, Lord Bute. "It cannot be denied," says Wraxall, "that Lord Bute enjoyed a higher place in the favour of the Princess, if not in her affections, than seemed compatible with strict propriety. His visits to Carlton House (which were

always performed in the evening), and the precautions taken to conceal his arrival, awakened suspicion. He commonly made use on those occasions of the chair and the chairmen of Miss Vansittart, a lady who held a distinguished place in her royal highness's notice; the curtains of the chair were also drawn."* Horace Walpole observes, "I am as much convinced of an amorous connection between Lord Bute and the Princess as if I had seen them together."

Carlton House subsequently became the residence of George the Fourth when Prince of Wales, and, during his regency, it was in its gorgeous saloons that the royal voluptuary held his gay revels. The pillars which formed the portico of Carlton House are now attached to the centre of that national disgrace, the National Gallery, in Trafalgar Square.

We are enabled to record a few more names of interest in connection with Pall Mall. In 1733, we find the unfortunate Charles Ratcliffe,—brother of the young Earl of Derwentwater who was executed in 1716,—residing at a Mr. John's in Pall Mall.† He had with difficulty contrived to effect his escape from the Tower in 1716, and, after residing for some time on the continent, returned to London, where he was allowed to remain unmolested. In 1745 he prepared once more to take up arms in the cause of the Stuarts, but, being captured at sea on board a French vessel laden with ammunition, he was car-

* Wraxall's "Memoirs of his Own Time."

† Gentleman's Magazine for 1746.

ried to Newgate, and subsequently beheaded on Tower Hill on the 8th of December, 1746.

It is to Pall Mall that Fielding conducts Tom Jones and Nightingale, when they are compelled to quit Mrs. Miller's lodgings in Bond Street. Here also resided the celebrated Bubb Dodington, and we can almost fancy him on his way to his fantastic villa at Hammersmith, in his roomy coach, which had probably been his ambassadorial equipage at Madrid, drawn, we are told, "by six fat unwieldy black horses, short-docked, and of colossal dignity."* Lastly, in Pall Mall the charming actress, Mrs. Abingdon, passed the last years of her life.

* Cumberland's Memoirs of Himself.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

SITE OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE. — ERECTED BY HENRY THE EIGHTH. — THE RESIDENCE OF QUEEN MARY, HENRY PRINCE OF WALES, CHARLES THE FIRST, MARY DE MEDICIS, CHARLES THE SECOND, JAMES THE SECOND, WILLIAM THE THIRD, GEORGE THE FIRST, GEORGE SECOND, AND DAUGHTER.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE stands on the site of an hospital, founded before the Norman Conquest, for the reception of "fourteen sisters, maidens, that were leprous, living chastely and honestly," to whom five brethren were afterwards added, for the purpose of performing divine service. In 1532, Henry the Eighth, having taken a fancy to the site, from its vicinity to the Palace of Whitehall, gave, in exchange for the "hospital and fields," Chattisham and other lands in Suffolk; and at the same time settled pensions on the sisterhood, whom he sent forth into the world to seek an asylum elsewhere. "I find," writes Lord Herbert of Cherbury, "that our King, having got York House, now Whitehall, upon the Cardinal's conviction in a *præmunire*, did newly enlarge and beautify it, buying also the hospital and fields of St. James, and building the palace there. For which purpose, he compounded with the sisters of the house for a pension during their lives."* In the words

* Lord Herbert's "Life and Reign of King Henry VIII."

of Stow, it was a "goodly manor;" and Holinshed informs us that the King converted it into a "fair mansion and park." Henry commenced building the palace in the same year in which he married Anne Boleyn, and it seems not improbable that he intended it to be the residence of his beautiful consort. On each side of the principal entrance to the palace, facing St. James's Street, may still be seen a small arched door-way, each of which is ornamented by the "love-knot" of Henry the Eighth and the ill-fated Anne Boleyn.

In 1559, Queen Mary,—familiar to us from our childhood as "Bloody Mary,"—breathed her last in the palace erected by her father. "'Tis said," writes Bishop Godwin, in his life of Queen Mary, "that in the beginning of her sickness, her friends, supposing King Philip's absence afflicted her, endeavoured by all means to divert her melancholy. But all proved in vain; and the Queen abandoning herself to despair, told them, 'she should die, though they were yet strangers to the cause of her death; but if they would know it hereafter, they must dissect her, *and they would find Calais at her heart*;' intimating that the loss of that place was her death's wound. The death of her father-in-law, Charles the Fifth of Spain, was likewise thought to have considerably augmented her sorrow; so that these things probably hastened her end, and threw her by degrees into a dropsy, which the physicians at first mistook, believing her with child."

The circumstance, which,—far more than the ab-

sence of her husband, or the death of Charles the Fifth,—appears to have affected the mind of the dying Queen, was one to which Bishop Godwin obscurely alludes;—namely, the disappointment of finding herself affected with a dropsical disorder, when she had fondly hoped that the alteration in her personal appearance gave a promise of her producing an heir to the throne. There are extant, in the State Paper Office, copies of a very curious circular letter, in which the words "son," or "daughter," are left blank, which were intended to be filled up and transmitted to the different European courts, immediately after the queen's *accouchement*. From St. James's, the body of the deceased Queen was carried in great state to Westminster Abbey. "Her funeral," says Bishop Kennett, "was celebrated on the 13th and 14th of December, with a pomp suitable to her quality. Her body was brought from St. James's, where she died, in a splendid chariot, with attendants and ceremony usual on such occasions; and so by Charing Cross to Westminster Abbey. It was met at the church door with four bishops, and the Lord Abbot mitred. Her body being brought into the church lay all night under the hearse with watch. On the next day, December 14th, was the queen's mass, and White, Bishop of Winchester, made her funeral sermon."

We have no record of either Queen Elizabeth, or James the First having kept their court at St. James's. During the reign of the latter sovereign,

it was set apart as the residence of the gifted, the witty, the virtuous, and precocious Henry, Prince of Wales,—the Marcellus of his age,—who kept his court here with considerable magnificence during the life-time of his father. It was a court comprised of beauty, and chivalry, and genius; where the young were the most welcome, but where literary acquirements were still more distinguished than personal gallantry, and where virtue was of far more consideration than beauty. The daily path of the author has been for many years through the silent courts of St. James's palace, and seldom has he wandered through them without peopling them in imagination with the splendid but soberly retainers of the chivalrous young prince, and imagining that in such or such a part of the palace he passed the night in study and contemplation, or that in such a chamber he breathed his last. Here he constantly entertained the young, the gallant, and the beautiful of both sexes; retaining about his person a number of young gentlemen, whose spirit of chivalry and literary tastes assimilated with his own. We are informed by his faithful follower, Sir Charles Cornwallis, that though the most beautiful women of the court and city were invited to his entertainments, yet that he could never discover the slightest inclination on the Prince's part to any particular beauty. A great proof of the Prince's popularity is the manner in which his court at St. James's was attended; the attendance at his levees being much more numerous than at that of the

King himself. So jealous was James at this circumstance, that he once made use of the remarkable words,—"Will he bury me alive?" Though pleasure was not excluded, his establishment was governed with discretion, modesty, and sobriety, and with an especial reverence for religious duties.

It may here be observed that in 1610 his household amounted to no less than four hundred and twenty-six persons, of whom two hundred and ninety-seven were in the receipt of regular salaries.* The death of this promising and accomplished young prince took place in St. James's Palace on the 6th of November, 1612, after a long illness which he bore with exemplary piety and resignation. "On Sunday, the 25th of October," we are told, "he heard a sermon, the text in Job, 'Man that is born of woman, is of short continuance, and is full of trouble.' After that he presently went to Whitehall, and heard another sermon before the King, and after dinner, being ill, craved leave to retire to his own court, where instantly he fell into sudden sickness, faintings, and after that a shaking, with great heat and headache, that left him not whilst he had life." The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Rochester remained by his bed-side, and prayed with him during his illness. Cornwallis says, "he bore his sickness with patience, and as often recognition of his faith, his hopes, and his

* See "Wilson's Life of James the First." Birch and Coke's Detection.

appeals to God's mercy, as his infirmity, which afflicted him altogether in his head, would possibly permit." Prince Henry when he died was only in his nineteenth year.

When Charles the First, on the death of his brother, became Prince of Wales, he occasionally resided at St. James's, and here, with the assistance of Sir Kenelm Digby, he formed his fine collection of statues, which was dispersed during the civil troubles. After his accession to the throne, we find no occasion of his keeping his court here; though it is remarkable that his beautiful consort, Henrietta Maria, selected it, on every practicable occasion, in preference to Whitehall, as the place of her confinement. Her first-born, indeed, who died an infant, was born at the palace of Greenwich, and the apartment is said, still to exist, in what is now the school attached to the hospital. Her second and third sons, however, Charles and James,—successively kings of England,—were both born at St. James's; and here, also, Henrietta was confined with her second daughter, Elizabeth;—that interesting child, the darling of her ill-fated father, over whom Charles wept his last tear in their interview in St. James's palace the day previous to his execution. Having communicated to her his last injunctions,—"Sweetheart," he said, "you will forget this."—"No," she replied, "I shall never forget it while I live;" and with many tears promised to write down the particulars,—a promise which she faithfully kept, as is proved by the in-

teresting account which the royal child drew up of her last interview with her father, which is still extant.

When, in 1638, the intrigues of Cardinal Richelieu drove Mary de Medicis from the court of her son Louis the Thirteenth, and when France no longer afforded a safe asylum to the widow of Henry the Fourth, her daughter Henrietta invited her to England, and St. James's Palace was fixed upon as the place of her residence. The spirit of puritanism was then alive, and the arrival of a Popish and unfriended Princess in the metropolis, not only aroused the fury of the bigoted populace, but it was with the greatest difficulty that the military could be induced to interfere in protecting her from their insolence and violence: before the equipage of the exiled Queen entered the gates of St. James's palace, three persons were actually killed in the riots. Waller, on the occasion of her arrival in England, complimented the unfortunate queen with a poetical address, in which affectation of learning, false wit, and strained compliments, constitute the principal ingredients. Fenton tells us in his notes to that poet, that "at length the Queen was lodged safe in St. James's Palace, where, for about three years, she enjoyed a pension of three thousand pounds a *month!*" Her continued residence in England was highly displeasing to the Parliament, who petitioned the king to remove her out of the kingdom; at the same time softening their ungracious and in-

hospitable appeal, by making her a present of ten thousand pounds to make provision for her journey.

The principal interest which attaches to St. James's Palace, is unquestionably from Charles the First having passed the last days of his life a prisoner in its gloomy apartments; from its having been the scene of the insults which he met with from the brutal republican soldiery; from its having been the scene of his last affecting interview with his beloved children, and from his having passed forth from its garden entrance into the Park, on the morning that he was led to execution at Whitehall.

A few days before his memorable trial in Westminster Hall, Charles was brought from Windsor to St. James's in a coach, surrounded by a strong guard of military; the insolent fanatical preacher, Hugh Peters, riding in triumph in front of the cavalcade. The King's affectionate follower, Herbert, informs us that the apartments intended for the reception of the royal martyr were hastily furnished by his servant, Mr. Kinnersley of the Wardrobe. "On his arrival at St. James's, the first act of the unfortunate King was to retire to his own chamber, where he continued for some time in prayer, and in the perusal of the Bible. For about a fortnight he was treated with some regard to his exalted rank, though with little respect to his private feelings. Although the principal nobility, his favourite servants, and his domestic chaplains,

were excluded from his society, he was still attended with some degree of former state. He dined publicly in the presence-chamber; the gentlemen of his household waited on him at his meals, and the cup as usual was presented to him on the knee. Nevertheless, the strictest guard was placed over his person, and only one of his followers, the affectionate Herbert, was permitted to attend him in his bed-chamber. But even this mockery of respect was continued but for a few days. It was decreed, at one of the councils of the army, that henceforward all state ceremony should be dispensed with, and that the number of his domestics, and even the dishes supplied to his table, should be diminished. When this unfeeling and parsimonious curtailment, and the absence of many familiar faces, were remarked by Charles, and when his restricted meal was brought into the presence-chamber at St. James's by *common soldiers*, — 'There is nothing,' he remarked, 'more contemptible than a despised Prince.'" From this time he caused his food to be conveyed into his own chamber, where he partook of his meals in private.

To decapitate a monarch, or to hang a demagogue once or twice a century, may perhaps be for the general advantage of mankind; but whether the beheading of Charles the First was a pious or a parricidal act,—whether it was a brutal murder or a fine stroke of policy,—we are not here called upon to decide. There can be no question, however, that the republicans ought to have had some feeling

for the sufferings of a fallen and oppressed, but once powerful monarch. Lord Clarendon, in one of the suppressed passages of his history of the Rebellion, gives a heart-stirring account of the King's sufferings at the period he was a prisoner in St. James's Palace. A guard of soldiers, he says, was forced upon the unfortunate King, night as well as day, even in his bed-chamber, where they smoked and drank as if they had been among their own comrades in the guard-room. The King, it is added, was confined entirely to his sleeping-apartment, where he was compelled to perform his devotions, and whatever nature requires, in the presence of his rude jailors.

On the 19th of January, 1649, the day previous to his trial, Charles was conveyed in a sedan-chair from St. James's Palace, through the Park, to his usual bed-chamber at Whitehall, where he passed the night of each succeeding day of his trial, till the 24th, when, after his condemnation, he was reconducted to his sleeping-apartment at St. James's, where he passed the three remaining days of his life. On the day previous to his execution, took place the famous and affecting interview between Charles and his young children, the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester, the particulars of which are too well known to require recapitulation. He watched their departure with a father's grief, and as the door of his apartment was about to close them for ever from his sight, he moved hastily towards them from the window

where he was standing, and folding them passionately in his arms, again kissed and blessed them, and bade them farewell for ever. The remainder of the day was passed by him in prayer and meditation; at night he slept calmly, desiring the faithful Herbert to place his pallet-bed on the floor by the side of his own, and the following morning he proceeded from the palace to the scaffold as calmly as if he had been walking in a triumphal procession.

Shortly after the death of Charles, the gay and gallant courtier, Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, the presumed lover of Henrietta Maria, was sent a prisoner to St. James's Palace. It was from hence that he was carried to the place of his execution, in front of the entrance to Westminster Hall, where he was beheaded on the 9th of March, 1649, less than six weeks after the death of his royal master. His fellow-prisoners were the Duke of Hamilton, the attached friend of Charles the First, and the brave and noble-minded Lord Capel. All three suffered on the same scaffold.

Charles the Second was born at St. James's on the 29th of May, 1630, and, on the 2nd of July following, was christened in the chapel royal of the palace with all due solemnity. "The gossips," we are told, "were the French king, the Palsgrave, and the Queen-mother of France: the deputies, the Duke of Lennox, Marquis Hamilton, and the Duchess of Richmond, which last was exceedingly bountiful. The ordnance and chambers at the Tower were discharged; the bells did ring; and

at night were in the streets plenty of flaming bonfires. The Duchess was sent for by two Lords, divers knights and gentlemen, six footmen, and a coach with six horses plumed, all the Queen's; and alighted, *not without the gate, but within the court.** Her retinue were six women, and gentlewomen I know not how many: but all, of both sexes, were clad in white satin, garnished with crimson, and crimson silk stockings." †

We have no record of Charles the Second having ever kept his court at St. James's. During his reign it was set apart as the residence of his brother, the Duke of York; but latterly we find the beautiful mistress of Charles, Hortense Mancini, Duchess of Mazarine,—the formidable rival of the Duchess of Portsmouth,—residing within its walls. Captivated by her wit and beauty, Charles allowed her to occupy apartments in the palace, and conferred on her a pension of 4000*l.* a year. Waller, though in his seventy-first year, celebrated in verse the arrival of the noble courtezan at St. James's, with the same zeal and gallantry with which, forty years previously, he had celebrated the welcome of Mary de Medicis to the same apartments :—

* To the present day, the gate leading into the inner courts at Hampton Court are never opened, except on very rare occasions, but to the royal family. After the same fashion, the principal entrance to that interesting mansion, Ham House, once the residence of our princes, is never opened but to royalty; and when the author, a few years since, visited the spot, the only ingress was by a miserable door-way leading through the offices to the principal apartments.

† "Desiderata Curiosa."

When through the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller, the sun;
Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,
As the last triumph of her conquering eyes.

Like his brother, Charles, James the Second gave the preference to Whitehall as a courtly residence, and, during his reign, St. James's palace was comparatively deserted. The old building is nevertheless intimately connected with the earlier history of the bigoted monarch. Here he was born on the 15th of October, 1633, and was immediately proclaimed Duke of York at the palace gates, though the title was not formally conferred on him by patent till the 27th of January, 1643. Here he was christened by the Archbishop of Canterbury nine days after his birth; and here his infancy passed with his younger brother, the Duke of Gloucester, and his interesting sister the Princess Elizabeth, till 1641, when, in consequence of the civil troubles breaking out, his unfortunate father sent for him to attend him at York.

At the surrender of Oxford to the Parliamentary forces in 1646, James fell into the hands of Fairfax, and was shortly afterwards, with the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, sent back to his old quarters in St. James's Palace. The story of his romantic escape is well known, and the manner in which he effected it does great credit to the ingenuity and presence of mind of one so young, for he had not yet completed his fifteenth year. Having, on two previous occasions, been

discovered in attempts to effect his escape, he had ever since been watched with the closest care, which of course rendered the third essay the more hazardous. The principal persons in his secret were Colonel Bamfield and a Mr. George Howard, by whom the necessary preparations were made for his flight. "All things," we are told, "being in readiness, the duke went to supper at his usual hour, which was about seven, in the company of his brother and sister, and when supper was ended, they went to play at hide and seek with the rest of the young people in the house. At this childish sport the Duke had accustomed himself to play for a fortnight together every night, and had used to hide himself in places so difficult to find, that most commonly they were half an hour in searching for him; at the end of which time he came usually out to them of his own accord. This blind he laid for his design, that they might be accustomed to miss him, before he really intended his escape; by which means, when he came to practise it in earnest, he was secure of gaining that half hour, before they could reasonably suspect he was gone.

"His intention had all the effect he could desire; for that night, as soon as they began their play, he pretended, according to his custom, to hide himself. But instead of so doing, he went first into his sister's chamber, and there locked up a little dog that used to follow him, that he might not be discovered by him; then, slipping down a pair of back stairs, which led into the inmost

garden, having found means beforehand to furnish himself with a key of a back door from the said garden into the park, he there found Bamfield, who was ready to receive him, and waited there with a footman, who brought a cloak, which he threw over him, and put on a periwig. From thence they went through the Spring Garden, where one Mr. Tripp was ready with a hackney coach, which carried them to Salisbury House." Pretending that they had business here, the fugitives alighted from the coach, but no sooner was the driver out of sight, than they proceeded on foot down Ivy Lane to the river's side, where they hired a boat, and landed on the south side of London Bridge. From hence they hastened to the house of one Loe, a surgeon, where a Mrs. Murray was expecting them with a suit of female apparel, in which she rapidly attired the Duke. Bamfield had hired a large row-barge, with a cabin in it, in which they proposed to proceed down the river, below Gravesend, where a Dutch vessel was in readiness to sail with them at a moment's notice. An accident, however, occurred, which very nearly frustrated their plans. The owner of the barge, taking it into his head that the Duke was some disguised person of high rank, peeped through a cranny in the cabin-door, where he perceived the young prince with his leg on the table, tying his garters in so unfeminine a manner, that his suspicions were completely aroused. Bamfield, subsequently discovering by the change in the

man's manner, and the disinclination which he expressed to proceed further than Gravesend, that he was aware of at least a part of their secret, contrived to purchase his silence by a considerable sum of money. Accordingly, on approaching Gravesend, they extinguished their lights, and, lest the sound of the oars might discover them, floated past the town with the tide. They were fortunate enough to fall in with the vessel which was expecting them, and, after a prosperous voyage, arrived in safety at Middleburg in Holland.*

After the Restoration, James kept his court at St. James's, and here several of his children were born. Here, also, his first wife, Anne Hyde, breathed her last, under circumstances which, when they became known, excited an extraordinary sensation. It had sometimes been whispered that she had forsaken the Protestant faith, but it was not till she was on her death-bed that she expressed herself "convinced and reconciled" to the Church of Rome, and received the sacraments of that faith. Of her two brothers, the Earl of Rochester and Lord Cornbury, the former expressed his disbelief in her apostacy, and visited her in her last moments, but the latter, a zealous Protestant, absented himself altogether from her sick chamber. Shortly before she breathed her last, she requested the Duke, her husband, not to stir from her bed-side till life had departed; at the same time enjoining him, should any Protestant bishops attempt to enter her apartment, to

* "Stuart Papers."

explain to them that she died immovably fixed in the Roman Catholic faith, and consequently that it would be useless to weary her with controversial discussions. Some time afterwards, Dr. Blandford, Bishop of Worcester, came to St. James's to pay her a visit. He was previously received in the drawing-room by the Duke, who acquainted him with the state of her mind, and her earnest wish not to be disturbed in her last moments. On subsequently being ushered into her apartment, he found the Queen of Charles the Second, Catherine of Braganza, seated by the bed-side of the expiring Duchess, "Blandford," says Burnet, "was so modest and humble that he had not presence of mind enough to begin prayers, which probably would have driven the Queen out of the room; but that not being done, she pretended kindness, and would not leave her. He happened to say, 'I hope you continue still in the truth;' upon which she asked,—'*What is truth?*' And then her agony increasing, she repeated the word, 'Truth, Truth, Truth,' often." A few minutes afterwards she expired. Her death took place on the 31st of March, 1671, at the age of thirty-three.

James, after the death of his first wife, appears to have occasionally resided at St. James's with his second duchess, the young and interesting Mary of Modena; and here, after his accession to the throne on the 10th of June, 1688, occurred that memorable event, the birth of James Edward, afterwards called the "Old Pretender." The apartment

in which this unfortunate prince first saw the light, and which was the scene of the celebrated warming-pan story, is minutely described by Pennant. It is needless to remind the reader that the fact of the queen's pregnancy was openly called in question by the king's enemies, and that it was insisted, that, in order to rear up a Popish heir to the throne, James had caused the new-born infant of some other woman to be introduced into the queen's bed in a warming-pan. "The young prince," says Pennant, "was born in the room now called the old bed-chamber; at present the anti-chamber to the levee room. The bed stood close to the door of a back stairs, which descended to an inner court. It certainly was very convenient to carry on any secret design; and might favour the silly warming-pan story, was not the bed surrounded by twenty of the privy council, four other men of rank, twenty ladies, besides pages and other attendants."

Although William the Third never held his court for any length of time at St. James's, the old palace is nevertheless intimately associated with his history and with that of his queen. Mary was born here on the 30th of April, 1662; and here she was married to her Dutch consort at eleven o'clock at night, on the 4th of November 1677; Charles the Second giving the bride away, and the Duke and Duchess of York, and a large assemblage of the courtiers and nobility being present.

After his successful invasion of England, in

1688, St. James's was the place where William took up his abode immediately on his arrival in London; and here he continued to reside, till the nation decided on elevating him to the throne. His court at St. James's at this period must have been sufficiently gloomy. He seems to have seldom quitted the walls of the palace, indeed, Burnet tells us,—"his stay so long at St. James's, without exercise or hunting, (which was so much used by him that it was become necessary,) had brought him under such a weakness, that it was likely to have very ill effects." Carte, the historian, was assured, in 1724, by a Mr. Dillon, that the latter in his youth had frequently attended at St. James's, when the King dined in public, and that on no single occasion had he known an English nobleman to be invited to the royal table. He added, on the other hand, that the Duke of Schomberg, and others of the Dutch general officers, were frequently the King's guests; on which occasions Schomberg invariably sat at the King's right hand. During these state repasts, while the Dutch officers were feasting with their Stadtholder, the English nobility, who were in the royal household, were compelled to stand, as state menials, behind the King's chair. Dillon further added, that on the several occasions of his being present when the King dined in public at St. James's, he never remembered to have heard him utter a word. He once asked Keppel whether his master was always so silent; to which the other replied

that the King talked enough at night, when seated over a bottle of wine with his friends.

Queen Anne was born in St. James's Palace on the 6th of February, 1665, and was married here, in the Chapel Royal, to Prince George of Denmark, on the 28th of July, 1683. She was allowed to keep her court at St. James's during the latter part of the reign of King William; and we find her residing here at the time when Bishop Burnet brought her the tidings of the death of her brother-in-law, and, consequently, of her own accession to the throne. After the death of her consort at Kensington, when that place had become painful to her from its associations, she removed to St. James's to indulge her grief; and here we find her frequently keeping her court during her reign.

George the First and George the Second constantly resided, and kept their courts at St. James's. George the Third also kept his court here, but his domestic apartments were in the Queen's residence, Buckingham Palace.

George the First, on his accession to the throne, was conducted, immediately on his arrival in London, to St. James's Palace. "This is a strange country," he remarked afterwards: "the first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and saw a park with walks, and a canal, which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of my canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chet-

wynd's servant for bringing me my own carp, out of my own canal, in my own park." *

George the First's mistress, the well-known and ungainly Duchess of Kendal, was located with her royal lover at St. James's. Horace Walpole informs us that her apartments were on the ground floor, looking into the garden; apartments which, after the King's death, were successively inhabited by the celebrated mistresses of his son and successor, the Countesses of Yarmouth and Suffolk. Shortly before his death, George the First established a young mistress at St. James's, Anne Brett, a daughter of the repudiated Countess of Macclesfield by her second husband, and a sister of the unfortunate Savage, the poet. Her apartments also were on the ground floor of the palace, overlooking the garden, adjoining those of the King's granddaughters, the Princesses Anne, Amelia, and Elizabeth. When the King departed on his last journey to Hanover, from whence he never returned, Miss Brett, we are told, ordered a door to be opened from one of her apartments into the palace garden. The Princess Anne, unwilling to have such a companion in her walks, ordered the wall to be built up again. The command was imperiously reversed by Miss Brett, but while the dispute was still at issue, the news arrived of the King's death, and at once put an end to the short reign of the haughty courtezan.

George the Second, when Prince of Wales, resided with his family in St. James's Palace, till his

* Walpole's "Reminiscences."

memorable quarrel with his father in 1717. It was in one of the apartments of the palace,—the bed-chamber of the Princess of Wales,—that the fracas took place which led to their estrangement. The quarrel, as is well known, originated in some unpleasant circumstances connected with the christening of one of the Prince's children. The Prince had proposed that the King and his uncle the Bishop of Osnaburgh should stand god-fathers to his infant child. The selection was clearly an unexceptionable one, and, consequently, the Prince was not a little irritated, when the King, after consenting to accept the office for himself, nominated the Duke of Newcastle,—a nobleman who was personally disagreeable to the Prince,—as his colleague on the occasion. The company assembled in the bed-chamber of the Princess, and the scene which followed is described by Walpole in his usual happy manner. "Lady Suffolk," he says, "then in waiting as woman of the bed-chamber, and of most accurate memory, painted the scene to me exactly. On one side of the bed stood the god-fathers and god-mother; on the other the Prince and Princess's ladies. No sooner had the Bishop closed the ceremony, than the Prince, crossing the feet of the bed in a rage, stepped up to the Duke of Newcastle, and holding up his hand and fore-finger in a menacing attitude, said,—'You are a rascal, but I shall find you;" meaning, in broken English, I shall find a time to be revenged. What was my astonishment," continued Lady Suffolk,

"when going to the Princess's apartment the next morning, the yeomen in the guard-chamber pointed their halberts at my breast, and told me I must not pass. I urged that it was my duty to attend the Princess; they said, 'No matter, I must not pass that way.' In one word the King had been so provoked at the Prince's outrage in his presence, that it had been determined to put a still greater insult on his Royal Highness. His threat to the Duke was pretended to be understood as a challenge, and to prevent a duel he had been actually put under arrest! As if a Prince of Wales could stoop to fight with a subject! The arrest was soon taken off, but at night the Prince and Princess were ordered to leave the palace." The child, who was the innocent cause of the quarrel between the Prince and his father, was christened George William, and survived its birth scarcely three months, dying on the 6th of February, 1718. Singularly enough, it fell to the lot of the Duke of Newcastle, as Lord Chamberlain, to superintend the funeral obsequies of the deceased child. It was on this occasion observed that the Duke had twice the honour to introduce the royal infant into the church; once into the bosom, and once into the bowels of it.*

On the 20th of November, 1737, Queen Caroline, the strong-minded and beloved Queen of George the Second, breathed her last in St. James's Palace. She was seized with her fatal illness while walking in the garden of the palace. During

* Biog. Brit., Supplement.

the eleven days which preceded her dissolution, though enduring almost intolerable agony, her fortitude remained unshaken; her gentleness and courtesy to those who surrounded her sick-bed, drew tears from every eye; she expressed herself resigned to the will of God, and grateful for his dispensations; and, in the most pathetic manner, recommended her servants to the care and protection of her heart-broken husband. Shortly before her dissolution, she inquired of one of her physicians, "How long can this last?" and on his answering "Your Majesty will soon be eased of your pains."—"The sooner the better," she replied. She then composed herself to prayer, but finding her speech failing her, she desired to be raised up in bed, and on two occasions requested that some cold water might be sprinkled over her. Some minutes before she expired, she expressed a wish that the weeping byestanders should kneel down and pray for her. While they were thus engaged, she exclaimed. "Pray aloud that I may hear you." She joined them, in a faint voice, in repeating the Lord's prayer, and, at its conclusion, waving her hand, and endeavouring to give utterance to some indistinct expression, expired.

At St. James's, Frederick, Prince of Wales, was married to the Princess Augusta of Saxe Gotha, on the 26th of April, 1736. A mutual antipathy between the sovereign and the heir to the throne, seems to be an hereditary failing in the house of Hanover. When Frederick in his turn quarrelled

with the King his father, St. James's again became the scene of these disgraceful family squabbles. From a feeling of spite to his father, Frederick, when his princess was actually in the very pains of childbirth, hurried her away from Hampton Court, where every preparation had been made for her lying-in, and carried her, in the middle of the night, to an unaired bed at St. James's. On the arrival of the Princess at the palace, the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the different officers of state, were sent for with the utmost despatch, to be present at her delivery, but before their arrival she had given birth to a child. It is remarkable that on the arrival of the Princess, in consequence of the absence of the servants of the palace, Frederick, and his mistress, Lady Archibald Hamilton, were compelled to air the sheets for her bed. Queen Caroline arrived the next morning at St. James's, and upbraided her son in no gentle terms for his brutal conduct. Walpole tells us that the Prince maintained a sulky silence, and, at the Queen's departure, offered her his hand, without uttering a word, to conduct her to her coach at the gate of the palace. Finding, however, a crowd assembled round the carriage, he knelt down in the dirt and humbly kissed her Majesty's hand. "Her indignation," adds Walpole, "must have shrunk into contempt!"

In November, 1733, Anne, the eldest daughter of George the Second and Queen Caroline, was married, in the Chapel Royal of St. James's, to

the Prince of Orange, a man, the hideousness of whose appearance is said to have been only exceeded by some monster in a pantomine, or some ogre in a fairy tale. In giving him her hand, the Princess seems to have been entirely influenced by a feminine love of power and rule. To her mother she once observed, "I would die to-morrow to be a Queen to-day;" and when her father spoke affectionately to her of the ungainliness of her lover's appearance, and told her it was not yet too late to recede,—"I would marry him," she said, "even if he were a baboon." The subsequent story of the Princess and her lover is that of the "Beauty and the Beast" over again. Lord Chesterfield tells us that he had as many "great and good" qualities as any of his ancestors; and, accordingly, notwithstanding his revolting ugliness, the Princess not only grew extremely fond of her husband, but is said to have been sensibly alive to his attentions to other women. We have some account of their marriage ceremony at St. James's. The Prince is described as having been habited in a suit of cloth of gold; the Princess in a robe of silver tissue; her train, which was six yards long, being supported by ten young ladies, the daughters of Dukes and Earls, with dresses of similar materials to her own. At twelve o'clock the bride and bridegroom supped in public with the royal family, and shortly afterwards received company *in bed*. The present public mode of marriage is indecent enough, but is chaste compared with the licence permitted by

our forefathers. The last occasion, we believe, in this country, on which a new-married couple received company in bed, was at the marriage, in 1797, of the Queen of Wirtemberg, sister of the late King, who often related the anecdote. Probably the custom may still be not uncommon in many parts of the continent, for I remember being a guest at a marriage in Norway, where the last words which we heard on parting at night, were an invitation to congratulate the bride and bridegroom in bed on the following morning.

A far more interesting personage than the Princess of Orange, was her sister the Princess Caroline, third daughter of George the Second. This amiable, feminine, and interesting Princess is known to have fallen hopelessly in love with the celebrated John, Lord Hervey. After his death she shut herself up in two rooms, in one of the inner courts of St. James's Palace, where, excluded from the view of all passing objects, she admitted the visits of a very few only of her nearest relations and most cherished friends. In this seclusion she almost entirely occupied herself with her religious duties, dispensing almost her whole income in acts of charity and generosity, and calmly preparing for her end. Her constant prayer was for death: when urged to accede to some proposition to which she was extremely averse, "*I would not do it,*" she said, "*to die!*" Her death took place at St. James's, on the 28th of December, 1757, in the forty-fifth year of her age. In her last illness she

expressed the same earnest desire to quit the world. When the pain occasioned by her disorder had ceased, in consequence of mortification having commenced, "I feared," she said, "I should not have died of this."

The last of the royal family of England, of the past age, whose name is associated with St. James's Palace, is the gentle and amiable Princess Mary, fourth daughter of George the Second, who was married here on the 8th of May, 1740, in the Chapel Royal, to an illiterate and ill-tempered German, Frederick, hereditary Prince of Hesse-Cassel. Shortly after their marriage, he carried his charming wife with him to his German dominions, where, after more than thirty years embittered by his unceasing brutalities, she expired on the 14th of June, 1771.

We have little more to add to our reminiscences of St. James's Palace. We must not forget, however, to mention the German Chapel,—situated in the open space between St. James's and Marlborough House,—which was originally built as a Roman Catholic place of worship, for the use of Henrietta Maria, after her marriage to Charles the First. The imprudent erection of this chapel in a puritanical age is intimately connected with the domestic dissensions of Charles, and gave great offence to his subjects. To Charles, the number of Roman Catholic priests who accompanied Henrietta to England, and their interference in his private concerns, were especially disagreeable. When,

on one occasion, they sent to complain to him that the chapel at St. James's was progressing but slowly towards completion, "Tell them," he said, petulantly, "that if the Queen's closet (where they then said mass) is not large enough, they may use the great chamber; and if the great chamber is not wide enough, they may make use of the garden; and if the garden will not suit their purpose, they may go to the park, which is the fittest place of all." This last remark, it would seem, did not so much apply to the number of French Catholics in general, as to the number of English priests, who seized every opportunity of attending the celebration of mass. This assemblage eventually became so numerous, that even the Queen herself, on one occasion, rose from her seat, and rebuking the latter for their improper zeal, peremptorily commanded them to retire. Their numbers, however, continuing to increase, the officers of the court were stationed at the entrance of the chapel in order forcibly to prevent their ingress. Some indecent scenes were the consequence; the French Catholics drawing their swords in defence of their English brethren, and resisting the interference of the guard.

It was in the chapel at St. James's, then styled the Queen's chapel, that James the Second, two days after the death of his brother Charles, openly insulted the prejudices of his people, and infringed the sanctity of the laws, by publicly attending mass, surrounded by all the insignia of royalty, and the

splendid paraphernalia of the Romish Church. He was attended, both to and from the chapel, by the band of gentlemen pensioners, his life-guards, several of the nobility, as well as by the Knights of the Garter, in the collars of their order. It was on this occasion, that the Duke of Norfolk, whose office it was to carry the sword of state, stopped short when he came to the door of the chapel, with the evident intention of proceeding no further. James was much disconcerted. "My Lord," he said, "your father would have gone further." — "Your Majesty's father," replied the Duke, "would not have gone so far."

We must not forget to mention that the last London residence of Charles James Fox was in Stable Yard, St. James's, and that here his remains were brought from the Duke of Devonshire's villa at Chiswick, where he died, previous to the ceremony of their interment in Westminster Abbey.*

When Peter the Great was in this country, he once observed to William the Third, that, were he King of England, he would convert Greenwich Hospital into a palace, and St. James's into an hospital. Notwithstanding, however, its discreditable appearance, St. James's Palace is said to be the most commodious for the purposes of a court, and regal parade, of any palace in Europe. It may be mentioned, that, on the 21st of June, 1809, a great fire broke out in the palace, which destroyed the whole of the east wing of the inner court-yard.

* Annual Register for 1806.

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

ORIGINAL ENCLOSURE.—CHARLES GOING TO EXECUTION.—CROMWELL.—SKATING.—GAME OF PALL MALL.—CHARLES THE SECOND.—QUEEN ANNE. — MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.—THE MALL.— SPRING GARDENS.—BUCKINGHAM HOUSE.

ST. JAMES'S PARK was originally enclosed by Henry the Eighth, shortly after he purchased the hospital of St. James, and the fields attached to it. The wall, or rather paling, of the Park, formerly ran where the houses on the south side of Pall Mall now stand. Charles the Second removed it to its present boundary, and, under the direction of the celebrated French gardener, Le Notre, planted the avenues and disposed the trees as we now see them. The Bird-cage Walk was the favourite aviary of that monarch, and derives its name from the cages which were hung in the trees. Charles also formed the canal, and, in his reign, Duck Island took its name from being the breeding-place of the numerous waterfowl with which the park was stocked. The *government* of Duck Island was once enjoyed, with a small salary, by the celebrated St. Evremond. Pennant speaks of it as "the first and last government," but he is mistaken in the fact; it having previously been

conferred by Charles the Second on Sir John Flock, a person of good family, and a companion of the King during his exile. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 9th of February, 1751, —"My Lord Pomfret is made ranger of the Parks, and, by consequence, my lady is queen of the *Duck Island.*" This little island, which stood at the west end of the canal, was destroyed when some alterations were made in the Park in 1770.

Another interesting feature of St. James's Park which disappeared at the same time, was Rosamond's Pond, situated opposite to James Street, Westminster, at the south-west corner of the Park. Its romantic appearance, the irregularity of the ground, the trees which overshadowed it, and the view of the venerable abbey, rendered it, we are told, a favourite resort of the contemplative; while its secluded and melancholy situation is said to have tempted a greater number of persons to commit suicide, especially unfortunate females, than any other place in London.

St. James's Park is replete with historical associations, and not the least interesting is its having been the scene where Charles the First passed on foot, on the morning of his execution, from his bedchamber in St. James's Palace to the scaffold at Whitehall. Colonel Hacker having knocked at his door, and informed him that it was time to depart, Charles took Bishop Juxon by the hand, and bidding his faithful attendant Herbert bring with him his silver clock, intimated to Hacker,

with a cheerful countenance, that he was ready to accompany him. As he passed through the palace garden into the Park, he inquired of Herbert the hour of the day, and afterwards bade him keep the clock for *his* sake. The procession was a remarkable one. On each side of the King was arranged a line of soldiers, and before him and behind him were a guard of halberdiers, their drums beating, and colours flying. On his right hand was Bishop Juxon, and on his left hand Colonel Tomlinson, both bare-headed. There is a tradition that, during his walk, he pointed out a tree, not far from the entrance to Spring Gardens, (close to the spot which is now a well-known station for cows,) which he said had been planted by his brother Henry. He was subjected to more than one annoyance during his progress. One ruffianly fanatic officer, in particular, inquired of him, with insulting brutality, whether it were true that he had been cognizant of his father's murder. Another fanatic, a "mean citizen," as he is styled by Fuller, was perceived to walk close by his side, and keep his eyes constantly fixed on the King, with an expression of particular malignity. Charles merely turned away his face; and eventually the man was pushed away by the more feeling among the King's persecutors. The guards marching at a slow pace, the King desired them to proceed faster. "I go," he said, "to strive for a heavenly crown, with less solicitude than I have formerly encouraged my soldiers to fight for an earthly one." However, the noise of

the drums rendered conversation extremely difficult. On reaching the spot where the Horse Guards now stands, Charles ascended a staircase which then opened into the Park, and passing along the famous gallery which at that time ran across the street, was conducted to his usual bedchamber at Whitehall, where he continued till summoned by Hacker to the scaffold.

With reference to the passage of Charles the First through St. James's Park on the morning of his execution, we are enabled to lay before the reader the following interesting extract from a letter preserved in the British Museum, which has not hitherto appeared in print: "This day his Majesty died upon a scaffold at Whitehall. His children were with him last night: to the Duke of Gloucester he gave his George; to the lady [the Princess Elizabeth], his ring off his finger: he told them his subjects had many things to give *their* children, but that was all he had to give them. This day, about one o'clock, he came from St. James's in a long black cloak and grey stockings. The Palsgrave came through the Park with him. He was faint, and was forced to sit down and rest him in the Park. He went into Whitehall the usual way out of the Park; and so came out of the Banqueting House upon planks, made purposely, to the scaffold. He was not long there, and what he spoke was to the two Bishops, Dr. Juxon and Dr. Morton. To Dr. Juxon he gave his hat and cloak. He prayed with them; walked twice or

thrice about the scaffold; and held out his hands to the people. His last words, as I am informed, were,—'To your power I must submit, but your authority I deny.' He pulled his doublet off himself, and kneeled down to the block himself. When some officer offered to help him to unbutton him, or some such like thing, he thrust him from him. Two men, in vizards and false hair, were appointed to be his executioners. Who they were is not known: some say he that did it was the common hangman; others, that it was one Captain Foxley, and that the hangman refused. The Bishop of London hath been constantly with him since sentence was given. Since he died, they have made proclamation that no man, upon pain of I know not what, shall presume to proclaim his son Prince Charles, King; and this is all I have yet heard of this sad day's work."

It is not a little curious to find, on more than one occasion, "the Lord Protector taking the air in St. James's Park in a sedan." It was here, too, —the day before it was agreed upon that the Parliament should make him the splendid offer of the crown of the Plantagenets,—that Cromwell led those bigoted and uncompromising Republicans, Fleetwood and Desborough, and, taking them into one of the retired walks of the Park, endeavoured by every argument to induce them to connive at his ambitious views. "He drolled with them," we are told, "about monarchy; said that it was but a feather in a man's cap; and wondered

that men would not please children, and permit them to enjoy their rattle." Fleetwood and Desborough were both the near connexions of the great Protector; the former having married his daughter, and the latter his sister. In vain, however, he appealed to their feelings, their prejudices, their ambition. The conversation terminated by both tendering him their commissions: they were resolved, they said, never to serve a *King;* they saw the evils which would follow the elevation of their illustrious kinsman to the throne; and they added, that, though they certainly would not bear arms against him, yet they felt it a duty hereafter to decline carrying them in his service. Cromwell, it seems, laughed off the affair; called them "a couple of precise, scrupulous fellows," and took his leave.

Cromwell was at this period in the pride and zenith of his greatness, but the Marquis of Ormond, in a letter dated the 13th of March, 1656, draws a very different picture of him as he appeared in St. James's Park at the close of his extraordinary career. It was when the threatened approach of death; the torments occasioned by a miserable disease; the failure of his fondest schemes, and the terrors of assassination, rendered life almost a burden. "Some say," writes Lord Ormond, "that the Protector is many times like one distracted; and in these fits he will run round about the house and into the garden, or else ride out with very little company, which he never doth when com-

posed and free from disorder. Friday last a friend met him in St. James's Park, with only one man with him, and in a distempered carriage. If any people offered to deliver him petitions or the like, he refused, and told them he had other things to think of. Fleetwood was in the Park at the same time, but walked at a distance, not daring to approach him in his passion, which, they say, was occasioned by some carriage of Lambert's: this you may give credit to."*

Cromwell expired in the neighbouring palace of Whitehall, and it was during the frightful storm which howled round his death-bed on the night that he died, that many of the ancient trees in St. James's Park were uprooted. It is to this memorable storm that Waller alludes in his fine monody on the death of Cromwell:—

> We must resign! Heaven his great soul doth claim,
> In storms as loud as his immortal fame,
> His dying groans; his last breath shakes our isle,
> And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile:
> About his palace their broad roots are tost
> Into the air. So Romulus was lost!
> And Rome in such a tempest lost her King,
> And from obeying, fell to worshipping.

In the pages of Pepys will be found many curious notices of St. James's Park, from the time that Charles the Second commenced his improvements there under the direction of Le Notre, till the Mall became the established lounging-place of the merry monarch and his gay court. We will select

* Carte's "Collection of Orig. Letters."

some scattered passages from the "Diary" of the gossiping chronicler:—"1660, July 22nd. Went to walk in the inward Park, but could not get in; one man was basted by the keeper for carrying some people over on his back through the water."—"Sept. 16th. To the Park, where I saw how far they had proceeded in the Pall Mall, and in making a river through the Park, which I had never seen before since it was begun."—"Oct. 11th. To walk in St. James's Park, where we observed the several engines at work to draw up water, with which sight I was very much pleased."—"1661, April 2nd. To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pall Mall, the first time that ever I saw the sport."—"August 4th. Walked into St. James's Park (where I had not been a great while), and there found great and very noble alterations."—"1662, July 27th. I went to walk in the Park, which is now every day more and more pleasant by the new works upon it."—"December 15th. To the Duke, and followed him into the Park, where, though the ice was broken, he would go slide upon his skates, which I did not like, but he slides very well."

Fourteen days before the date of the last extract, we find Evelyn writing in his "Diary:"—"1662, December 1st. Saw the strange and wonderful dexterity of the sliders on the new canal in St. James's Park performed before their Majesties by divers gentlemen and others with skates, after the manner of the Hollanders, with what a swiftness they

pause, how suddenly they stop in full career upon the ice." From these extracts, it is evident that the art of skating had been acquired by Charles and his gay followers, during the time that the former held his exiled court in the Low Countries, and that it was introduced by them into England at the Restoration. From a passage in Swift's "Journal to Stella," it would seem that more than half a century afterwards, the art was still comparatively unknown. In January, 1711, he writes,—"Delicate walking weather, and the canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble, sliding, and with skates, if you know what that is."

In the time of the Commonwealth, when the ground to the north of St. James's Park consisted of open fields, the game of pall mall, to which we find Pepys alluding, was played, as appears by a plan of St. James's palace printed in 1660, on the site of the present Pall Mall. We have already mentioned, that the paling of the park originally ran where the line of the houses on the south side now stand, and it was against this paling that the game was anciently played. When Charles the Second, after the Restoration, removed the boundary of the Park to its present site, namely, the garden-walls of St. James's and Marlborough House, the game was played between the avenue of trees nearest to St. James's palace, adjoining the present carriage-road. This fact we find established by a very curious print in the supplementary volume to Lord Lansdowne's works printed by Walthoe, in

1732, and also in a passage of the well-known letters from Sheffield Duke of Buckingham to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in which he vaunts the splendours and advantages of his newly-erected mansion (on the site of the present Buckingham Palace), and describes the rows of trees planted by Charles the Second as forming an admirable approach to his new abode. "The avenues to this house," he writes, "are along St. James's Park, through rows of goodly elms on one hand, and gay flourishing limes on the other; that for coaches, this for walking, with the Mall lying betwixt them."

The Mall, it is needless to remark, derives its name from the game of pall mall, which, in its turn, probably, borrowed its designation from the words *pellere malleo*, to strike with a mallet or racket. The ground on which it was played was a narrow strip, between two rows of trees, extending about half a mile, enclosed on each side, as appears by the print we have already referred to, by a border of wood, on which, at regular distances, numbers were inscribed to denote the progress of the game. Of the sport itself, indeed, we know little more than that it consisted of striking a ball through an iron ring suspended from a hoop. From Pepys we learn that the ground was kept with great care. "1663, May 15th. I walked in the Park, discoursing with the keeper of the pall mall, who was sweeping it, and who told me that the earth is mixed that do floor the mall, and that over all there is cockle-shells powdered and spread to keep it fast,

which, however, in dry weather turns to dust and deads the ball." The person who had the care of the ground was called the King's "Cockle Strewer."

Charles the Second, in the early part of his reign, was constantly to be seen playing at pall mall in St. James's Park, and, if we are to place any faith in the adulatory lines of Waller, was extremely expert at the game.

> Here a well-polished mall gives us the joy,
> To see our Prince his matchless force employ;
> His manly posture and his graceful mien,
> Vigour and youth in all his motions seen;
> His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
> Confirm our hopes, we shall obey him long.
> No sooner has he touched the flying ball,
> But 't is already more than half the mall;
> And such a fury from his arm has got,
> As from a smoking culverin it were shot.

Charles the Second loved walking almost as much as his brother James delighted in riding, and as he could easily pass from the palace of Whitehall into St. James's Park, the latter became his almost daily resort. Pepys mentions his passing an hour in the Park, seeing the King and the Duke of York "come to see their fowl play," and Cibber says, in his "Apology for his Life," "The King's indolent amusement of playing with his dogs and feeding his ducks in St. James's Park, which I have seen him do, made the common people adore him." The freedom with which Charles mingled with his subjects is so well known, that the perusal of the following extract of an order issued in 1671, rather takes us by surprise.

"An officer of our horse-guards is always to attend, and follow next our person, when we walk abroad, or pass up and down from one place to another, as well within doors as without, excepting always our bedchamber." This order was issued about the same time that Blood made his daring attempt on the crown jewels. Whether, however, it originated in any apprehension of personal danger, or merely from the people pressing on the King in his walks, it is now difficult to ascertain.

Coke, the author of the well-known "Memoirs," mentions a particular occasion when he was in attendance on the King, during one of his customary walks in St. James's Park. Charles, as is well known, took a considerable interest in the numerous birds with which the Park was stocked, and delighted in feeding them with his own hand. One day, having concluded his walk, he was proceeding in the direction of Whitehall, when, at the western end of the Mall, he encountered Prince Rupert, whom he invited to accompany him to the palace. "The King," says Coke, (who was near enough to overhear the conversation,) "told the Prince how he had shot a duck, and such a dog fetched it; and so they walked on till the King came to St. James's House, and there the King said to the Prince, 'Let's go and see Cambridge and Kendal,' the Duke of York's two sons, who then lay a-dying. But upon his return to Whitehall he found all in an uproar; the Countess of Castlemaine, as it was said, bewailing above all others, that she should be

the first torn to pieces." It appears that the startling news of the Dutch fleet having sailed up the Medway had just been received at the palace.

There are few who are in the habit of passing through St. James's Park, who have not at times called to mind the passage in Evelyn's "Diary," in which the amiable and virtuous philosopher describes himself shocked at witnessing a curious dalliance between Charles the Second and Nell Gwynne. The house of the charming actress in Pall Mall had been built for her by her royal lover, and her garden extended to the mall in St. James's Park. Evelyn writes, on the first of March, 1671, "I walked with the King through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between Mrs. Nelly, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and * * * * * * * standing on the green walk under. I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the King walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure and curse of our nation."

We may mention one more passage which connects St. James's Park with the merry reign of Charles the Second,—namely, a graphic description by Pepys of a court cavalcade returning to Whitehall. "1663, July 13. I met the Queen-mother walking in the Pall Mall led by my Lord St. Albans; and finding many coaches at the gate, I found upon inquiry that the Duchess is brought to bed of a boy; and hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the

ladies of honour to the Park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also stayed, walking up and down. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*) mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here also my Lady Castlemaine rode amongst the rest of the ladies; but the King took no notice of her; nor when she alighted did anybody press (as she seemed to expect and stayed for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentlemen. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet is very handsome but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as speak or smile to anybody. I followed them into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying them on one another's heads, and laughing."

From the days of Charles the Second we readily pass to those of Queen Anne. From that most interesting series of letters, the "Journal to Stella," we learn that the Mall in St. James's Park was the favourite resort of Swift, and that here many of the most remarkable men of the Augustan age of England were the frequent companions of his walks. We will select a few passages from the "Journal." 1711, Feb. 8.—I walked in the Park to-day in spite of the weather, as I do every day when it does not

actually rain." "March 21.—The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner, and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy: Mr. Prior walks to make himself fat, and I to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold: we often walk round the Park together." "May 15.—My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall Mall, out at Buckingham House, and so to Chelsea, a little beyond the Church. I set out about sunset, and get there in something less than an hour: it is two good miles, and just 5748 steps. When I pass the Mall in the evening, it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry shame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use but to be laid aside." "1712, March 9.—I walked in the Park this evening, and came home early to avoid the Mohocks." "March 16.—Lord Winchelsea told me to-day at court, that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchelsea's, at the door of their house in the Park, with a candle, who had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face and beat her without any provocation." "December 27.—I met Mr. Addison and Pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terribly dry and cold."

But unquestionably the most remarkable person who is mentioned by Swift as one of his companions in his walks in the Mall, was the young and accom-

plished Secretary of State, Henry St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke. Swift writes on the 24th of August, 1711. "Lord Radnor and I were walking the Mall this evening, and Mr. Secretary met us and took a turn or two and then stole away, and we both believe it was to pick up some wench, and tomorrow he will be at the cabinet with the Queen: so goes the world!" But this was not the only occasion when the immorality of the libertine statesman distinguished itself in St. James's Park. "I have spoken to an old man," says Goldsmith, "who assured me that he saw him and one of his companions run naked through the Park in a fit of intoxication; but then it was a time when public decency might be transgressed with less danger than at present." "His youth," writes Lord Chesterfield, "was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he most licentiously triumphed, disclaiming all decorum. His fine imagination has often been heated and exhausted with his body in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night, and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagance of frantic Bacchanals."

St. James's Park is connected with one other illustrious name in the reign of Queen Anne. At the time when the great Duke of Marlborough was in the zenith of his unpopularity, we find a Mrs. White writing as follows to a Mrs. Mason:—"On the birth-day of the Queen, the Duke of Marlborough was in a chair in St. James's Park, with the curtains drawn. The mob, that believed it to

be the Prince Eugene, huzzaed the chair; but the Duke modestly drew back the curtains and put himself out, and with a sign shewed his dislike to the salutation. The mob, finding their mistake, and that it was he, cried out, 'Stop, thief,' which was a thorough mortification to him. His daughters, that day, to shew their contempt of the Court, were in wrapping-gowns in a window at St. James's, to see the company pass, two of them, and the other two drove through the Pall Mall four times, in the worst of mob-dress they could put themselves. *The Duke was in a black suit that day, and his son-in-law, the Duke of Montague, was at Court in a plain coarse red coat, with a long shoulder-knot, in ridicule of the day;* but the Queen had the satisfaction to see the most splendid Court that ever was, and crowded, more than ever, by all the church, nobility, and gentry. My Lord Marlborough finds his levees much thinner than they were, and daily less and less. The people are disgusted at him."* The author of this work witnessed a scene in St. James's Park, where a noble Duke of our own time, scarcely less illustrious as a general than the Duke of Marlborough, was hooted and even pelted by a rabble, on the same ground, perhaps, on which the great Marlborough had been subjected, more than a century before, to similar indignities.

Marlborough House,—a tribute of gratitude from the people of England to the great Duke,—was built on a part of the gardens attached to St.

* Macpherson's "Original Papers."

James's Palace, at the expense of 40,000*l.* It originally consisted of only two stories; the present upper story having been added by George, fourth Duke of Marlborough, who also constructed the large apartment on the ground-floor. There are few persons, who take an interest in the history of the last age, who can pass by Marlborough House without calling to mind many remarkable passages in the history of the great warrior and of his beautiful and high-spirited duchess, of which this interesting mansion was the scene. Here, too, it was that the remains of the illustrious Duke were removed from Windsor Park where he died; and from hence they were conveyed in great state to Westminster Abbey. The cavalcade moved from Marlborough House along St. James's Park, and up Constitution Hill, to Hyde Park Corner, and from thence through Piccadilly and Pall Mall, by Charing Cross, to Westminster. At the entrance to the Abbey, the body was received with a blaze of torches, and the funeral ceremony was not rendered the less impressive from the fine voice, and dignified delivery of Bishop Atterbury, then Dean of Westminster, who performed the service.

After the death of her husband, his imperious widow proposed,—instead of the present insignificant entrance in Pall Mall,—to pull down the adjoining house in that street, and thus form a fine approach immediately in front of the mansion. The house, however, which she was desirous of pur-

chasing for this purpose, was bought by Sir Robert Walpole, who by this means anticipated her design.* Personally detesting Sir Robert from the different sides which they took in politics, she was not the less enraged against him for interfering with her domestic comforts; and when subsequently, at his presumed instigation, she was excluded from the right, which she had previously enjoyed in the reign of Queen Anne, of driving in St. James's Park, her indignation knew no bounds. There is extant a curious letter addressed by the Duchess to Dr. Hare in 1726, in which, among other grievances, she especially dwells on the hardship of her equipage being excluded from the Park. "I am now come," she writes, "to what Sir Robert says concerning my being forbid that small privilege of going through St. James's Park, which the late Queen never took from me, even when the ministers, for their own interest, made her angry with me. Whether the King spoke first to Sir Robert, or he advised it himself, makes no difference to me. I think it was unreasonable for St. James's Park to be made like a street; but considering the situation of my house, and how very modestly I had made use of the liberty that was given me, I thought I might have hoped, from the services that I had always endeavoured to do Sir Robert, when I had power, that he would not have allowed the Duke of Buckingham's widow a greater favour than the Duke of Marlborough's,

* Noorthouck's "Hist. of London."

since her house is as near Hyde Park and Westminster as mine, and has both ways a better going to it than mine has from the Pall Mall, through a narrow place that sometimes, from the encroachments people have made, a coach and six horses can hardly get out; and what makes this the more extraordinary is, that Sir Robert Walpole told me himself that the Duchess of Buckingham had wrote so impertinent a letter to the King, that she was not to be allowed to go through the Park; yet after that she was allowed to go through every part of the Park, as much as the Royal Family does; and what I aimed at was only to go sometimes when my health required it, to take the air. Mrs. Dunch has been likewise permitted the same favour, who lives at Whitehall. When I found the Duchess of Buckingham went through (being so ill that I could not bear the jolting of a coach upon the stones when I wanted to take the air), I wrote to the Princess to obtain this favour for me. She wrote to me in half-an-hour, with a great deal of goodness, and would not send me a refusal till she had tried several times, and there is no doubt but Sir Robert knew this, who might have prevented me troubling her Royal Highness at all (as it was natural for any man that had any gentlemanlike qualities), by asking the King's leave long before anything of this happened; and he certainly should have done it without giving me any trouble but to thank him for his civility, for it was a small favour, and what some ministers formerly would

have thought right to have done upon their master's account, without any view of obliging me in it." *

These allusions to the exclusiveness of St. James's Park, in the reign of George the First, are not a little curious; but it is still more remarkable to find the Queen of King George the Second entertaining a serious intention of excluding the public altogether from the Park, and converting it into a garden, which was to be an appanage to the palace. When this project was first contemplated by her, she inquired of Sir Robert Walpole what he considered would be the cost of the undertaking? "*Madam*," was the significant reply, "*only three crowns*."

Horace Walpole has bequeathed us a curious anecdote in connection with Marlborough House and its imperious mistress. When, in 1734, the Prince of Orange arrived in England for the purpose of espousing the Princess Anne, daughter of George the Second, a large boarded gallery was erected, for the convenience of the company, in the court-yard of St. James's, between the windows of the principal drawing-room and the German Chapel. The ceremony being delayed in consequence of the Prince being seized with illness, and the physicians ordering him to Bath for the benefit of his health, the gallery, for several weeks, was allowed to remain, darkening the windows of Marlborough House. Alluding to this circumstance, the Duchess observed, with some humour, to one

* "Private Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough."

of her friends:—"I wonder when my neighbour George will take away his *orange-chest.*" According to Walpole, the gallery nearly resembled the article to which the Duchess compared it. It was at Marlborough House that the celebrated Duchess breathed her last in 1744.

The Mall in St. James's Park continued to be the most fashionable promenade in London as late as 1750, if not at a much later period. In a letter to George Montagu, dated June 23, 1750, Horace Walpole describes the gay scene in his happiest manner. "I had a card," he writes, "from Lady Caroline Petersham to go with her to Vauxhall. I went accordingly to her house, and found her and the little Ashe, or the *Pollard Ashe*, as they call her; they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them. We issued into the Mall to assemble our company, which was all the town, if we could get it; for just so many had been summoned, except Harry Vane, whom we met by chance. We mustered the Duke of Kingston, with whom Lady Caroline says she has been toying for these seven years; but, alas! his beauty is at the fall of the leaf; Lord March, Mr. Whithead, a pretty Miss Beauclerc, and a very foolish Miss Sparre. These two damsels were trusted by their mother, for the first time of their lives, to the matronly care of Lady Caroline. As we sailed up the Mall with all our colours flying, Lord Petersham, with his hose and legs twisted to every point of crossness, strode by us on

the outside, and repassed again on the return. At the end of the Mall she called to him; he would not answer: she gave a familiar spring, and, between laugh and confusion, ran up to him, 'My Lord, my Lord! why, you don't see us!' We advanced at a little distance, not a little awkward in expectation how all this would end, for my Lord never stirred his hat, or took the least notice of anybody; she said, 'do you go with us, *or are you going anywhere else?*'—'I don't go with you, I am going *somewhere else*;' and away he stalked, as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first."

We are tempted to transcribe the sequel of the evening's adventure, even though it compels us to follow the gay party as far as Vauxhall. "We got into the best order we could," adds Walpole, "and marched to our barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. We paraded some time up the river, and at last debarked at Vauxhall; there, if we had so pleased, we might have had the vivacity of our party increased by a quarrel; for a Mrs. Lloyd, who is supposed to be married to Lord Haddington, seeing the two girls following Lady Petersham and Miss Ashe, said aloud, 'Poor girls, I am sorry to see them in such bad company!' Miss Sparre, who desired nothing so much as the fun of seeing a duel, —a thing which, though she is fifteen, she has never been so lucky to see,—took due pains to make Lord March resent this; but he, who is very lively and agreeable, laughed her out of this charming

frolic with a great deal of humour. Here we picked up Lord Granby, arrived very drunk from Jenny's Whim;* where, instead of going to old Strafford's catacombs to make honourable love, he had dined with Lady Fanny, and left her and eight other women and four other men playing at brag. He would fain have made over his honourable love upon any terms to poor Miss Beauclerc, who is very modest, and who did not know what to do at all with his whispers or his hands. He then addressed himself to the Sparre, who was very well disposed to receive both; but the tide of champagne turned; he hiccuped at the reflection of his marriage (of which he is wondrous sick), and only proposed to the girl to shut themselves up and rail at the world for three weeks. If all the adventures don't conclude as you expect in the beginning of a paragraph, you must not wonder, for I am not making a history, but relating one strictly as it happened, and I think with full entertainment enough to content you. At last we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens in a China dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laugh-

* A tavern at the end of the wooden bridge, at Chelsea, at that time much frequented by men of fashion.

ing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about our ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit-girl, with hampers of strawberries and cherries from Rogers's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction. There was a Mr. O'Brien arrived from Ireland, who would get the Duchess of Manchester from Mr. Hussey, if she were still at liberty. I took up the biggest hautboy on the dish, and said to Lady Caroline, 'Madam, Miss Ashe desires you would eat this O'Brien strawberry:' she replied immediately, 'I won't, you *hussey*.' You may imagine the laugh this reply occasioned. After the tempest was a little calmed, the Pollard said, 'Now, how anybody would spoil this story that was to repeat it, and say, I won't, you jade.' In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you may easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden; so much so, that, from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one, we had the whole concourse round our booth: at last, they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper, and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home."

Spring Gardens, at the east end of the Mall in St. James's Park, derives its name from certain gardens, or pleasure-grounds, which were laid out here about the reign of James the First, and in

which there were several springs of excellent water. It is remarkable that every house in what is called "Spring Garden Terrace," has still a well attached to it. In the reign of Charles the First, we find a servant of the crown licensed to keep an ordinary and bowling-green in the Spring Gardens.

The bowling-green in Spring Gardens was the frequent resort of the unfortunate Charles the First. When his celebrated favourite, the first Villiers Duke of Buckingham, was in the height of his unpopularity, Charles was one day sauntering with him in the Spring Gardens, watching his favourite game of bowls, when they were approached by a Scotchman, who for some time had been narrowly watching them. Of all the company, the haughty Buckingham was the only person who retained his hat on his head in the presence of his sovereign. The Scotchman, having first of all kissed the Duke's hand, suddenly snatched off his hat, exclaiming, "Off with your hat before the King." Buckingham, we are told, instantly gave the Scotchman a kick, and probably in his wrath would have proceeded to further lengths had not the King interposed. "Let him alone, George," he said, "he is either mad or a fool." "No, Sir," said the offender, "I am a sober man, and if your Majesty would give me leave, I will tell you *that* of this man which many know, and none dare speak."*

About six years after this singular occurrence, we find the amusements in the Spring Gardens sup-

* D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

pressed by royal command. Mr. Garrard writes to the Earl of Stafford in 1634; "The bowling-green in the Spring Gardens was put down one day by the King's command; but by the intercession of the Queen it was reopened for this year; but hereafter it shall be no common bowling-place. There was kept an ordinary of six shillings a meal (where the King's proclamation allows but two elsewhere), continual bibbing and drinking under all trees; two or three quarrels every week. It was grown scandalous and insufferable; besides my Lord Digby, being apprehended for striking in the King's garden, he said he took it for a common bowling-place." From a subsequent letter from Mr. Garrard, we find that the King's edict was carried rigorously into effect. "Since the Spring Garden," he writes, "was put down, we have, by a servant of the Lord Chamberlain's, a new Spring Garden erected in the fields behind the Meuse, where is built a fair house and two bowling-greens, made to entertain gamesters and bowlers to an excessive rate, for I believe it has cost him 400*l.*, a dear undertaking for a gentleman barber."

The Spring Gardens could have remained closed only a few years, for, in 1649, we find Evelyn "treating divers ladies of his relations" here. However, after the death of Charles the First, the public were again excluded from them. Evelyn writes, "Lady Oliver Gerrard treated us at Mulberry Garden, now the only place of refreshment about the town for persons of the best quality to be exceed-

ingly cheated at, Cromwell and his partisans having shut up and seized on Spring Gardens, which till now had been the usual rendezvous for ladies and gallants at this season." We have already mentioned that Charles the First, when on his way to the scaffold, pointed out a tree in Spring Gardens as having been planted by his brother Henry. There is a tradition also, that, on the same melancholy occasion, he stopped to drink a glass of water at one of the springs.

At the Restoration of Charles the Second, the Spring Gardens were reopened with increased incentives to extravagance and profligacy, and, during the reign of the merry monarch, continued to be the favourite resort of his gay courtiers. In connection with the annals of gallantry in the reign of Charles, Count Hamilton, in his "Mémoires de Grammont," gives an account of a remarkable fracas which took place here between Henry Jermyn, nephew of the Earl of St. Albans, and Thomas Howard, brother of the Earl of Carlisle. They were rival candidates for the favours of the beautiful but profligate Countess of Shrewsbury, whose husband was afterwards killed in the memorable duel with the second Villiers Duke of Buckingham, on which occasion she is said to have held the horse of her paramour in the dress of a page, and afterwards to have slept with him in his bloody shirt. "Lady Shrewsbury," writes Count Hamilton, "inconsiderately returning the first ogles of the invincible Jermyn, did not make herself more agreeable to

Howard: this, however, she paid little attention to; yet, as she designed to keep fair with him, she consented to accept an entertainment which he had often proposed, and which she could no longer refuse. A place of amusement, called Spring Garden, was fixed upon for the scene of this entertainment. As soon as the party was settled, Jermyn was privately informed of it. Howard had a company in the guards, and one of the soldiers of his company played pretty well on the bagpipes: this soldier was therefore at the entertainment. Jermyn was at the garden as by chance, and, puffed up with his former successes, he trusted to his victorious air for accomplishing this last enterprise. He no sooner appeared on the walks than her ladyship shewed herself upon the balcony.

"I know not how she stood affected to her hero; but Howard did not fancy him much. This did not prevent his coming up stairs upon the first sign she made to him; and not content with acting the petty tyrant at an entertainment not made for himself, no sooner had he gained the soft looks of the fair one than he exhausted all his common-place and stock of low irony in railing at the entertainment and ridiculing the music. Howard had but little turn for raillery, and still less patience. Three times was the banquet on the point of being stained with blood, but as often did he suppress his natural impetuosity in order to satisfy his resentment elsewhere with greater freedom. Jermyn, without paying the least regard to his ill-humour, pursued his point,

continued talking to Lady Shrewsbury, and did not leave her until the repast was ended. He went to bed proud of his triumph, and was waked next morning by a challenge. He took for his second Giles Rawlings, a man of intrigue and a deep player. Howard took Dillon, who was dexterous and brave, much of a gentleman, and, unfortunately, an intimate friend of Rawlings. In this duel fortune did not side with the votaries of love: poor Rawlings was left stone dead; and Jermyn, having received three wounds, was carried to his uncle's, with very little signs of life."

In the time of the Commonwealth Milton had a house in Charing Cross which overlooked the Spring Gardens. It was also at his house in Spring Gardens that Prince Rupert breathed his last, on the 29th of November, 1684. Here, also, died the celebrated dramatic writer, Mrs. Centlivre, whose genius and strange adventures have rendered her name so familiar to us.

From Spring Gardens let us pass down the Mall to Buckingham Palace. Not far from the present Buckingham Gate stood Tart Hall, and the Mulberry Garden; the latter being planted in 1609, by order of James the First, with the view of producing silk in England. With this object he caused several ship-loads of mulberry trees to be imported from France; and, in 1629, we find a grant made to Walter, Lord Aston, appointing him to "the custody of the garden, mulberry-trees, and silk-worms, near St. James's, in the county of Middlesex."

The speculation proving a failure, the Mulberry Garden, within a few years, was converted into a place of fashionable amusement. Dr. King writes, about the time of the Protectorate,—

> The fate of things lies always in the dark:
> What cavalier would know St. James's Park?
> For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring,
> And wild ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing;
> A princely palace on that space does rise,
> Where Sudley's noble muse found mulberries.

The Mulberry Garden, according to Malone, was the favourite resort of the immortal Dryden, where he used to eat mulberry tarts with his mistress, Mrs. Anne Reeve.

> Nor he, whose essence, wit, and taste, approved,
> Forget the *mulberry-tarts* which Dryden loved.
> *Pursuits of Literature.*

The "princely palace" alluded to in Dr. King's verses was doubtless Tart Hall, which was built in 1638, by Nicholas Stone, for Alathea, Countess of Arundel. After her death it became the residence of her ill-fated son, William Lord Stafford, one of the victims of the perjuries of Titus Oates during the Popish plot of 1680. From this nobleman, Stafford Place and Stafford Row, Pimlico,—which stand on the site of part of the garden,—derive their names. In the old mansion were preserved the famous Arundel marbles; and it was in the garden that they were buried during the excitement occasioned by the Popish Plot, it being dreaded that they would fall a sacrifice to the fury of the

mob, whose ignorance taught them to believe that they were images of popish saints.

On the site of the present Buckingham Palace, stood Arlington House, the residence of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, one of the famous *Cabal* in the reign of Charles the Second, and the "Achitophel" of Dryden's immortal poem.

> For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
> Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
> Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
> In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace;
> A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
> Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
> And o'er-informed the tenement of clay, &c.

Arlington House was pulled down by the no less celebrated John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who erected on its site, in 1703, the vast mansion, which, within the last few years, has been displaced by the present Buckingham Palace. His mode of living in his princely residence; its advantages and unusual splendour; as well as his own personal habits; the Duke has himself described in a well-known letter, which he addressed to the Duke of Shrewsbury.* Here it was that he died, and from hence his remains were conveyed with great magnificence, to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, at Westminster.

After the death of the Duke, Buckingham House became the residence of his widow, the fantastic Catherine Darnley, illegitimate daughter of James the Second, by the celebrated Catherine Sedley,

* See works of Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, vol. ii.

Countess of Dorchester. Here it was, on each anniversary of the execution of her grandfather, Charles the First, that she was accustomed to hold a solemn fast day; when, surrounded by a theatrical display of mournful grandeur, she received her guests in the great drawing-room of Buckingham House; the Duchess herself being seated in a chair of state, clad in the deepest mourning, surrounded by her women, as black and dismal-looking as herself. Here, too, it was, that this eccentric lady breathed her last. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, the day following her death; — "Princess Buckingham is dead or dying: she has sent for Mr. Anstis, and settled the ceremonial of her burial. On Saturday she was so ill that she feared dying before the pomp was come home. She said, 'Why don't they send the canopy for me to see? Let them send it though all the tassels are not finished.' But yesterday was the greatest stroke of all. She made her *ladies* vow to her, that if she should lie senseless, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead." By her own directions she was buried with great pomp in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where there was formerly a waxen figure of her, adorned with jewels, prepared in her life-time by her own hands. In 1761, Buckingham House was purchased by the Crown for twenty-one thousand pounds, and was settled upon Queen Charlotte for her life.

James Street, Buckingham Gate, overlooking St. James's Park, is not without interest. It was in

one of the houses in this street, that the well-known historian, Bishop Kennett, expired; and it was in another that the secret interview took place between the great Duke of Marlborough, and the celebrated Harley, Earl of Oxford, when the discovery of the disgraceful negotiations between the Duke and the French King placed the life of the former in the hands of the English minister. The curious fact of their secret interview was related by Erasmus Lewis, the faithful secretary of Lord Oxford, to Carte, the historian. "They had a meeting," says the latter, "at Thomas Harley's house, in James Street, Westminster; Oxford coming to the street door in his coach, the Duke of Marlborough in a chair to the garden door opening into the Park. It was then resolved that the Duke of Marlborough should go abroad." The truth of this story is corroborated by Dalrymple, on the authority of Gordon, the principal of the Scots College at Paris, who asserted that the Earl of Oxford,—under pretence of being in the interests of the exiled family,—got possession of the original letter addressed by Marlborough to the ex-king, James the Second, in which he traitorously communicated the expedition projected by the English government against Brest. "It is known," writes Dalrymple, "that there was a private meeting between the Duke and Lord Oxford, at Mr. Thomas Harley's house, to which the Duke came by a back-door; immediately after which, he quitted England." Such is a part of the secret history of the circumstances which led to the memorable exile of

the great Duke of Marlborough, at the close of the reign of Queen Anne.

At No. 2, James Street, lived Glover, the author of "Leonidas," and I believe this is the same house which was afterwards occupied by Gifford, the translator of "Juvenal," and editor of the "Quarterly Review."

The ground between James Street and Tothill Street, Westminster, was formerly known as Petty France. Here it was, on quitting his residence in Scotland Yard, that Milton removed to a "garden house," opening into St. James's Park, next door to the Lord Scudamore's; here it was that he lost his second wife, who died in childbed, and to whose death we owe one of the most beautiful of his sonnets;—

> Methought I saw my late espoused saint,
> Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave, &c.

and here it was that the great poet became totally blind. Milton resided in Petty France, from 1652, till within a short time before the Restoration of Charles the Second, in 1660; when, foreseeing the danger which awaited him in the event of a change of dynasty, he sought refuge in the house of a friend in Bartholomew Close. Here he remained concealed till he found himself included in the general amnesty, when he removed to a house in Holborn, near Red Lion Square, and shortly afterwards to Jewin Street.

Close to the spot which must have been the site of Milton's residence is Queen's Square, where the

celebrated Jeremy Bentham lived and died; and a little to the east is Storey's Gate, formerly called Storehouse Gate, from a storehouse of the ordnance having formerly stood here. Almost immediately facing Buckingham Palace, and adjoining Storey's Gate, the houses on the western side of Duke Street, Westminster, look into the Park. The Chapel,—a conspicuous object as we pass from the Birdcage Walk,—was originally a wing of the mansion of the infamous Judge Jeffries, and it was by the particular favour of his sovereign, James the Second, that he was allowed to construct the flight of steps, which still lead into the Park. The house in Duke Street was afterwards purchased by the Government from the son of Lord Jeffries, and was used as the Admiralty Office, till the erection of the present unsightly building in Whitehall.

Let us pass from the Park through Storey's Gate into Westminster.

KING STREET, WESTMINSTER,—ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH.

WESTMINSTER, KING STREET.—RESIDENCE OF SPENSER, CAREW, LORD DORSET, CROMWELL.—GREAT PLAGUE.—MRS. OLDFIELD.—DOWNING STREET.—GARDINER'S LANE.—CANNON ROW.—ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH.—THE SANCTUARY.

THE old city of Westminster,—with its venerable Abbey, its remains of the ancient palace of the Saxon Kings, and its gloomy and narrow streets, once the residence of peers, courtiers, and poets, —constitutes, perhaps, the most interesting district of the great metropolis. We have the Sanctuary, too, famous in history,—the beautiful but mouldering cloisters of the old Abbey,—the Almonry, anciently called the Eleemosynary, where the monks distributed alms to the poor, and where Caxton, under the auspices of Bishop Islip, established the first printing-press in England; and, lastly, we have still left to us Westminster Hall, with all its host of historical associations.

Fashion,—or rather an entire change in the rank and character of its inhabitants,—has revolutionized the aspect of the streets of Westminster far more than time. It was only yesterday that the author made a pilgrimage through its confined streets and

dingy alleys, and, with one single exception, he found every street which he was in search of, bearing the same name by which it was distinguished two centuries ago. Milton, Spenser, Herrick, Ben Jonson, Davenant, Dorset,—with how many of the greatest or the sweetest of our national poets are those streets associated! To the author, the most pleasing part of his labours, in composing the present work, has been to search out the haunts,—and they generally comprise the calamities,—of departed genius,

Free from the crowd, each hallowed spot I roam,
Where genius found a death-bed or a home;
While memory lingers on each honoured name,
Through life despised, yet heirs to endless fame;
Children of fancy, famine, and despair,
Whose drink was tears, whose daily bread was care;
Ambition's playthings, o'er whose sacred dust
Relenting Time has reared the tardy bust.
Here Dryden's genius soared its lofty flight,
There fancy blazed through Milton's darkened sight;
These walls still speak of Goldsmith's mournful tale;
Here Spenser starved; there Rushworth died in jail;
Here Otway's fate yon frowning Tower recalls;
Here Gay was nursed in Queensberry's ducal halls;—
Those walls, where Prior was beloved of yore,
Received with rapture one true poet more.
Here, in this chamber, Congreve's hours were blest,
With blooming Wortley for his evening guest;
Here Oldfield's beaming eyes and quiet mirth
Threw love and laughter o'er the poet's hearth;
Here flashed his wit, and here the poet died,
Marlborough's young Duchess weeping by his side;
Reversed for him the bard's proverbial doom,
Through life beloved, and wept o'er in the tomb. J. H. J.

Previous to the building of the present Par-

liament Street, late in the last century, King Street constituted the only thoroughfare between the cities of London and Westminster; and such was its miserable state, that, to a late period,—on the days on which the sovereign opened or dissolved Parliament,—faggots were thrown into the ruts to render the passage of the ponderous state-coach more easy. When we consider this circumstance, it is not a little curious, in glancing over the "New View of London," published in 1708, to find King Street dignified as "*the most spacious street and principal for trade* in Westminster, being between the gate at the south end of the Privy Garden and the Abbey Yard." It may be mentioned that the gate, here alluded to, was not the one designed by Holbein,—which we shall describe in our notices of Whitehall,—but a smaller one which spanned King Street, immediately to the north of where Downing Street now stands. The latter originally formed a part of the palace of Whitehall, and in the reign of Charles the First contained the apartments of the beautiful and intriguing Mary Countess of Buckingham, the mother of the great favourite, George Villiers Duke of Buckingham. She died in the "Gatehouse Whitehall," in 1632, and from hence her body was conveyed with great pomp to Westminster Abbey, where it lies beside the murdered remains of her ill-fated son.

King Street is replete with interesting associations. Either in this gloomy thoroughfare, or in the streets which diverge from it, have lived or

died many illustrious persons whose names are familiar to us in the literary or historical annals of our country; moreover, through this mean thoroughfare, the majority of our Kings, since the Conquest, have passed to their coronations at Westminster, and not a few of them subsequently to their tombs in the Abbey.

The first illustrious name with which King Street is associated, is that of Edmund Spenser. When Tyrone's rebellion burst forth in Ireland, in 1598, the political opinions of the great poet rendered him so obnoxious to the infuriated insurgents, that his only hope for safety was in an immediate flight. He had scarcely turned his back on his beloved home at Kilcolman, when the rebels took possession of it; his goods were carried off; the house was set on fire, and an infant child, whom he had been compelled to leave behind in the confusion of his flight, perished in the flames. Ruined and broken-hearted, the great poet flew to England, and, on his arrival in the vast metropolis, took up his abode in a small inn or lodging-house in King Street, Westminster. The circumstances of his end are too painful to reflect upon. Drummond of Hawthornden tells us in his "Conversations with Ben Jonson;"—"Ben Jonson told me that Spenser's goods were robbed by the Irish in Tyrone's rebellion; his house and a little child of his burnt; and he and his wife *merely escaped;* that he afterwards died in King Street *by absolute want of bread;* and that he refused twenty pieces sent him by the Earl

of Essex, and gave this answer to the person who brought them,—'*that he was sure he had no time to spend them.*'"

Such was the end of that great poet, of whom Dryden said, "No man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to support it;" whom Thomson, the author of the "Seasons," confessedly took as his model;—whom Joseph Warton ranked in erudition next to Milton;—whom Milton himself was not ashamed to confess as his original;—of whom Cowley tells us that he was "made a poet" by reading Spenser;—of whom Pope tells us that he read the "Fairy Queen" "with a vast deal of delight," when he was twelve years, and that he read it with no less pleasure after the lapse of nearly half a century;—and, lastly, of whom Gibbon says (I quote from memory);—"The armorial shield of the Spensers may be emblazoned with the triumphs of a Marlborough, but I exhort them to look upon the 'Fairy Queen' as the proudest jewel in their coronet."

The poet, as we have seen, died in a miserable lodging-house *of absolute want of bread;* but, as is often the fate of genius, the breath had scarcely departed from his body, when the great, the titled, and the powerful, came forward to do honour to his memory, and to shower laurels on his grave. His remains were carried in state from King Street to Westminster: the expenses of his funeral were defrayed by the great favourite, the Earl of Essex. "His hearse," says Camden, "was attended by poets

and mournful elegies; and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb;" and, lastly, the celebrated Anne, Countess of Dorset, erected the monument over his grave.

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn!

How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of one, whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow:—
The bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!*

One would like to be able to point out the house in King Street in which once resided the courtier and poet, Thomas Carew, the most graceful poet of the reign of Charles the First, and afterwards the faithful adherent of his unfortunate master. Here it was that Ben Jonson, Sir William Davenant, May, the translator of Lucan's "Pharsalia," and Sir John Suckling, were his frequent guests. His burial-place is unknown, and even the year of his death is a disputed point; but the beautiful song,—

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires, &c.

will continue to be read and appreciated as long as the English language shall remain in existence.

In King Street, too, lived the witty and accomplished Charles Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset.

For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good man with the worst-natured muse.

This was a high compliment from Rochester to

* Moore's Monody on the death of Sheridan.

his friend, and he afterwards said of him, "I know not how it is, but my Lord Dorset can do anything, and yet is never to blame." This was the Lord Dorset so celebrated in his youth for his frolics and debaucheries, and in later years for all the virtues and accomplishments which throw a dignity on human nature. "He was the first nobleman," says Horace Walpole, "in the voluptuous Court of Charles the Second, and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the Duke's want of principles, or the Earl's want of thought."—"Lord Dorset," says Bishop Burnet, "was so lazy, that though the King seemed to court him to be a favourite, he would not give himself the trouble that belonged to that post." Lord Dorset is now perhaps principally remembered from his famous song, "To all you ladies now at land," addressed to the ladies of the gay court of Charles the Secopd, and composed at sea, with singular tranquillity of mind, on the day before the great sea-fight in 1665, in which Opdam, the Dutch Admiral, was blown up, with all his crew:—

To all you ladies now on land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, &c.

I have seldom passed through King Street with-

out calling to mind, with a melancholy interest, that it was through this narrow thoroughfare that the unfortunate Charles the First was conducted on the first and last days of his memorable trial in Westminster Hall. On the first occasion he was brought from St. James's, through the Park, in a sedan-chair, and thence through King Street, which was lined on each side with soldiers; his faithful follower Herbert,—the only person who was allowed to attend him,—walking by the side of the sedan-chair bareheaded. After his condemnation, the King was reconducted in the same conveyance, and by the same route, to Whitehall. As he passed through King Street, we are told, the inhabitants,—unawed by the presence of the soldiery,—stood at their stalls and windows, many of them with tears in their eyes, and, as they gazed on the painful sight of fallen majesty, offered up audible prayers for his safety or eternal welfare.

It is curious to find, that at the time of Charles's execution Oliver Cromwell was residing in King Street, and it was at this house that he entered his coach and six, amidst the cheers of the populace, when he set off, six months after the death of the King, to commence his famous and bloody campaign in Ireland. "This evening, about five of the clock, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey by the way of Windsor, and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen: himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish grey, divers coaches

accompanying him, and very many great officers of the army; his life-guard, consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest whereof, a commander or esquire, in stately habit, with trumpets sounding almost to the shaking of Charing Cross had it been now standing. Of his life-guard many are colonels, and, believe it, it 's such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world." The house, which is believed to have been the residence of Cromwell, has only within the present century been razed to the ground.

Not many years after the death of Charles, when Cromwell had invested himself with the power and pageantry of his royal victim, he was one day passing through King Street in his coach, on his way from Whitehall to Westminster, when he experienced one of those alarms—that the hand of the assassin was poised above him—with which, not without reason, he was constantly haunted at the close of his extraordinary career. The companion of the Protector in the coach was Richard Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, on whose authority Morrice, his chaplain and biographer, thus relates the anecdote. "At one particular time it happened the crowd of people was so great that the coach could not go forward, and the place was so narrow, that all the halberdiers were either before the coach or behind it, none of them having room to stand by the side. While they were in this posture, Lord Broghill observed the door of a cobbler's stall to open and shut a little, and at every opening of it his

lordship saw something bright, like a drawn sword or a pistol. Upon which my lord drew out his sword with the scabbard on it, and struck upon the stall, asking who was there. This was no sooner done, but a tall man burst out with a sword by his side, and Cromwell was so much frightened that he called his guard to seize him; but the man got away in the crowd. My lord thought him to be an officer in the army of Ireland, whom he remembered Cromwell had disgusted; and his lordship apprehended he lay there in wait to kill him. Upon this Cromwell forbore to come any more that way, but a little time after sickened and died."

The next occasion on which Cromwell passed through King Street was to his grave in Westminster Abbey. The funeral procession was a magnificent one, and this, as well as the other streets through which it passed, was strewed with gravel, and lined on each side by soldiers, in "red coats and black buttons," with their regimental colours enclosed in cypress. The hearse, which was open, was adorned with plumes and escutcheons, and was drawn by six horses in trappings of black velvet. On it reclined a recumbent waxen effigy of the late Protector, habited in the robes of royalty, with a crown on its head, and the globe and sceptre in its hands. At the head and feet of the figure were placed two seats, on each of which sat a gentleman of the bedchamber. A velvet pall, extending on each side of the carriage, was borne by several persons of distinction; and, in this solemn state, the

body of the once simple-minded country gentleman was conducted to the great western entrance of the Abbey, where it was received by the clergy, and was left for a brief while to rest undisturbed by the side of the ashes of our ancient kings.

During the great plague in 1665, King Street was one of the places which was first visited by the giant pestilence. Its vicinity to the palace of Whitehall,—the appalling sight of the red-cross, and the "Lord, have mercy upon us," painted upon the doors, — terrified the neighbouring inhabitants of the palace, and Charles the Second departed with his voluptuous court to breathe the purer air of Oxford. Pepys inserts, in his "Diary" on the 20th of June, "This day I informed myself that there died four or five at Westminster of the plague, in several houses, upon Sunday last, in Bell Alley, over against the Palace Gate;" and on the following day he writes, "I find all the town going out of town, the coaches and carriages being all full of people going into the country." Again, on the 28th, he writes: "In my way to Westminster Hall, I observed several plague-houses in King Street and the palace;" and on the 29th,—"To Whitehall, where the court was full of waggons and people ready to go out of town. This end of the town every day grows very bad of the plague."—"For some weeks," says Lingard, "the tide of emigration flowed from every outlet towards the country: it was checked, at last, by the refusal of the Lord Mayor to grant certificates of health, and by the neighbouring townships, which rose in

their own defence, and formed a barrier round the devoted city."

King Street is intimately connected with the strange fortunes of the beautiful and accomplished actress, Mrs. Oldfield. She was the daughter of a Captain Oldfield, who held a commission in the Life Guards, whose extravagance having reduced his widow to a state of extreme penury, the latter was compelled to seek an asylum in the house of her sister, Mrs. Voss, who kept the Mitre Tavern in St. James's Market, and who was apparently the Mrs. Voss, once well known as the mistress of Sir Godfrey Kneller. In consequence of her reduced circumstances, Mrs. Oldfield was compelled to apprentice her beautiful daughter to Mrs. Wotton, a sempstress in King Street, from whom she occasionally obtained permission to visit her mother and aunt in St. James's Market. The great enjoyment of the young girl was in reading plays, and she was one day entertaining her relations at the Mitre with reading aloud to them, when the musical sweetness of her voice caught the ear of the celebrated dramatic writer, George Farquhar, who happened to be dining at the tavern, and who, after listening at the door for a few moments, entered the apartment. Struck with her surpassing grace and beauty, and the peculiar talent which she displayed for the stage, Farquhar, in conjunction with Sir John Vanbrugh, introduced her to Rich, the patentee of Drury Lane, and, at the age of sixteen, she made her appearance in public as Candiope in

Dryden's play of "Secret Love," with a salary of *fifteen shillings a week!* It was at a time extremely favourable for the *début* of a young actress. Mrs. Cross had just eloped from the theatre with a gay baronet; Mrs. Vanbruggen had recently died in childbed; and Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle had just retired from the stage. Miss Oldfield subsequently performed the character of Lady Surewell in Farquhar's comedy of the "Constant Couple," in which she was so successful that the play had a run of fifty-one nights. By this time she had grown so much in favour with the public, that we are told Rich increased her salary *to twenty shillings a week!* Nor does it seem that this charming actress ever received more than three hundred guineas a year, exactly the amount of what a modern actress has recently had the modesty to ask for performing three nights! Walpole, speaking of her performance of Lady Betty Modish in the "Careless Husband," observes, "Had her birth placed her in a higher rank of life she had certainly appeared in reality,—what in this play she only excellently acted, —an agreeable gay woman of quality, a little too conscious of her natural attraction. Women of the first rank might have borrowed some part of her behaviour, without the least diminution of their sense of dignity. The variety of her powers could not be known till she was seen in a variety of characters, which, as fast as they fell to her, she equally excelled in." The young actress had scarcely appeared on the stage, when her wit and beauty cap-

tivated the heart of Arthur Maynwaring,—celebrated for his literary and personal accomplishments,—by whom she had one son, who bore the baptismal and surname of his father, and who many years afterwards followed his mother, as chief mourner, to the grave. Maynwaring dying in 1712, of a cold which he caught in visiting the Duchess of Marlborough at St. Albans, Mrs. Oldfield shortly afterwards placed herself under the protection of General Charles Churchill, the son of an elder brother of the great Duke of Marlborough.

> None led through youth a gayer life than he,
> Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee;
> Sweet was his night and joyful was his day,
> He dined with Walpole, and with Oldfield lay.
>
> SIR C. HANBURY WILLIAMS.

By General Churchill she had also one son, who married Lady Mary Walpole, a natural child of Sir Robert, for whom he obtained the rank of an Earl's daughter. Their daughter Mary married Charles third Earl of Cadogan, by whom she was the mother of the late Lady Emily Wellesley and the present Marchioness of Anglesea. Mrs. Oldfield died on the 23rd of October, 1730, at the age of forty-seven, and as her life had been distinguished by many virtues, so was her end pious and resigned. Her remains were carried with considerable state to Westminster Abbey, through the street in which she had formerly lived a humble sempstress; her pall was supported by some of the most distinguished men in the country, and the high compliment was paid to her memory, of her body being allowed to

lie in state in the Jerusalem Chamber. She was buried towards the west end of the south aisle of the Abbey, between the monuments of Craggs and Congreve, near the Consistory Court. After the funeral service had been read, alluding to the circumstance of none of the three having been ever married, a bystander was indecent enough to throw into the grave a slip of paper, on which the following lines were written in pencil:—

> If penance in the Bishop's court be feared,
> Congreve, and Craggs, and Oldfield, will be scared,
> To find that, at the Resurrection-day,
> They all so near the Consistory lay.

Mrs. Oldfield died possessed of considerable property in money and jewels, besides a valuable collection of medals, statues, and pictures.

From this somewhat long digression let us turn to the streets which diverge from King Street, which have each their particular interest attached to them. These streets consist of Downing Street, Fludyer Street, anciently called Axe Yard, and Gardiner's Lane, all running parallel with one another to the west.

In Downing Street stood the residence of the great and ancient family of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford; and here, on the 12th of March, 1703, Aubrey De Vere, the twentieth and last Earl, breathed his last. His Countess, Diana Kirk, was the sister of the fair and frail Mary Kirk, who occupies so prominent a position in the pages of De Grammont. The Earl's remains were conveyed

from his house in Downing Street to Westminster Abbey, where they were interred in St. John the Baptist's Chapel.*

There are only two other names of any interest, those of Gibbon and Boswell, with which I find Downing Street associated, at least if we except the many celebrated statesmen who have transacted business within the mean-looking public offices for which it is now principally celebrated. Here the great historian Gibbon mentions his having been frequently the guest of his friend Lord Sheffield,† and here James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, was residing in lodgings in 1763.‡

It was in Axe Yard, now Fludyer Street, that the misfortune happened to the celebrated Sir William Davenant which cost him his nose, and which afforded so much food for merriment to his brother poets in the reign of Charles the First. Sir John Suckling, alluding to Davenant having been selected to succeed Ben Jonson as poet laureat, says in his "Session of the Poets,"—

> Surely the company would have been content,
> If they could have found any precedent;
> But in all their records, in verse or in prose,
> There was not one *Laureate without a nose.*

In the same poem, Suckling attributes the loss of Davenant's nose to

> ——— a foolish mischance,
> That he had got lately travelling in France.

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* "Biog. Brit." Art. Vere.

† "Memoirs of his Life and Writings."

‡ "Life of Dr. Johnson."

Anthony Wood, however, a more curious researcher, tells us, in his "Athenæ Oxonienses,"—"The said mischance, which Sir John mentions, happened to Davenant through a dalliance with a handsome black girl in Axe Yard in Westminster, on whom he thought when he spoke of Dalga in his 'Gondibert,' which cost him his nose; and thereupon some wits were too cruelly bold with him and his accident, as Sir John Mennes, Sir John Denham, &c." In 1659–60, we find the celebrated Samuel Pepys residing in Axe Yard; and here, after the name had been changed to Fludyer Street, resided James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian's poems, as we learn from Wraxall, who mentions dining with him on more than one occasion in this street.

To those who take an interest in the literary history of the streets of London, Gardiner's Lane will always be especially interesting, as being the spot where the celebrated Winceslaus Hollar,—whose inimitable engravings bring back so vividly to us the London of the olden times,—breathed his last. His end was such as has too often been the fate of genius. It is melancholy to reflect that so insufficiently was he rewarded for the indefatigable labours of a long life, that, when he was on the verge of his seventieth year, an execution was put into his house in Gardiner's Lane, and he narrowly escaped becoming the inmate of a jail. He desired, we are told, only the liberty of dying in his bed, and that he might not be removed to any other prison but his grave.*

* "Biog. Brit." Art. Hollar.

His end was probably hastened by his misfortunes. He died on the 28th of March, 1677, and, attended to his humble grave by a few friends, was buried in the new church-yard of St. Margaret's, near the west end of Tothill Street.

Gardiner's Lane leads us into Duke Street, where, as we have already mentioned, stood the house of the infamous Lord Jeffries. Here also, for many years, lived the celebrated poet and politician, Matthew Prior. To Swift he writes from Westminster, on the 30th of July, 1717,—"I have been made to believe that we may see your reverend person this summer in England: if so, I shall be glad to meet you at any place; but when you come to London, do not go to the Cocoa Tree, but come to Duke Street, where you will find a bed, a book, and a candle; so, pray, think of sojourning nowhere else." Again, Prior writes to Swift on the 5th of May, 1719, — "Having spent part of my summer very agreeably in Cambridgeshire, with dear Lord Harley, I am returned without him to my own palace, in Duke Street, whence I endeavour to exclude all the tumult and noise of the neighbouring Court of Requests, and to live *aut nihil agendo aut aliud agendo*, till he comes to town."* At his house in Park Street, close by, died, on the 27th of March, 1699, the celebrated divine, Edward Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester.†

Running parallel with King Street and Parlia-

* Swift's "Correspondence."

† "Life of Bishop Stillingfleet," London, 1710.

ment Street is Cannon Row, or, as it was formerly called, Channel Row. Pennant conjectures that it derives its name from the Canons of the neighbouring Abbey, and that the word was subsequently corrupted into Channel Row: when we find, however, that a branch, or *channel*, of the Thames, ran, in former times, between the north end of the Row and Privy Gardens, we feel much more inclined to receive the ancient name as the correct one, than to accept the far-fetched derivation of Pennant, and which, in fact, has only been adopted in modern times. Here stood the magnificent residence of Anne Stanhope, the second, and turbulent wife of the great Protector, Duke of Somerset;—here, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was the inn or palace of the Stanleys, Earls of Derby;—close by was the mansion of Henry, second Earl of Lincoln, who sat in judgment on Mary Queen of Scots, and who was one of the peers deputed by Queen Elizabeth to arrest the Earl of Essex in his house;—here, in the reign of James the First, the Sackvilles, Earls of Dorset, had their town residence;—and here, also, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was the mansion of the great family of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland. Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, informs us, that here, on the 1st of May, 1589, she was begotten by her most valiant father, George, Earl of Cumberland, on the body of her most virtuous mother, Margaret, daughter of Francis, Earl of Bedford. This lady was the munificent and high-spirited heiress of the Cliffords;

who married, first, Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset;—who subsequently became the wife of the "memorable simpleton," Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery,—and who is now, perhaps, best remembered from her famous letter to Sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State to Charles the Second, when he applied to her to nominate a member of Parliament for the borough of Appleby:—

"I have been bullied by a usurper; I have been neglected by a court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject: your man sha'n't stand.

"ANNE DORSET,
"Pembroke and Montgomery."

Channel Row is connected by a curious anecdote with the last days of Charles the First. On one of the nights which intervened between his trial and his execution, the unfortunate King took a ring from his finger, and delivering it to his affectionate follower, Herbert, desired him to proceed with it to a certain house in Channel Row, where he was to deliver it to the lady of the house, without saying a word. This person proved to be Lady Wheeler, the King's laundress. Having obtained the watch-word from Colonel Tomlinson, who commanded the guard, Herbert proceeded, on a dark night, to the house which the King had designated. Having obtained admittance, he was told by the lady to wait in the parlour till she returned. She shortly afterwards re-entered the room, and, placing in his hands a

small cabinet closed with three seals, desired him to deliver it to the same person from whom he had received the ring. The next morning, in Herbert's presence, the King broke the seals, when the cabinet was found to contain a number of diamonds and jewels, most of them set in broken insignia of the order of the garter. "This," said the King, "is all the wealth which I have it in my power to bequeath to my children." Close to Channel Row are Manchester Buildings, the site of the residence of the Earls of Manchester.

Passing down King Street, we face the interesting Church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, standing beneath the shadow of the magnificent Abbey. I think it is Smollett who indignantly observes, that England is the only country in the world, where a stranger is not made welcome to the house of God. The neglected and disgraceful state of many of the London churches; the exaction of *two-pence* as the price of entering the great cathedral of St. Paul's; the necessity of feeing a pew-opener on a Sunday; and, on a week-day, of sending to an ale-house or an eating-house, for the attendance of a sleepy or drunken sexton with his keys, is indecent and discreditable in the extreme. Putting the higher consideration of religion entirely out of the question;—putting aside the miserable disfigurement of our many beautiful churches by pews and galleries, and the invidious, aristocratic, and unchristian-like distinction which is now made between the rich and the poor,—the public have at

least a right to exact from the English Clergy the same boon which is granted in every Christian city in Europe,—namely, a free admission to the church which they support out of their daily means. London is rich with numerous churches, replete with interesting monuments, historical associations, and architectural beauty; but whether we seek ingress to them from purely devotional feelings,—whether with the feelings of an artist, a poet, or a devotee;—they alike engender emotions which advance us in the dignity of thinking beings, and consequently ought to be freely opened to the public. We are yearly throwing open the doors of palaces and museums to the lower orders, free of expense, and yet the doors of the House of God are still closed against them. As an Englishman and a Protestant, I could not accompany a foreigner or a Roman Catholic to any one of the interesting churches of London without a blush!

St. Margaret's Church was originally built by Edward the Confessor. The Abbey had previously been used as the parish church, to the great inconvenience of the monks, to relieve whom the Confessor caused a small church to be built under the wing of the magnificent pile which now overshadows it. St. Margaret's was rebuilt in the reign of Edward the First, and again in the reign of Edward the Fourth. What remains of the ancient building is extremely beautiful; and especially the altar recess, with its groined roof, its panelled niches, and fresco designs, has been much and deservedly

admired. But the gem of St. Margaret's is the magnificent east window, unquestionably one of the most gorgeous and beautiful specimens of painted glass in Europe. It represents the history of the crucifixion, and was made by order of the magistrates of Dort, with the intention of presenting it to Henry the Seventh. On one side, Henry is depicted kneeling, with his patron saint, St. George, standing in full armour in a niche above him. On the other side is the Queen, also at her devotions, and above her, in a corresponding niche, St. Catherine with the instruments of her martyrdom. Five years elapsed before the completion of this admirable work of art, and when it reached England Henry was no more. Its subsequent history is interesting and curious. It was originally set up in Waltham Abbey, where it remained till the dissolution of that monastery, when it was preserved from destruction by the last Abbot, who sent it to New Hall, a seat of the Butlers, Earls of Ormond, in Wiltshire. In the course of the next century, it passed successively, with the property of New Hall, into the possession of the Earl of Wiltshire, father of Anne Boleyn, Thomas Radcliffe, Earl of Sussex, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and General Monk. When the civil wars broke out it was in the possession of Monk, who, dreading that it might fall a sacrifice to the blind zeal of the bigoted Puritans, caused it to be carefully taken to pieces and buried in the garden at New Hall. Here it remained till the Restoration, when it was dug up

and restored to its former position in the chapel. Some years afterwards, when the chapel at New Hall fell to ruins, the window was again taken down, and remained for a considerable time packed up in boxes, till purchased by Mr. Conyers for his chapel at Copthall, in Essex. From the son of this gentleman it was purchased, in 1758, by the committee appointed for repairing and beautifying St. Margaret's, and was forthwith placed in its present position.

In addition to its architectural merits, and its beautiful window, St. Margaret's is full of interest from its containing the remains of many remarkable persons, who rest either in its vaults or in the adjoining churchyard. Here lies the honoured dust of William Caxton, who first introduced printing into England, and who for years pursued his quiet but priceless labours in the precincts of the adjoining Abbey.* In the chancel lies the body of the celebrated satirical poet John Skelton, who, in spite of his unpolished verse and his buffooneries in the pulpit, was a man of unquestionable genius. That man could, indeed, be no literary impostor, of whom Erasmus says, in one of his letters to Henry the Eighth, that he was *Britannicarum literarum lumen et decus*, "the light and glory of English literature." His satirical ballads against the mendicant friars made him many enemies amongst the priesthood; but his own life being far from blameless, it had the effect of weakening the attacks. Anthony Wood tells us "he was guilty of many crimes, *as*

* "Biog. Brit." Art. Caxton.

most poets are." At length Skelton was bold enough to point his satire at Cardinal Wolsey. The officers of that powerful minister were immediately on his track, and with some difficulty he escaped from them, and took refuge in the sanctuary at Westminster. Here he was treated with great kindness by Abbot Islip, and here he breathed his last in 1529, only a short time before the fall of the great Cardinal.*

Close to the grave of Skelton lies a brother poet, Thomas Churchyard, of whose checquered fortunes we would gladly know more than has been handed down to us. When a child, we are told, he learned to play the lute to sweeten his studies; but at the age of seventeen he quitted his father's roof, and, with only a small sum of money in his pocket, made his appearance at the court of Henry the Eighth. Anthony Wood tells us, that as long as his money lasted he continued a "roysterer," but his means being soon exhausted, he gladly obtained admission into the household of the accomplished Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. After the melancholy death of his young and noble patron, Churchyard was again thrown on the world. He then became a soldier of fortune, but, growing tired of the military profession, he travelled into foreign countries, and, on his return, took up his abode at Oxford for the purpose of pursuing his studies at his ease. It was not in the nature, however, of the restless poet to lead for any length of time the life of a recluse. Accordingly, on the breaking out of the war with

* Chalmers. "Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry."

Scotland, he hastened to that country; was taken prisoner in an engagement with the enemy, probably the battle of Pinkey; and, when he obtained his release, at the conclusion of the war, returned to the court "very poor and bare, spoiled of all, and his body in a very sickly and decayed condition." Fortune, however, once more smiled on him; he was taken into the household of Elizabeth's great favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and shortly afterwards married a rich widow, Mrs. Catherine Browning. His marriage proving in every respect an unhappy one, the poet again took up arms, and in the wars in the Low Countries was wounded and taken prisoner. Charmed with his agreeable conversation and convivial qualities, his captors treated him with great kindness, and subsequently, by the aid of a lady of quality, who either compassionated his misfortunes, or was in love with his person, he found means to escape. After walking on foot for several days through an enemy's country, he at length contrived to rejoin his friends, and in due time returned to England. Poor and restless, his misfortunes once more compelled him to go to the wars. He was again taken prisoner, was tried and condemned to death as a spy, and, only on the very eve of the sentence being carried into execution, was reprieved by the intercession of another noble lady, and permitted to return to his own country. Such were the strange fortunes of the gay, the gallant, and gifted Thomas Churchyard! Of his subsequent history we know

little, except that his end, like that of most poets, was one of penury and privation. There was formerly a monument to his memory in the porch of St. Margaret's Church, of which Camden has preserved the inscription, but the former has long since disappeared.*

Not the least interesting monument in St. Margaret's Church is that of the gallant and magnificent Charles Lord Howard of Effingham, to whom Elizabeth entrusted the chief defence of her kingdom at the threatened approach of the formidable Spanish Armada. He subsequently commanded the naval force at the capture of Cadiz and the burning of the Spanish fleet; and it was in his ear that Queen Elizabeth, on her death-bed, murmured the last words which ensured the succession to James the First. His monument, which is a sumptuous one, contains an effigy of the gallant Admiral, and another of his Countess.

Under the high altar lie the headless remains of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was executed close by in Old Palace Yard; and, either in the same grave, or in its immediate vicinity, rests the body of James Harrington, the well-known author of the "Oceana."† According to Toland, Harrington's biographer, the grave of the great political writer is "on the south side of the altar," *next* to that of Sir Walter Raleigh. Here also was buried, on the 10th of February, 1652, Milton's second wife,

* "Athenæ Oxon.," "Biog. Brit."

† Aubrey's "Letters of Eminent Men."

Catherine Woodcock, who died in giving birth to a daughter within a year after her marriage, and on whose loss the great poet composed his beautiful sonnet commencing—

> Methought I saw my late espoused saint,
> Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave, &c.

One can almost imagine the figure of the blind poet as he passed up the nave of St. Margaret's; or as he stood by the side of the open grave, when the creaking of the ropes could alone have informed him that his beloved wife was being lowered into her last home.

The only other person of any note who appears to have been interred in St. Margaret's Church is the gallant cavalier, Sir Philip Warwick, the faithful attendant of Charles the First in his misfortunes, and the author of some interesting memoirs of his unfortunate master. With the exception of the monument of Lord Howard of Effingham, of a tablet erected to the memory of Caxton by the Roxburgh Club, and a painted board which records that Sir Walter Raleigh lies buried in the church, St. Margaret's contains no memorial of the resting-places of the many remarkable persons whom we have mentioned as having been interred within its walls. Nevertheless, in the church are many old and curious monuments of persons less known to fame, and among them memorials of more than one faithful adherent of our Tudor sovereigns.

Before quitting St. Margaret's church we must not omit to mention that it was at the altar that

the celebrated Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, was married to his second wife, Frances, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Bart. With this lady,—as the great Chancellor himself informs us,—he lived "very comfortably in the most uncomfortable times, and very joyfully in those times when matter of joy was administered, for the space of five or six and thirty years."* By this wife Lord Clarendon was the father of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, who became the mother of Mary and Anne, successively Queens of England.

One would willingly be able to point out the spot in St. Margaret's churchyard where rest the remains of the great and gallant Admiral Blake. The parliament having voted him a public funeral, he was buried with great magnificence in Henry the Seventh's chapel. At the Restoration, however, to the great disgrace of the government, his body was taken up and flung into a pit in St. Margaret's churchyard. At the same time were removed, and thrown into the same hole, the bodies of Oliver Cromwell's mother,—of Thomas May, the translator of Lucan and the historian of the Commonwealth,—and of the celebrated Dr. Dorislaus, assistant to the high court of justice which tried Charles the First. His murdered remains had been brought from the Hague, where he was assassinated by the Royalists, to be honourably interred in Westminster Abbey.†

* "Lord Clarendon's Life of Himself," "Biog. Brit."

† "Fasti. Oxon."

WESTMINSTER.

THE SANCTUARY.—PERSONS WHO TOOK REFUGE THERE.—THE GATE-HOUSE.—ITS HISTORY.—TOTHILL STREET.—THE STREETS OF OLD WESTMINSTER.—WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—REMARKABLE PERSONS EDUCATED THERE.

THE famous Sanctuary,—a place of refuge for criminals apparently from the time of Edward the Confessor,—stood on the ground on which the Westminster Hospital and the Guildhall now stand. The church which belonged to it, and which was in the form of a cross and of great antiquity, was pulled down about 1750, to make room for a market which was afterwards held on its site. Dr. Stukely, the antiquary, who remembered its destruction, informs us that its walls were of vast strength and thickness, and that it was not without difficulty that it was demolished.*

When Edward the Fourth, in 1470, was compelled to fly the kingdom at the approach of the king-maker, Warwick, with his victorious army, his beautiful Queen, Elizabeth Grey, flew for refuge to the Sanctuary at Westminster, and in its precincts she was delivered of her eldest son, afterwards

* "Archæologia."

Edward the Fifth, whose subsequent tragical fate in the Tower is so well known.

> I 'll hence forthwith unto the Sanctuary,
> To save at least the heir of Edward's right,
> There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
> Come, therefore, let us fly, while we may fly,
> If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

Thirteen years afterwards, when the designs of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, against the life and authority of his young nephew were but too apparent, the Queen, with her young son, the Duke of York, again flew for refuge to the Sanctuary at Westminster. We all remember the beautiful passage in "Richard the Third," where the broken-hearted Queen bids farewell to the Duchess of York, and hastens with her child to the only asylum which her enemies have left to her. Her eldest-born was already in the hands of the usurper:—

> Ah! me, I see the ruin of my house:
> The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;
> Insulting tyranny now begins to jut
> Upon the innocent and aweless throne.
> Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!
> I see, as in a map, the end of all.
> Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.

Anxious by all means to get the young Duke of York in his power, and, enraged at his prey slipping through his hands, Richard summoned his council, and unhesitatingly proposed to take the young Prince from the Sanctuary by force. To the council he represented, in his usual plausible and jesuitical manner, the indignity which had been put on

the regency by the Queen's ill-grounded apprehensions, and the necessity of the Duke of York walking in procession at the coronation of his brother. He further insisted, that ecclesiastical privileges were originally intended only to give protection to persons persecuted for their crimes or debts, and could therefore in no way apply to one of tender years, who, having committed no offence, had no right to claim security from any sanctuary. There were present at the council-table Cardinal Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Rotherham, Archbishop of York, who boldly protested against the sacrilege of the measure. The church of Westminster, to which the Sanctuary was attached, said the Archbishops, had been consecrated five hundred years since by St. Peter himself, who descended from heaven in the night, attended by multitudes of angels. No King of England, they added, had ever dared to violate that Sanctuary, and such an attempt would certainly draw down the just vengeance of God upon the whole kingdom. It was at length agreed that the two primates should wait on the Queen in the Sanctuary, and should first of all endeavour to bring the Queen to compliance by persuasion, before any more violent measures were resorted to. The scene between Gloucester's creature, the Duke of Buckingham, and Cardinal Bourchier, is admirably dramatized by Shakspeare:—

Buck. ——— Lord Cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York,
Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny—Lord Hastings go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed *sanctuary* ! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin. ''
Buck. You are too senseless—obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional:
Weigh it, but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claimed it, nor deserved it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of Sanctuary men;
But Sanctuary children ne'er till now.
Card. My Lord, you shall o'errule my mind for once,—
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go, my Lord.

There can be little doubt, from their established character for integrity, that when Cardinal Bourchier and the Archbishop of York waited on the unfortunate Queen, in the Sanctuary, they were both fully satisfied of Gloucester's good intentions, and consequently were quite sincere when they used every argument and entreaty to induce her to give up her beloved child. She remained for a long time obstinate, but finding herself unsupported in her opposition, and being assured that force would in all probability be used should she persist in her ob-

duracy, she at last complied, and produced her son to the two prelates. At the moment of parting, she is said to have been struck with a strange presentiment of his future fate. But it was now too late to retract. Overcome with feelings which only a mother can experience, she caught the child in her arms, wetted him with her tears, and at last reluctantly delivered him to the Cardinal, who immediately conducted him to the Protector. Richard, we are told, no sooner caught a sight of his young nephew, than he ran towards him with open arms, and kissing him, exclaimed,—"Now welcome, my Lord, with all my heart." The sequel of the melancholy history is too well known to require recapitulation.

The neighbourhood of the Sanctuary is intimately connected with the early, as well as with the closing history of Ben Jonson. When a scholar at Westminster School, he must often have wandered in its precincts,—in a house overlooking St. Margaret's church-yard, he died,—and in the neighbouring Abbey he lies buried. "Long since, in King James's time," writes Aubrey, "I have heard my uncle Danvers say, who knew him, that Ben Jonson lived without Temple Bar, at a comb-maker's shop, about the Elephant and Castle. In his later time he lived in Westminster, in the house under which you pass as you go out of the church-yard into the old palace, where he died. He lies buried in the north aisle, in the path of square stone, (the rest is lozenge) opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de

Ros, with this inscription only upon him, in a pavement-square, blue marble, about fourteen inches square, O RARE BEN JONSON, which was done at the charge of Jack Young, (afterwards knighted,) who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteenpence to cut it." * In 1780, I find the celebrated Edmund Burke residing in the "Broad Sanctuary," Westminster.

At the end of Tothill Street, facing the towers and the great western entrance of the Abbey, stood the famous Gatehouse, built in the reign of Edward the Third,—anciently a prison under the jurisdiction of the Abbots of Westminster. Formerly, when malefactors were conducted to this prison,—in order to prevent their touching the Sanctuary, which would have ensured them their liberty,—they were brought by a circuitous route down a small lane, running parallel with Great George Street, which, from this circumstance, obtained the name of Thieving Lane. It was in the Gatehouse, Westminster, that one of the sweetest of love-poets, Richard Lovelace,—so celebrated for his misfortunes and the beauty of his person,—suffered imprisonment for his loyalty to his unfortunate master, Charles the First. Here it was, too, that he composed his beautiful song, "To Althea, from prison."

When Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;

* Aubrey's "Letters of Eminent Men."

When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,—
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

* * * * *

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

In the Gatehouse, Westminster, died the celebrated dwarf, Sir Jeffery Hudson, whose name is immortalized in the pages of the greatest writer of fiction in modern times. He was born in 1619, at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, "the least man, in the least county." When in his tenth year, he was presented to the Duchess of Buckingham, by his father, a tall and broad-shouldered yeoman, who had charge of the "baiting-bulls" of George Villiers, the first Duke. The Duchess had him dressed in satin, with two tall footmen to attend on him; and it was not long afterwards, when Charles the First and Henrietta Maria paid a visit to the Duke and Duchess, at Burghley-on-the-hill, that the little fellow was served up to their majesties under the crust of a cold pie. Immediately on his stepping out, he was presented by the Duchess to the Queen, in whose service he ever afterwards remained, and was twice painted in attendance on her by Vandyke. At the breaking out of the Civil Wars, he obtained a commission as Captain of horse, and subsequently

accompanied his royal mistress to France, where he remained till the Restoration. Fuller says of him, that "though a dwarf, he was no dastard." On one occasion, having been teased beyond bearing by a young courtier of the name of Crofts, Sir Jeffery challenged his persecutor to single combat, when, to his annoyance, Crofts appeared on the ground with a squirt in his hand. A real meeting was the result. It was agreed that they should fight on horseback with pistols, and at the first shot, Sir Jeffery shot his antagonist dead. In 1682, he was most absurdly implicated by Titus Oates, in the still more absurd Popish Plot, and in consequence was committed to the Gatehouse, where he died shortly afterwards, in his sixty-third year. In Newgate Street, over the entrance to a small court, on the north side of the Street, may be seen a small piece of sculpture in stone, representing the figures of William Evans, the gigantic porter of Charles the First, and, by his side, the redoubtable Sir Jeffery. This was the enormous porter, who, at one of the Court Masques at Whitehall, drew the little knight from his pocket to the astonishment of the guests, and who was ever afterwards Sir Jeffery's especial abhorrence.

Tothill Street derives its name from an extensive meadow, called Tothill-field, or as Fabyan describes it in 1238, "a fielde by Westmynster, lying at ye west end of ye church." On the occasion of the magnificent rejoicings which took place in the ancient palace of Westminster, at the Coronation of Queen Eleanor, consort of Henry the Third, we find "royal solemnities and goodly joustes" kept up

during eight days in Tothill-fields. Ten years afterwards, in 1248, the hatred which Henry bore the citizens of London, (whom he reproached with "calling themselves barons, on account of their wealth,") induced him to endeavour to injure their trade by diverting their profits into other channels; and accordingly, he adopted the expedient of granting a licence to the Abbot of Westminster, for holding an annual fair, for fifteen days, in Tothill-fields. This fair, from its being held at St. Edward's-tide, (October,) was called St. Edward's Fair. "To the end," says Holinshed, "that the same should be more haunted with all manner of people, the King commanded by proclamation that other fairs, holden in that season, should not be kept, nor that any wares should be shewed within the city of London, either in shop or without; but that such as would sell should come for that time unto Westminster. This was done, but not without great trouble and pains to the citizens, who had not room there but in booths and tents, to their great disquieting and disease for want of necessary provision, being turmoiled too pitifully in mire and dirt, through occasion of rain." At this period, the house of John Mansel, Priest and King's Counsel, was probably the only one in Tothill-fields. The mansion must have been a spacious one, for, in 1256, we find him entertaining here, with great magnificence, Henry the Third and his Queen, the King of Scotland, and a great number of the wealthy citizens of London.

In the latter part of the reign of Queen Eliza-

beth, Tothill Street must have been a fashionable quarter of the town; at least if we may judge from the fact of Lord Dacres and Lord Grey having severally had houses here. The name of the former nobleman is still preserved in Dacre Street, near the west end of Tothill Street. We must not forget to mention that the celebrated actor, Thomas Betterton, the son of an under-cook to Charles the First, was born in Tothill Street, in 1635.*

If the reader is not unwilling to trust himself among gloomy streets and dingy alleys, and amidst a somewhat lawless population, he will be repaid by making a short circuit round the old city of Westminster. Diving into Little Dean Street, to the west of Tothill Street, we stand on the site of the old Almonry, where, as we have already mentioned, the monks were accustomed to distribute their alms, and where, under the protection of the Abbot, Caxton set up the first printing-press which was established in England, and printed his first book,—"The Game and Play of the Chesse." Close by, between the east end of Orchard Street and Dean's Yard, stood the little Almonry, interesting, as having been the spot where the celebrated James Harrington lived for many years, and where he apparently died. Aubrey has not only pointed out the spot with great minuteness, but has also left us a curious picture of the great political writer as he appeared at the close of life. "His durance in prison," says Aubrey, "was the cause of derilation or

* Noble's "Biog. Hist."

madness, which was not outrageous, for he would discourse rationally enough, and he was very facetious company; but he grew to have a fancy that his perspiration turned to flies, and sometimes to bees; and he had a versatile timber house built in Mr. Hart's Garden, opposite to St. James's Park, to try the experiment. He would turn it to the sun, and sit towards it; then he had his fox-tails to chase away and massacre all the flies and bees that were to be found there, and then shut his chasses.* Now this experiment was only to be tried in warm weather, and some flies would lie so close in the crannies and the cloth with which the place was hung, that they would not presently shew themselves. A quarter of an hour after, perhaps, a fly or two, or more, might be drawn out of the lurking-holes by the warmth, and then he would cry out, 'Do you not see it is evident that these come from me?' 'Twas the strangest sort of madness that ever I found in any one: talk of anything else, his discourse would be very ingenious and pleasant. Anno .... he married his old sweet-heart, Mistress ..... Daynell, a comely and discreet lady. It happening so, from some private reasons, that he could not enjoy his dear in the flower of his youth, he would never lie with her; but loved and admired her dearly: for she was *vergentibus annis* when he married her, and had lost her sweetness. In his

* *Sic Orig.* This exceeds even the fancy of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who tells us that his perspiration emitted so sweet an odour that it scented the room.

conversation he was very friendly, facetious, and hospitable. For above twenty years before he died, he lived in the Little Almonry, in a fair house on the left side, which looks into the Dean's Yard, Westminster. In the upper story he had a pretty gallery, which looked into the Yard, (over .... Court,) where he commonly dined, and meditated, and took his tobacco." In 1708, we find Lord Ashburnham, as well as the Bishops of Lincoln and Rochester, residing in Dean's Yard.

At the end of Tothill Street is Petty France, so called from the number of French refugees who settled here on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis the Fourteenth. But without entering its wretched streets, which contain little that is interesting, let us turn down the Broadway to the left, and we shall face the "New Chapel," built originally in the time of Charles the First, at the expense of the Rev. George Davell, one of the prebendaries of Westminster, as a chapel of ease for the inhabitants of Petty France and of the neighbouring streets. The spot is not without interest. During the Civil Wars it was converted into a stable for the horses of the Republican troopers, but was again fitted up as a chapel at the Restoration. In the burying-ground attached to it lie the remains of the great artist Winceslaus Hollar,* and within the walls of the old chapel was buried "privately but decently" the body of the memorable Colonel Blood. So strange and restless had been

* "Biog. Brit." Art. Hollar.

the career of this extraordinary man, that his contemporaries seem to have imagined it impossible that so turbulent a spirit could ever lie quiet in the grave. The general opinion appears to have been at the time, that his funeral was a mere imposition, preparatory to some more extraordinary exploit than any other he had hitherto performed. At all events the body of the formidable bravo was not allowed to remain quiet in its resting-place. The rumours, we are told, of his interment being suppositious became at last so current in the neighbourhood, and "so many circumstances were added to render it credible," that the coroner thought fit to order the body to be taken up again on the Thursday following, and appointed a jury to sit upon it. But so strongly were they possessed with the idle fancy of Blood being still alive, that though the jury were his neighbours and knew him personally, and though he had been dead only a few days, it was a considerable time before they could come to the conclusion whether it was his body or not. At last a bystander drew the attention of the jury to the thumb of Blood's left hand, which, by some accident, had grown to twice its original size. This circumstance, added to the depositions of several persons who had visited him in his last illness, at length convinced the jury of the identity, and the coroner having issued his order for the reinterment of the body, it was allowed to remain in peace.

Adjoining the burying-ground of New Chapel, to the westward, was the Artillery Ground, a name

which we find still preserved in "Artillery Brewery," which stands on part of its site. In those dreadful days, during the raging of the Plague in 1665,—when the red cross and the "Lord, have mercy upon us" were painted on the doors of half the houses in London,—when the dead-cart went its round in the still night, and the tinkle of the bell and the cry of "Bring out your dead" alone broke the awful silence,—it was in a vast pit in the neighbourhood of the Artillery Ground that the frequent dead-carts discharged their noisome cargoes by the fitful light of the torches which the buryers held in their hands. In one of the journals of the period, we find a complaint made, in regard to these burial-places, that "the bodies are piled even to the level of the ground, and thereby poison the whole neighbourhood." The Pest House in the fields beyond Old Street, and that in Tothill Fields, appear to have been the two principal ones in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.

Passing along Stretton Street we turn down Great Peter Street, from the centre of which, on the east side, diverges Great St. Anne Street, in which it would seem that one of the sweetest of poets, Robert Herrick, resided after the Restoration of Charles the Second. The poet himself writes :—

> To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton Court,
> Never again shall I with finny oar
> Put from, or draw unto the faithful shore;
> And, landing here, or safely landing there,
> Make way to my beloved Westminster.

Continuing our route down Peter Street, the cor-

ner house of this street and Tufton Street is that which tradition points out as the house to which Blood retired after he made his famous attempt on the crown jewels in the Tower. Whether or no this be the case, it is certain that the house in which Blood latterly lived, and in which he breathed his last, was in Bowling Alley, a continuation of Tufton Street. He was attended in his last illness by a clergyman, who found him sensible but reserved, and to whom he declared that he had no fear of death.

Bowling Alley leads us into College Street, of which I find more than one notice in Gibbon's interesting "Memoir of his Life and Writings." Speaking of his return from the continent in 1758, he writes, "The only person in England whom I was impatient to see was my aunt Porten, the affectionate guardian of my tender years. I hastened to her house in College Street, Westminster, and the evening was spent in the effusions of joy and confidence. It was not without some awe and apprehension that I approached the presence of my father. My infancy, to speak the truth, had been neglected at home; the severity of his look and language at our last parting still dwelt on my memory, nor could I form any notion of his character or my probable reception. They were both more agreeable than I could expect." The great historian again mentions his passing through Westminster, on the occasion of the last visit which he paid to his beloved Lausanne. "As my post-chaise," he says, "moved over West-

minster Bridge, I bade a long farewell to the *fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ.*"

Near the south end of College Street is the fantastic-looking church of St. John the Evangelist, with its four pinnacles, one at each corner, which form such prominent objects from the different points of the metropolis at which they are visible. This church, the work of Sir John Vanbrugh, was commenced in 1721, and completed in 1728. I cannot discover that any particular interest attaches to it. It has been much censured for its excess of ornament, but it is not altogether destitute of architectural beauty, and the portico, supported by Doric columns, has been deservedly admired.

To the west of the church of St. John the Evangelist is Millbank, which derives its name from a mill which formerly stood here. Here subsequently stood the mansion of the Mordaunts, Earls of Peterborough, in which family it remained till the time of Charles Mordaunt, the third Earl, whose talents and eccentricities have rendered his name so famous. "Here, in my boyish days," says Pennant, "I have often experienced the hospitality of the late Sir Robert Grosvenor, its worthy owner, who enjoyed it by the purchase, by one of his family, from the Mordaunts." There is extant an engraving by Hollar, of old Peterborough House. Abingdon Street, a continuation of Millbank Street, derives its name from a mansion belonging to the Earls of Abingdon, which formerly stood on its site, and which was pre-

viously called Lindsey House, from having been in the possession of the Berties, Earls of Lindsey.

Before concluding our notices of the old city of Westminster, let us stroll into Dean's Yard, and dwell a short time on the ancient and interesting school, which nestles itself beneath the walls of the venerable Abbey, and where so many of the most celebrated men in the literary annals of our country have passed the happiest, for it was the earliest, part of their lives. To the author it is a most interesting spot. The ground on which Westminster School now stands—and a great portion of the ancient walls remain to remind us of the monastic history of the past—was formerly entirely occupied by the apartments of the Abbot, the dormitories of the monks, the refectory, the granary, and other monastical buildings. The dormitory of the King's scholars stands on the site of the old granary, built by Abbot Littlington, who died in 1386; and the hall in which they dine was formerly the refectory of the old abbots.

That there was a school near the spot, under the direction of the monks, in the time of the Saxon kings, there can be no doubt. Ingulphus, Abbot of Crowland, speaks of his having been educated at it, of the disputations which he had here with the Queen of the Confessor, and of the presents which she made him in money in his boyish days. It was not, however, till 1560, a few years after the dissolution of the monasteries, that Queen Elizabeth founded the present institution for the classical

education of forty boys, who are still designated as King's or Queen's scholars.

One of the earliest head-masters of Westminster School was the celebrated antiquary and historian, William Camden. Old Aubrey tells us,—on the authority of William Bagshawe, who had been one of the under-masters of the school,—that Camden's lodgings were in "the gatehouse by the Queen's scholars' chambers in Dean's Yard;" and from hence he used to wander forth, when his pupils were at play, to copy the inscriptions on the ancient tombs of Westminster Abbey, in which occupation the gifted antiquary unquestionably took far more delight than in impressing on his pupils the necessity of learning hard words, or in flagellating the idle or the dull. Ben Jonson was one of his pupils, and the pupil loved and revered his master. How gratifying must it have been to Camden when the great dramatist, at the early age of twenty-four, dedicated to his old master, in a most affectionate address, the first, and perhaps the most admirable of his dramatic productions, "Every Man in his Humour." "It is a frail memory," he says, "that remembers but present things. * * * * Now I pray you to accept this; such wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush, nor of my studies repent you to have been the instructor; and for the profession of my thankfulness, I am sure it will, with good men, find either praise or excuse. Your true lover, BEN JONSON." This affectionate and interesting dedication is addressed "To the most learned, and my honoured

friend, Master Camden." What pedagogue of the present day has ever had such a tribute offered to him by such a man?

Glancing at the two great schools of Eton and Westminster, one would have imagined that Eton, from its rural and romantic situation, its vicinity to Windsor, its interesting associations, and its picturesque playing-fields,

> Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,
> Wanders the hoary Thames along
> His silver-winding way.

possessed all the qualities usually thought requisite to engender or to stimulate poetical genius; while, on the other hand, Westminster, from its confined situation and dingy atmosphere, would almost seem to be an antidote to poetical fire. Eton, moreover, would seem to possess no particular advantages for nursing orators or statesmen; while Westminster, from its vicinity to the Houses of Parliament, and the liberty allowed the students of attending the debates, holds out every incitement to young ambition, if gifted with oratorical talent. In both cases, however, the result is exactly the opposite to what we should naturally have imagined. Eton has produced only three poets of any note, Waller, Gray, and Shelley,* for Lord Littleton and West are beings of an inferior order, while she has made up for the deficiency in poetical talent by rearing no fewer states-

* When the above was written, the author had forgotten the name of Alfred Tennyson, who was his schoolfellow at Eton, and to whose genius he is glad to have this opportunity of paying homage.

men of celebrity than Harley, Earl of Oxford, Lord Bolingbroke, Sir Robert Walpole, the great Lord Chatham, Fox, Canning, the Duke of Wellington, and the late Marquis Wellesley. On the other hand Westminster has produced not a single illustrious statesman, while we find that more than half of our greatest poets were educated within her classical walls.

In the course of some acquaintance with works of biography, the author has noted down, as they occurred to him, the names of different remarkable persons who have been educated at Westminster School. The list must necessarily be an imperfect one, but, such as it is, it may not be unacceptable to those who take an interest in this celebrated institution. The date of birth is given against the name of each, as it will enable us to form a tolerable conjecture as to who were contemporaries. Those from Adam Littleton, the celebrated scholar, to the Duke of Newcastle, inclusive, were brought up under the celebrated Dr. Busby, who was nearly fifty-five years head-master of the school, and at one time boasted, that of the bench of bishops as many as sixteen had been educated by him.

1574. Ben Jonson.
1602. William Heminge, the dramatic writer and fellow actor of Shakspeare.
1605. Thomas Randolf, the dramatic poet.
1606. Richard Busby, afterwards head-master.
1611. William Cartwright, the poet and divine.
1612. Sir Harry Vane, the Republican statesman, beheaded in 1662.

1612. Sir Arthur Haselrigge, the Republican statesman and regicide.
1618. Abraham Cowley, the poet.
1627. Adam Littleton, the celebrated scholar.
1630. The Marquis of Halifax, the statesman and author.
1631. John Dryden, the poet.
1632. John Locke, the philosopher.
1632. Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect.
1633. Robert South, the divine.
1648. Dr. Humphrey Prideaux, the historian and divine.
1648. Elkanah Settle, the poet.
1652. Nathaniel Lee, the dramatic poet.
1660. Kennet, Bishop of Peterborough, the historian.
1662. Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.
1663. George Smaldridge, the scholar and divine.
1664. Matthew Prior, the poet and statesman.
1665. Richard Duke, the poet.
1668. Sir Richard Blackmore, the poet and physician.
1668. Edmund Smith, the poet.
1673. Nicholas Rowe, the dramatic poet.
1675. Sir John Friend, the philosopher and physician.
1681. Barton Booth, the celebrated actor.
1693. Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, minister to George the Second.
1700. John Dyer, the poet.
1703. Bishop Newton, author of the "Dissertation on the Prophecies."
1706. Isaac Hawkins Browne, the poet.
1721. Thomas Sheridan, the author and actor.
1730. Thomas King, the comedian.
1731. William Cowper, the poet.
1731. Charles Churchill, the poet.
1732. Warren Hastings.
1732. Richard Cumberland, the dramatic writer.
1733. Robert Lloyd, the poet.
1733. George Colman, the dramatic writer and scholar.
1774. Robert Southey, the poet, historian, and biographer.

OLD PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

ITS EARLY REGAL BUILDERS AND TENANTS.—EDWARD THE SECOND AND GAVESTON.—DEATH SCENE OF HENRY THE FOURTH.—HENRY THE EIGHTH THE LAST RESIDENT.—COURT OF REQUESTS.—PAINTED CHAMBER.—GUNPOWDER PLOT.—ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL. OLD AND NEW PALACE YARD.

THE earliest notice which we discover of a royal residence at Westminster, is in the reign of Canute, who is mentioned as holding his court here in 1035; and it seems to have been from one of the windows of this palace that the perfidious Saxon traitor, Duke Edric, was thrown, by order of Canute, into the Thames. The palace of the Dane was burnt down a few years afterwards, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, who, on its site, erected a far more magnificent structure. Every trace of Canute's palace has ceased to exist, but the foundations and a considerable part of the Confessor's structure still remain; and, but for the fatal fire which took place on the 16th of October, 1834, we should still be able to wander into the Court of Requests and the Painted Chamber,—the former, it is said, the banqueting-room, and the latter the sleeping-apartment of the "meek Confessor,"—which, with the exception of internal adornment, remained in the same state in which they existed in the middle of

the eleventh century. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that Old Palace Yard, points out where stood the palace of the Confessor, and New Palace Yard, the site of the additions made by the early Norman Kings. From the windows of the former, the Confessor could watch the progress made by the glorious Abbey towards completion,—the principal object of his life. "He pressed on the work," says Sulcardus, "very earnestly, having appropriated to it a tenth of his entire substance in gold, silver, cattle, and all other possessions."

In 1085, we find William the Conqueror holding his court at Whitsuntide, in the palace of Westminster, on which occasion he received the homage of his subjects, and knighted his youngest son, afterwards Henry the First. William Rufus held his court here in 1099, and the following year kept the festival of Whitsuntide within the magnificent Hall which had recently risen under his auspices. During the reign of Henry the First, the Confessor's palace appears to have been the constant residence of that monarch, and of his pious and gentle consort, Matilda, daughter of Malcolm the Third, King of Scotland, and niece to Edward Atheling. During Lent, the good Queen was constantly to be seen issuing from the palace,—barefooted and clothed in a garment of horse-hair,—crossing the Old Palace Yard to the "Old Chapter House," where she performed her devotions and washed the feet of the poor. She died in Westminster Palace, on the 1st of May, 1118, and was buried

within the walls of the Chapter-house, which had so often been witness to her charities and her piety.

King Stephen and Henry the Second were both crowned at Westminster, and both, at different times, held their courts in the Old Palace. Here Richard Cœur de Lion held a magnificent court on the occasion of his Coronation, in September, 1189, and here it was, when seated at dinner in the "Little Hall," at Westminster, that the news was brought to him that King Philip, of France, had invaded his Norman Duchy, and beseiged Vernoil. Starting from table in a violent rage, he swore passionately that he would never "turn away his face" till he had met the French King and given him battle, and immediately set off for Portsmouth, where he embarked for Normandy. On the return of the lion-hearted King to his dominions, in 1197, having dispossessed his brother John of the throne, we find him again crowned at Westminster. After the death of his brother, King John was crowned in the Abbey, with the usual formalities, and during his reign we find him more than once keeping Christmas at Westminster.

Henry the Third, the successor of King John, made great additions to the palace of the Confessor. During his reign, we find numerous notices of his having kept his court, and held diverse festivals at Westminster. Here especially, in 1235, took place the interesting betrothment of Isabella, the King's sister, to the Emperor Frederic. "In February, 1235," writes Matthew Paris, "two ambassadors

from the Emperor arrived at Westminster, to demand in marriage for their master the Princess Isabella, the King's sister. The King summoned a council of the Bishops and great men of the kingdom, to consider the proposals of the Emperor; to which, after three days' consultation, an unanimous consent was given. The ambassadors then entreated that they might be permitted to see the Princess. The King sent confidential messengers for his sister to the Tower of London, where she was kept in vigilant custody; and they most respectfully brought the damsel to Westminster into the presence of her brother. She was in the twenty-first year of her age, exceedingly beautiful, in the flower of youthful virginity, becomingly adorned with royal vestments and accomplishments, and thus she was introduced to the imperial envoys. They, when they had for a while delighted themselves with beholding the virgin, and judged her to be in all things worthy of the imperial bed, confirmed by oath the Emperor's proposal of matrimony, presenting to her, on the part of their master, the wedding ring. And when they had placed it on her finger, they declared her to be Empress of the Roman empire, exclaiming altogether,—'*Vivat Imperatrix, vivat!*'" In due time, the Emperor despatched the Duke of Louvaine and the Archbishop of Cologne, with a suitable train, to escort the fair bride to Germany. They were received by King Henry with all due honours, and, previous to their departure with Isabella, we find

the King entertaining them, on the 6th of May, with great magnificence, at Westminster.

The following year, Henry married Eleanor, daughter of Raymond, Earl of Provence, when the rejoicings, consequent on the marriage and subsequent coronation of the new queen, seem to have surpassed in splendour anything which had previously been witnessed in England. At the palace of Westminster, Queen Eleanor was delivered, on the 16th of June, 1239, of her first son, afterwards King Edward the First, styled from the place of his birth, Edward of Westminster. Here, in 1260, we find King Henry entertaining Alexander King of Scotland, and here apparently he died. Among other curious entries of expenditure in this reign, and which shew the simplicity of the times, we find, in April 1222, 3*s.* 8*d.* paid to purchase *rushes* for the King's "two chambers at Westminster;" and again in December following, 3*s.* 4*d.* for *rushes* for the King's Great Chamber.

Edward the First, like his predecessors, made Westminster his residence. Here he entertained Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, during the Christmas of 1277; and here, the following year, we find Alexander the Third, King of Scotland, paying homage to him for the lands which he held under the English crown. In 1294, John Baliol, King of Scotland, was his guest at Westminster, and shortly afterwards we find the King "royally entertaining in his palace of Westminster the four noble envoys of the King of Arragon," with whom he was carry-

ing on a secret negotiation for assistance in the war which he proposed to wage against the French King.

At this early period of our history it was customary for the kings of England to keep their treasury within the precincts of the Abbey of Westminster. In 1303, during the absence of Edward the First in Scotland, the door of the apartment in which the treasure was kept was found to have been forcibly entered, the chests and coffers were broken open, and treasure to the amount, it was computed, of an hundred thousand pounds was found to have been abstracted. Suspicion at first fell on the ecclesiastic establishment, and the Abbot, forty-eight monks, and thirty-two other persons, connected with the Abbey, were arrested by order of the King, and sent to the Tower. They were subsequently tried by the King's justices and acquitted, nor does it appear that the real perpetrators of the daring robbery were ever discovered.

On the accession of Edward the Second, the old palace of Westminster, under the auspices of the King's celebrated favourite, Piers Gaveston, became the perpetual scene of feasting, dancing, and all kinds of riotous merriment. "Within a while," says Holinshed, "the young King gave himself up to wantonness, passing his time in voluptuous pleasure and riotous excess; and Piers, as though he had sworn to make the King forget himself and the state to which he was called, furnished his court with companions of jesters, ruffians, flattering parasites, musicians, and other vile and naughty ribalds,

that the king might spend both days and nights in jesting, playing, banqueting, and such other filthy and dishonourable exercises."

The following extracts from the account-book of one of the King's servants throw a curious light on the tastes and amusements of the young monarch:—

Paid to the King himself, to play at cross and pile, [tossing up,] by the hands of Richard de Merewith, Receiver of the Treasury . . . . . 12*d.*

Paid to Henry, the King's barber, for money which he lent to the King to play at cross and pile . . . . 5*s.*

Paid to Piers Barrad, Usher of the King's chamber, for money which he lent to the King, and which he lost at cross and pile to Mons. Robt. Wattewylle . . . . 8*d.*

Paid to James de St. Alban's, the King's painter, who danced on a table before the King and made him laugh heartily, being a gift by the King's own hands, in aid of him, his wife and children . . . . . 50*s.*

Paid at the lodge at Walmer, when the King was stag-hunting there, to Morris Ken, of the kitchen, because he rode before the King, and often fell from his horse, at which the King laughed heartily; a gift by command . . 20*s.**

In the days when the young King and his gay favourite were revelling and rioting in the costly apartments of Westminster, how little could they have imagined that the time was not far distant when the one was to suffer an excruciating death under the hands of an assassin, and the other, to die by the axe of the executioner.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race,
Give ample room and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace.

* Antiquarian Repository.

Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkeley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king.

The extravagances and debaucheries of the young King were checked for a time by his marriage with the beautiful adulteress, Isabella, daughter of Philip le Bel, King of France,

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven! *———

The influence, however, of the young Queen over her husband was but of short duration, and he soon relapsed into his former reckless career of frolic and vice:

Piers Gaveston, to whose baneful influence over his royal master have been attributed all the vices and the consequent misfortunes of the young King, was by birth a Gascon. He was distinguished by the beauty of his person and the keenness of his wit, and, as a reward for the gallant services which he had rendered to Edward the First in the field, had been appointed by that warlike monarch to a considerable post in the household of the Prince of Wales. By his accomplishments and fascinating manners, he soon obtained so powerful an ascendancy over the mind of young Edward, that the old King, dreading the consequences, banished him the kingdom, and, before he died, made his son promise that he would never recall him. No sooner,

* King Edward the Third, the victor of Cressy.

however, did he find himself on the throne, than he sent for his favourite, created him Earl of Cornwall, a title which had hitherto only been conferred on a Prince of the Blood; married him to his own niece, sister of the Earl of Gloucester; loaded him with wealth; allowed him to wear the crown jewels, and, moreover, at his coronation in Westminster Abbey, permitted him to walk in the procession next before him, with the crown.

Disgusted at these honours being conferred on a foreign adventurer, and on one inferior in birth to themselves; — still more disgusted at Gaveston making them the subjects of his wit and sarcasms, a warfare in which they had no chance with him,— the haughty barons of England, with Thomas Earl of Lancaster, first Prince of the Blood, at their head, assembled together in the refectory-hall of the monks of Westminster, and bound themselves by an oath to drive the obnoxious favourite out of the kingdom. A parliament being shortly afterwards summoned to meet at Westminster, the confederated barons appeared there with armed retinues, and, among other terms which they imposed on the young King, exacted from him a solemn promise that his favourite should immediately quit the kingdom; while at the same time they obtained an oath from Gaveston that he would never return. He accordingly departed, the King accompanying him to Bristol, from which port he set sail, but to the surprise and indignation of the barons, they soon learned that he had proceeded no further than

Ireland, of which country the King had appointed him Lord Lieutenant, and where he shortly afterwards distinguished himself by the vigour with which he suppressed a formidable rebellion.

In the mean time, the barons having laid down their arms, Edward, rendered miserable by the absence of his favourite, obtained from the Pope a dispensation from the oath which the barons had exacted from him, and recalling Gaveston from Ireland, flew to Chester to embrace him on his landing. For a time the barons submitted quietly to the return of the detested minion; but when, with returning prosperity, Edward and his favourite commenced anew their execrable career of dissipation and misrule, the barons again assembled in council, and appeared once more in arms before the palace of Westminster. Fresh terms were imposed on the weak monarch, one of which was that Gaveston should instantly depart the kingdom, on pain of being declared a public enemy. Accordingly, after embracing each other, and shedding many tears, Edward tore himself from his favourite, and, on the 1st of November, 1311, the latter set sail for Flanders.

But Edward was inconsolable in the absence of his minion, and having found means to keep up a private correspondence with him, it was agreed that Gaveston should land in the remote district of Cornwall, and that the King should join him as soon as possible in the north of England. Accordingly, having previously kept the festival of

Christmas at the palace of Westminster, Edward, early in January, 1312, proceeded to York, where for the last time he met his favourite. Here he issued a royal mandate, declaring the banishment of Gaveston to have been illegal, and announcing that he had returned to England in obedience to his own express commands: further, on the 24th of the following month, he formally restored him to all his former honours and estates. Exasperated by these unlooked-for events, the barons, on pretence of repairing to a tournament in the north, armed their numerous retainers for the purpose of reducing the King to submission, and punishing his unworthy favourite. On reaching York, they found that Edward had removed to Newcastle, leaving Gaveston in the almost impregnable castle of Scarborough, to which latter place they proceeded to lay siege. Amongst the barons, the one, who was the most inflamed with rage against the favourite, was the celebrated Guy, Earl of Warwick, whom Gaveston had sneered at by the name of the "Black Dog of Arderne." Being short of provisions, the castle was soon compelled to capitulate; but in all probability the life of Gaveston would have been spared, had not the Earl of Warwick sworn that the "Black dog of Arderne would make him feel his teeth." He carried with him the unfortunate favourite to his castle of Warwick, where the confederated barons having decided that he was deserving of death, he was led forth to execution without form of trial, and, on the 19th of June,

was beheaded on Lowe Hill, near the town of Warwick.

On the 1st of February, 1327, Edward the Third, then in his fifteenth year, was crowned in Westminster Abbey, and the same day he was knighted in the palace by his cousin Henry, Earl of Lancaster; the double ceremony being followed by a magnificent banquet in Westminster Hall. Ten years afterwards, we find the young King knighting, and conferring the Dukedom of Cornwall and the Earldom of Chester on his infant son, Prince Edward, afterwards so celebrated as the Black Prince. The ceremony, which took place in the palace of Westminster, was followed by magnificent banquetings and rejoicings, the King at the same time creating six other earls. Edward himself girded the sword to the side of his child, then only six years old; after which ceremony, the young Prince, in virtue of his becoming possessed of the palatinate of Chester, conferred knighthood on twenty persons of noble family. It may be mentioned that this was the first instance of the creation of a duke in England.

In April 1341, a very curious scene took place in Westminster Palace. John Stratford, Archbishop of Canterbury, having fallen under the displeasure of Edward the Third, was summoned to the Exchequer to answer the charges brought against him. Insisting, however, on the exalted rank which he held in the church, he refused to plead before any other tribunal but that of Parliament, and, setting the King's authority at defiance, he flew to the sanctuary at Can-

terbury, where, "with the dreadful ceremony of bell, book, and candle, the bells ringing dolefully, and the candles being suddenly extinguished with a stench," he hurled anathemas at his enemies, and on all those who should dare to violate the sacred privileges of the church. At last, the King having summoned a Parliament to assemble in his palace at Westminster, the Archbishop repaired privately to London, and having prevailed upon the Bishops of London and Chester, and "a great company of clergymen and soldiers" to accompany him, he presented himself, armed with all the terrors of the church, at the gate of the palace. Having formally demanded admittance to the chamber in which the Parliament were assembled, and being forbid to enter, in the King's name, by Sir William Atwood, Captain of the King's Guard, the archbishop took the cross from the hands of an attendant churchman, and, raising it aloft, solemnly protested that he would never stir from the spot till the King admitted him to his seat in Parliament, or explained the reason why he was excluded. Some of the bystanders denouncing him "as a traitor who had deceived the King and betrayed the realm," the Archbishop turned passionately round to them. "The curse of God," he said, "and of his Blessed Mother, and of St. Thomas, and mine also, be upon the heads of those who inform the King so: Amen, Amen!" At this time some of the Barons interfered, and being induced to use their good offices with the King, Edward consented that the Archbishop

should be brought into the Parliament chamber. After some discussion, his case was referred to a tribunal, consisting of four bishops, four earls, and four barons. "On the 19th of April following," says Barnes, "being a Thursday, the King came into St. Edward's Chamber, commonly called the Painted Chamber, before whom, in sight of all the Lords and Commons, the Archbishop humbled himself, and required his gracious pardon; which, upon the whole Parliament's general suit and entreaty, his Majesty granted." Within a short time we find the Archbishop entirely restored to the favour of his royal master.

In May 1356, John, King of France, who had recently been taken prisoner by the Black Prince at the Battle of Poictiers, was entertained by Edward the Third in Westminster Palace with great splendour. Edward, learning that his gallant son might shortly be expected in London with his august prisoner, sent to the Lord Mayor to prepare the city pageants, and to receive the French monarch with all due honours. Accordingly the triumphal procession, for such it was, was joined at Southwark by more than a thousand of the principal citizens on horseback, who, uniting with the Prince's cavalcade, passed over London Bridge, and thence,—through streets hung with tapestry and spanned by frequent arches which had been erected for the occasion,—rode on to Westminster Palace, where Edward was anxiously expecting the arrival of his illustrious guest. "King John," says Barnes, "clothed in

royal apparel, was mounted on a cream-coloured charger, with splendid trappings, in token of sovereignty; and, to be more remarkable, the generous Prince of Wales rode by his side on a little black hobby, as one that industriously avoided all suspicion of a triumph." In the meantime, King Edward was seated in great state in Westminster Hall, and the French monarch no sooner entered than he descended from his throne, and, after embracing him with great courtesy and show of affection, led him to a magnificent banquet which had been prepared for him.

In 1358, Edward the Third kept his Christmas with great splendour at Westminster, and, on this occasion, it is not a little curious to find his two illustrious captives, John King of France, and David King of Scotland, both seated at table with him at the same time. The English and French monarchs seem to have lived on the most friendly terms; the latter, we are told, during the time he was lodged in the Savoy Palace, "going as often as he pleased, privately by water, to visit King Edward at his palace of Westminster."

Were it from no other circumstance, the old Palace of Westminster would be interesting as the spot where Edward the Black Prince breathed his last. He expired, on the 8th of June 1376, in the "Great Chamber," and was buried at Canterbury.

> Is the sable warrior fled?
> Thy son is gone: he rests among the dead.

The King survived the melancholy event only twelvemonths. He died on the 21st of June 1377,

at the Palace of Sheen, or Richmond; abandoned, in his last moments, by his beautiful mistress Alice Piers, and "the other knights and esquires who had served him, allured more by his gifts than his love."

Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies!

The unfortunate Richard the Second constantly resided at Westminster, and it was in the chapel of the palace, according to Froissart, that he was married, on the 14th of January 1382, to the Princess Anne of Bohemia, sister of the Emperor Winceslaus. The ceremony was solemnized with extraordinary rejoicings. "At her coming to the city of London," says Holinshed, "she was met on Blackheath by the Mayor and citizens of London in most honourable wise, and so with great triumph conveyed to Westminster, where all the nobility of the realm being assembled, she was joined in marriage to the King, and shortly after crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with all the glory and honour that might be devised. There were also holden, for the more honour of the said marriage, solemn jousts for certain days together, in which, as well the Englishmen as the new Queen's countrymen, shewed proof of their manhood and valiancy, whereby praise and commendation of knightly prowess was achieved, not without damage of both parties."

It was in the palace of Westminster, that the famous scene occurred, on the 3rd of May 1389, when Richard, then in his twenty-second year, sud-

denly declared, before the assembled Barons, his determination to be no longer a puppet in the hands of his uncle the Duke of Gloucester, but to govern, by his own authority, his kingdom and household. Turning to the Duke, he inquired of him his age. "Your highness," replied Gloucester, "is in your twenty-second year."—"Then," rejoined the young King, "I am of years sufficient to govern my own house and family, and also my kingdom. Every one at the age of twenty-one is held capable of managing his own affairs; and wherefore should I be deprived of a privilege, that may be claimed by the meanest subject of my realm? I have, as ye know, been long ruled by tutors, and restrained from doing anything of the least importance without their permission, but I am determined that they shall meddle no further with matters pertaining to my government, and, after the manner of an heir come to lawful age, I will call to my council those whom I think proper, and dismiss from it others, at my own pleasure." He then removed the Duke of Gloucester and the Earl of Warwick from the council, displaced the Bishop of Hereford from the office of Treasurer, the Earl of Arundel from that of Lord Admiral; and demanding the great seal from the Chancellor, Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of York, he placed it in his bosom, and quitted the apartment.

On the 7th of June 1394, Richard lost his young Queen, Anne of Bohemia. She died at the palace of Sheen, and so deeply was Richard affected by her

loss, that he cursed the spot, and ordered the apartments which she had been accustomed to inhabit to be razed to the ground. The grief, however of the royal widower seems to have been as short-lived as it was violent, for, sixteen months afterwards, on the 31st of October 1396, he married at Calais Isabella, daughter of Charles the Sixth, King of France, then only in her eighth year, and immediately conducted her to Westminster, where her arrival was celebrated with extraordinary rejoicings.

On the deposition of the unfortunate Richard, and the accession of Henry Duke of Lancaster as Henry the Fourth, the usurper, on the 12th of October, 1399, attended by a cavalcade of six thousand horse, proceeded in great state from the Tower to Westminster, where he formally took possession of the palace of the Confessor. The streets through which he passed were hung with tapestry, and the conduits flowed with red and white wine, and especially the one in the courtyard of the palace, where it poured from various mouths. Henry himself, magnificently attired, was the observed of all observers,—

> ——————— great Bolingbroke
> Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
> Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,
> With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
> While all tongues cried—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
> You would have thought the very windows spake,
> So many greedy looks of young and old
> Through casements darted their desiring eyes
> Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
> With painted imagery, had said at once,—

> Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
> Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
> Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
> Bespake them thus,—*I thank you, countrymen:*
> And thus still doing, thus he passed along.
>
> *King Richard II., Act 2.*

When age had dimmed the eye, and disease had enfeebled the frame of the once haughty and magnificent Bolingbroke, and when the wild and dissipated career of his son, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry the Fifth, superadded anguish of mind to the tortures of the body, it was in the Presence Chamber at Westminster that the repentant son sought and obtained the forgiveness and blessing of his dying father. The enemies of the Prince, it seems, had not only poisoned the King's mind against his son, by the most exaggerated accounts of his riotous excesses, but had more than insinuated that the Prince entertained the design of deposing his father, and that the crowds which the former drew around him, "under a show of sports and pastimes," resulted from the darkest designs. For a considerable time,—notwithstanding the increasing coldness of the King's manner, and their being consequently almost entirely estranged from each other,—the Prince appears to have remained in ignorance of the machinations of his enemies. It was not till the astounding intelligence was communicated to him that he had been superseded as President of the Council by his younger brother John, that the truth flashed upon him, and, with the natural openness and generosity of his disposition, he

determined on coming to an understanding, and, if possible, effecting a reconciliation with his father.

The means which he took to effect this object are curiously characteristic of the manners of the period. The King was confined to his sick chamber at Westminster, when the Prince, attended by a large body of his personal friends and retainers, made his appearance at the entrance of Westminster Hall. Giving a strict injunction to his followers to proceed no further than the fire-place beneath the present lanthorn in the centre of the hall, he proceeded, almost alone, into the interior of the palace, and sent, with all humility, to request an audience with his father. The Prince's dress has been minutely described by the old chroniclers. He was habited in "a rich satin suit of clothes, which he caused to be made full of eylet-holes of black silk, the needle hanging at every hole, and on his arm he wore a hound's collar set full of S.S. of gold, with tyrets of the same metal."

In the selection of this fantastical costume, there was doubtless in every ornament, and even in its general character of slovenliness, a signification and a typical language, of which it is now difficult to discover the key. The dog-collar was probably intended as an emblem of fidelity, and it has been ingeniously pointed out, that "the gown with needles hanging at the oilet-holes," was the academical dress worn on extraordinary occasions by the scholars of Queen's College, Oxford,—where Prince Henry had been a student,—in honour of their

founder, Robert Eglesfield, Chaplain to Queen Philippa, consort of Edward the Third. The Prince, therefore, probably intended to imply that he was still in a state of tutelage.

At the moment when the Prince demanded an interview with his father, the King was lying "greevouslie diseased," and that powerful monarch,—who had waded through bloodshed to a throne, who had been the personal antagonist of Harry Hotspur, and who, with his own hand, had slain thirty-six persons on the memorable field of Shrewsbury, — shrunk with a nervous abhorrence, the effect of disease, from an interview with his own son. Henry, however, at last consented to an interview, "in the presence of three or four persons, in whom he had much confidence," and having been borne from his own apartment to the Presence Chamber in an easy chair, demanded, with a severe countenance, of his son his object in seeking an interview. The future victor of Agincourt fell reverently on his knees, and insisting passionately on his innocence of any design against his father's life or government, drew his dagger, and presenting it to the King, implored him to deprive him at once of life, if he had the least suspicion of his undutifulness. "I have this day," he said, still continuing kneeling, "made myself ready by confession and receiving of the Sacrament; and I beseech you, most redoubted lord, and dear father, for the honour of God, to ease your heart of all suspicion as you have of me, and to despatch me here before your

knees, with this same dagger; and in thus ridding me of life, and yourself from all suspicion, here, in the presence of these lords, and before God at the day of the general judgment, I faithfully protest clearly to forgive you." Deeply affected by the passionate sincerity of the Prince's manner, the sick monarch threw his arms round his son's neck, and, with many tears, assured him that he would never again give credit to the insinuations of his maligners.

There occurred one more memorable interview at Westminster Palace between the dying monarch and his gallant son, which has been immortalized by Shakspeare in his Second Part of King Henry IV. Who, indeed, is there, who has not by heart the magnificent poetical passage, where the expiring monarch, awakening from his lethargy, discovers that the crown,—

> O polished perturbation! golden care!
> That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide,
> To many a watchful night.

had been stolen from his pillow, and, moreover, that the purloiner, the "thief o' the night," was his own beloved son and expectant heir.

King Henry. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?
Warwick. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
King Henry. The Prince hath taken it hence:—go, seek him out,
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes,—come hither to me, Harry,
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
Prince Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.
King Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
That seeks the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast sealed my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'd'st me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, and not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the Fifth is crowned.

The old chroniclers, whom Shakspeare has followed, differ but little in the account which they give of the abstraction of the crown by Prince Henry. The King had for some time been subject to fits, which were usually followed by a lethargy, and it was on one of these occasions that the Prince entered his bedchamber, and, conceiving him to be dead, carried away the crown, which was "set on a pillow at the bed's head," or, according to Montstrelet, "on a cushion by the bedside." The King,

on awaking, missed his crown, and being informed that the Prince had taken it, he ordered him to be summoned to his presence, and demanded of him an explanation of his conduct. "Sire," said the Prince, "to mine and all men's judgments, you seemed dead in this world; wherefore I, as your next and apparent heir, took the crown as mine own, and not as yours." "Well, fair son," replied the King with a deep sigh, "what right I had to it, and how I enjoyed it, God knoweth." "My liege," returned the Prince, "if you die King, I shall have the garland, and trust to keep it by the sword, as you have done, against all mine enemies." "Well," said the exhausted King, "I leave all things to God, and pray him to have mercy on me."

Not long after this memorable interview between the father and son, the King was performing his devotions at the shrine of St. Edward in Westminster Abbey, when he was seized with a fit, and being carried into the Jerusalem chamber, had strength enough to address some earnest words of parting advice to Prince Henry, and shortly afterwards expired.

The handsome and warlike Henry the Fifth was crowned at Westminster on the 9th of April, 1413, and, like most of his predecessors, made the palace of the Confessor his constant residence when in London. Here he returned in great triumph after his splendid victory at Agincourt, in 1415, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen attending him through the city to the palace gates, "appareled," says Hall,

"in grained scarlet, the commoners in beautiful murrey, well mounted and gorgeously horsed, with rich collars and great chains." Here, the following year, the King "lodged in his own palace," and entertained with gorgeous jousts and tournaments, the Emperor Sigismond, and Albert, Duke of Holland; hither, in 1421, he conducted in great state his fair queen, Katherine, daughter of Charles the Sixth, whom he had recently married in France; and lastly, the same year, here we find him entertaining the chivalrous, the accomplished, and unfortunate James the First of Scotland; who, at the Queen's coronation feast, was seated at her left hand.

King Henry died in the château de Vincennes, near Paris, on the 31st of August, 1422, and was succeeded by his infant son, the unfortunate Henry the Sixth, then only eight months old. During the early part of this reign we find but few notices of the old palace. Here, however, it was, in 1444, that the King was united in marriage to the accomplished and high-spirited Margaret of Anjou, daughter of Réné, titular king of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem; and here on the 13th of October, 1453, the intrepid Queen was delivered of her eldest son, the ill-fated Prince Edward. This was the child which she held in her arms, when, a fugitive after the battle of Hexham, she encountered the robber in the forest; and the same prince who, in 1471, was so inhumanly butchered by the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, after the battle of Tewkesbury.

——— Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood;—and he shrieked out aloud,
Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
That stabbed me in the field by Tewskesbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments.

In 1450, "in a tower within the palace of Westminster," was imprisoned the once powerful subject, Edward de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk. He was subsequently tried by his peers in the King's chamber, and, being sentenced to banishment, was on his way across the channel to France, when he was intercepted by his enemies, and his head being cut off on the side of a long boat, his body was thrown into the sea. In the same year, we find the King holding his court at Westminster, and from hence, on the breaking out of the insurrection of Jack Cade, he flew for refuge to Kenilworth.

It was during the temporary reconciliation between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, in 1459, that the apparently trifling circumstance of a "fray" between one of the King's servants and a retainer of the "king-maker," Earl of Warwick, led to a renewal of hostilities, and the shedding of the most illustrious blood in the kingdom. The quarrel, it seems, took place while Warwick was attending the King in council, having left his retainers in the court-yard of the palace. "A fray," says Holinshed, "was made upon a yeoman of the Earl of Warwick's, by one of the King's servants, in the which the assailant was sore hurt, but the Earl's man fled. Hereupon, the King's menial servants, seeing their

fellow hurt, and the offender escaped, assembled together and watched the Earl when he returned from the council-chamber toward his barge, and suddenly set on him, the yeomen with swords, the black guard with spits and fireforks. After long fight, and many of the Earl's men maimed and hurt, by help of his friends he got a wherry, and so escaped to London. The Queen, advertized hereof, incontinently commanded that he should be apprehended and committed to the Tower; where, if he had been taken, he had shortly ended his days." The Earl flew to his government at Calais, and immediately both parties openly made preparations in every part of England for renewing the sanguinary contest.

In July, the following year, the old palace witnessed a still more extraordinary scene. The result of the battle of Northampton having proved fatal to the fortunes of Henry the Sixth,—and having placed the person of the unfortunate monarch in the hands of his enemies,—Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, (who claimed the throne as representative of Edward the Third,) took advantage of this favourable opportunity of advancing his claims. Attended by a numerous body of his friends and their retainers,—a naked sword being borne before him, and trumpets sounding defiance,—he proceeded to Westminster, where the Parliament was then assembled, and alighted from his horse at the great entrance to the palace. "At his coming to Westminster," says Holinshed, "he entered the palace,

and passing forth directly through the Great Hall, stayed not till he came to the chamber where the King and Lords used to sit in the Parliament time, commonly called the Upper House, a chamber of the peers, and being there entered, stept up into the throne room, and there, laying his hand upon the cloth of estate, seemed as if he meant to take possession of that which was his right, (for he held his hand so upon that cloth a pretty good while) and after withdrawing his hand, turned his face towards the people. Beholding their pressing together, and marking what countenance they made whilst he thus stood and beheld the people, supposing they rejoiced to see his presence, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Thomas Bourcher) came to him, and after due salutations, asked him if he would come and see the King; with which demand he seeming to take disdain, answered briefly, and in a few words thus, 'I remember not that I know any within this realm, but that it beseemeth him rather to come and see my person, than I go and see his.' The Archbishop, hearing his answer, went back to the King, that lay in the Queen's lodging. The Duke also departed, and went to the most principal lodging that the King had within all his palace, breaking up the locks and doors, and so lodged himself therein, more like to a king than a duke; continuing in the same lodging for a time, to the great indignation of many that could not in any wise like such presumptuous attempts made by the Duke to thrust himself in possession of the

crown, and to depose King Henry who had reigned over them so long a time."

At a subsequent debate, the Duke of York presented himself before the assembled peers, and forcibly appealed to them as his natural and legal judges. He dwelt on the cruelties with which the House of Lancaster had paved their way to the throne; insisted on the calamities which had attended the misgovernment of Henry, and concluded by entreating them to do justice to himself, who was their legitimate and rightful sovereign. The Duke had probably anticipated that the peers would have invited him to seat himself in the vacant throne; but the only result was an awful silence, "the lords," says Hall, "sitting still like images graven in the wall, or dumb gods, neither whispering nor speaking, as though their mouths had been sewed up." The Duke, however, had no sooner quitted the assembly, than the peers entered into a solemn discussion as to the legality of his claims. The result was, that they declared his title to the throne to be certain and indefeasible; but in consideration of King Henry having been invested with the regal authority for thirty-eight years, they decided that he should retain the empty title and dignity of King for the remainder of his life; while the administration of the government was to be transferred to the Duke of York, who was declared to be the true and rightful heir to the crown which had been worn by his ancestors.

These extraordinary proceedings having reached

the ears of Queen Margaret, that heroic princess, trembling for the rights of her young son, as well as indignant at her husband's degradation, flew to arms, and in a short time had collected an army of twenty thousand men. The Duke of York hastened to give her battle, and the two armies met on the field of Wakefield. The result is well known. The Queen's troops were successful, and the Duke of York being killed on the field of battle, his head, by Margaret's orders, was severed from his body, and with a paper crown attached to it in derision, was fixed on the gates of York.

Margaret's triumph, however, was of short duration. The battle of Mortimer's Cross followed the same year, when the Earl of March, afterwards Edward the Fourth, revenged the death of his father, the late Duke of York, by completely defeating his adversaries, leaving nearly four thousand of them dead on the field of battle.

Marching to London, the young Earl of March encamped his victorious troops in St. John's Fields, Clerkenwell, and proceeded to prefer those claims to the throne, which had previously been advanced by his deceased father. His youth and handsome person, his affability, his personal courage, and numerous accomplishments, had already earned for him the suffrages of the people; and, accordingly, a large assemblage of peers, prelates, and magistrates, having met at Baynard's Castle, it was there determined that King Henry, by violating his faith in joining the Queen's army, had forfeited his claims

to the crown, and that it had consequently fallen to the inheritance of the son of the late Duke of York.

The young King took possession of the crown and the palace of his predecessor at the same time, and while he was feasting in the regal halls of Westminster, the unfortunate Henry was bemoaning his fate, a prisoner in the gloomy apartments of the Tower. On the 4th of March, 1461, the day after the conference took place in Baynard's Castle, Edward was conducted in solemn state, and amidst the cheers of the populace, through the city to Westminster. On entering the great Hall, he took his seat on the throne, with the sceptre of Edward the Confessor in his hand; when, silence having been proclaimed, a paper was read aloud which stated his claims to the throne, and he was then hailed as king by the by-standers. Immediately afterwards he repaired to the Abbey church, where, having performed his devotions at the shrine of St. Edward, the assembled nobles knelt one by one and did homage to him.

In May 1465, we find Edward celebrating the coronation of his beautiful consort, Elizabeth Grey, with great rejoicings at Westminster; and here, on the 9th of April 1483, the gallant and amorous monarch breathed his last. He was buried at Windsor, where, in 1789, his body was discovered undecayed: his dress being nearly perfect, as were also the lineaments of his face.

During the few months that the unfortunate

Edward the Fifth, was allowed to sit on the throne, we find the young King on more than one occasion residing in the palace of Westminster. It was in one of the apartments of this very palace, that, a few years before, his father, King Edward the Fourth, had created him, with unusual state and ceremony, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester; there had then knelt and sworn fealty to the royal infant, as the undoubted heir to the throne, his uncles the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, eight prelates, and all the principal nobility of the realm. Who at that moment could have foretold the fate which awaited the heir of the Plantagenets; and yet, before twelve years had elapsed, one of that assembly had become his murderer, and, of the others, scarcely one had remained true to the obligation by which they had so solemnly bound themselves.

The Duke of Gloucester, by his talent and his crimes, having invested himself with the regal power, was proclaimed King on the 20th of June 1483, by the title of King Richard the Third. The same day he proceeded in great state to Westminster Hall, where, surrounded by the prelates and nobles of the realm, he took his seat in the throne of the Plantagenets. He then addressed himself to the assembly. "He declared," says Holinshed, "that he would take upon him the crown in that place there, where the king himself sitteth and ministereth the law, because he considered that it was the

chiefest duty of a king to minister the laws. Then, with as pleasant an oration as he could, he went about to win unto him the nobles, the merchants, the artificers; and, in conclusion, all kind of men, but especially the lawyers of the realm. And, finally, (to the intent that no man should hate him for fear, and that his deceitful clemency might get him the good will of the people) when he had declared the discommodities of discord, and the commodities of concord and unity, he made an open proclamation that he did put out of his mind all enmities, and that he there did openly pardon all offences committed against him. And to the intent that he might shew a proof thereof, he commanded that one Fog, whom he had long deadly hated, should be brought then before him; who, being brought out of the Sanctuary (for thither he had fled for fear of him) in the sight of the people he took him by the hand. Which thing the common people rejoiced at, but wise men took it for a vanity."

On the 22nd of August 1485, King Richard paid the penalty of his crimes on the field of Bosworth, and on the 30th of October following, his victorious rival, the Earl of Richmond, was solemnly crowned at Westminster by the title of King Henry the Seventh. Here he constantly kept his court, but, with the exception of the rejoicings attending his coronation, and those which followed his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Edward the Fourth, we find the old palace presenting no particular feature of interest during his reign.

Henry the Eighth was the last of our monarchs, who have resided or kept their courts in the halls of the Confessor. In the early part of his reign, the old palace appears to have been the constant scene of tournaments, masques, and all kinds of pageantries and "solemnities." Here, a few months after the marriage of the young King with Catherine of Arragon, occurred the following scenes, as described by the old chronicler, Hall:—"On a morning, his Grace (the King), the Earls of Essex,* Wiltshire,† and other noblemen, to the number of twelve, came suddenly into the Queen's chamber, all apparelled in short coats of Kentish Kendal, with hoods on their heads, and hoses of the same;

* Henry Bourchier, second Earl of Essex, a nobleman distinguished alike for his valour and his virtues. He was held in great consideration by Henry the Seventh, in whose reign he was a privy councillor, and had an important command at the battle of Blackheath. On the accession of Henry the Eighth, he was appointed Captain of the King's Horse Guards, then newly constituted as a body-guard of the sovereign. The corps, we are told, consisted of fifty horse, "trapped with cloth of gold, or goldsmith's work; whereof every one had his archer, a demi-lance, and coustrill." In 1513, he accompanied his royal master into France as Lieutenant-General of all the spears, and at the famous tournament in 1516, in honour of the King's sister, Margaret Queen of Scotland, he was one of the four challengers, including the King, the Duke of Suffolk, and Nicholas Carew, Esq., who answered all comers. In 1520, the Earl of Essex again attended Henry to France, and bore a conspicuous part in the magnificent pageantry on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." The Earl died, in consequence of a fall from his horse, in 1529.

† Lord Henry Stafford, younger son of Henry, second Duke of Buckingham, created, by Henry the Eighth, Earl of Wiltshire in 1509. He died in 1523.

every one of them having his bow and arrows, and a sword and buckler, like outlaws or Robin Hood's men; whereof the Queen, the ladies, and all other there, were abashed, as well for the strange sight, as also for their sudden coming; and, after certain dances and pastime made, they departed. On Shrove Sunday, the same year, the King prepared a goodly banquet, in the Parliament Chamber, for all the ambassadors which were then here out of divers realms and countries. The banquet being ready, the King, leading the Queen, entered into the chamber; then the ladies, the ambassadors, and other noblemen, followed in order. The King caused the Queen to keep the estate, and then sat the ambassadors and ladies, as they were marshalled by the King, who would not sit, but walked from place to place, making cheer to the Queen and the strangers: suddenly the King was gone. Shortly after, his Grace, with the Earl of Essex, came in apparelleled after the Turkish fashion, in long robes of bawdkin, powdered with gold; hats on their heads of crimson velvet, with great rolls of gold, girded with two swords, called scimitars, hanging by great bawdricks of gold. Next came the Lord Henry, Earl of Wiltshire, and the Lord Fitzwalter,* in two long gowns of yellow satin, traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimson satin, after the fashion of Russia, with

* Robert Ratcliffe, Viscount Fitzwalter, a Knight of the Garter, and Lord High Chamberlain to Henry the Eighth, with whom he was an especial favourite. He died in 1542.

furred hats of grey on their heads, either of them having an hatchet in their hands, and boots with *pykes* turned up. And after them came Sir Edward Howard, then Admiral,* and with him Sir Thomas Parr,† in doublets of crimson velvet, *voyded* low on the back and before to the *cannell-bone*, laced on the breasts with chains of silver; and, over that, short cloaks of crimson satin, and on their heads hats after the dancers' fashion, with pheasants' feathers in them: these were apparelled after the fashion of Prussia. The torch-bearers were apparelleled in crimson satin and green, like Moors, their faces black. And the King brought in a *mommarye*. After that the King, the Queen, and ladies, such as would, had played, the said mummers departed, and put off the said apparel, and soon after entered into the chamber in their usual apparel. And so the King made great cheer to the Queen, ladies, and ambassadors. The supper or banquet ended, and the tables *avoyded*, the Queen with the ladies took

* Second son of Thomas, second Duke of Norfolk. Some years afterwards this gallant officer, having received a severe and undeserved reproof from his royal master, resolved, in the next engagement with the enemy, either to conquer or to die. Accordingly, when an opportunity offered itself of an engagement with a French galley, he ordered his own vessel to be grappled to the enemy's; but, while in the act of boarding with eighteen followers, unfortunately the cable was either cut or burst asunder, and he was borne overboard by the pikes of the Frenchmen. By his will, he "bequeathed to the King's Grace, his great whistle." Henry had recently honoured him with the order of the Garter, but he died before the intelligence reached him.

† Father of Queen Catherine Parr.

their places in their degrees. Then began the dancing, and every man took much heed to them that danced. After the King's grace and the ladies had danced a certain time, they departed every one to his lodging."

In February, 1511, on the occasion of the Queen being delivered of a son, we find the old palace again the scene of fantastic but splendid pageantries. On the second day there was a magnificent tournament, on which occasion the King rode forth on horseback from under a gorgeous pavilion "of cloth of gold and purple velvet embroidered, powdered with fine gold." The principal combatants were the King, the Marquis of Dorset, the Earl of Wiltshire, Sir Charles Brandon, and Sir Thomas Boleyn, among whom, we are told, "his Grace attained the prize." After evening song, the bevy of "gorgeous dames and barons bold," proceeded to one of the halls of the palace, which was richly hung for the occasion. Here a magnificent banquet was provided, at which Henry knighted the celebrated Irish chieftain, Shan O'Neal, and afterwards there was a masque, in which the King appeared in a purple satin suit, brocaded with "posies." And then, says Holinshed, "the minstrels, which were disguised, danced, and the lords and ladies danced, that it was a pleasure to behold."

From this period, the old palace of the Confessor ceased to be associated with the domestic history of the Kings of England. In 1512, a considerable portion of it was destroyed by fire, and from this

time, till St. James's Palace was made an appanage of the crown and till Whitehall passed from the hands of Cardinal Wolsey into those of Henry, we find the King holding his court either at Baynard's Castle, Bridewell, or the Tower.

Before concluding our memoir of the old palace, let us briefly notice those interesting parts of it, of which the ancient walls still exist, or of which the site has been well ascertained.

Apparently the most ancient part is the apartment facing the Abbey at present used as the House of Commons, but which, previously to the fatal fire of 1834, was the House of Lords, and was hung with the famous tapestry, representing the victories over the Spanish Armada, which was unfortunately destroyed by the conflagration. In the reign of Henry the Seventh, and up to a much later period, this apartment was known as the Court of Requests, being so called from the petitions, or *requests*, addressed to the King, being usually received here by the officers of state. That it is a portion of the ancient palace of the Confessor there can be little doubt; indeed, it has been presumed, and not without reason, that it was the banqueting room of the early Norman kings, before the erection of the great hall by William Rufus.

The next apartment, and the most interesting one perhaps of which there are any remains, is the Painted Chamber, so often mentioned in the annals of the old palace as St. Edward's chamber. It is now temporarily used as the House of Lords;

having been new roofed after the fire of 1834, and its walls raised, to suit this particular purpose. This apartment will always be deeply interesting, as that in which, it is said, Edward the Confessor breathed his last; Editha, his queen, and his unfortunate successor, King Harold, watching by his bed side. As early as the reign of Edward the Third, we find it designated as "*Le Chambre de Peinte*," and the delight, therefore, of our antiquaries may be readily imagined, when, on the removal of some old tapestries, in 1800, the ancient paintings, from which it derived its name, were discovered on the walls. Considering their antiquity, they were possessed of considerable and unexpected merit. They represented the Battles of the Maccabees; the Seven Brethren; the delivery of the ring and the message from St. John the Evangelist to Edward the Confessor, and lastly the canonization of the royal saint. It is difficult to believe that, since the days of the Goths, and, much less in the nineteenth century, such utter and inconceivable want of taste and feeling should have existed as could permit the destruction of these priceless relics. It is a fact, however, that the authorities of the day sanctioned their being coated over with whitewash; and it is rumoured, though the fact is scarcely credible, that the same want of taste has sanctioned the destruction of one of the most interesting apartments in Europe,—*the Painted Chamber itself.*

When, in 1337, a war was threatened between England and France, it was in the Painted Chamber

that Edward the Third received, in great state, the Cardinal ambassadors from Pope Benedict the Twelfth, who came with the express purpose of effecting a reconciliation between the two countries. Here, in the time of the Norman kings, the opening of new Parliaments usually took place, and here, during the latter part of the reign of Edward the Third, the Commons of England held their debates. It was not, indeed, until the two last Parliaments which were held in this reign, that the Commons were directed to withdraw to their ancient place of assemblage in the Chapter House of Westminster; the latter building being remarkable as the spot where the Commons first sat as a distinct body apart from the Lords.

It was the Painted Chamber which witnessed the memorable scene of the regicides affixing their signatures to the death-warrant of Charles the First. It was seated at a table in this chamber, that Oliver Cromwell, immediately after affixing his signature to the warrant for the execution of his sovereign, jocularly besmeared with his pen the face of Henry Marten, who sat next him, and who retorted the miserable jest. Here, too, it was, partly by force and partly by jest and argument, that Cromwell induced the well-known Colonel Ingoldesby to add his signature to those of the other regicides. Ingoldesby happened to enter the Painted Chamber where he found Cromwell, and some of the most daring spirits of the party, assembled in consultation. They consisted of such persons as had

already decided on the King's death, and who were now met together to affix their names to the memorable instrument. "As soon," says Lord Clarendon, "as Cromwell's eyes were on him, he ran to him, and taking him by the hand, drew him by force to the table; and said, 'Though he had escaped him all the while before, he should now sign that paper as well as they;' which he, seeing what it was, refused with great passion, saying, he knew nothing of the business, and offered to go away. But Cromwell and others held him by violence, and Cromwell, with a loud laughter, taking his hand in his, and putting the pen between his fingers, with his own hand writ Richard Ingoldesby, he making all the resistance he could."

In the Painted Chamber lay in state the body of Elizabeth Claypole, the favourite daughter of Oliver Cromwell, previously to its interment in Westminster Abbey; and here also was the resting-place, between the palace of Whitehall and Henry the Seventh's Chapel, of the neglected remains of the "merry monarch," Charles the Second. Here lay in state the body of the great Earl of Chatham, and afterwards that of his scarcely less celebrated son, William Pitt.

At the south end of the old Court of Requests was the Prince's chamber; or, as it was designated in our own times, the "Old Robing Room," from the sovereign being in the habit of robing himself here when he attended Parliament. The foundations, as well as the walls of the apartment itself,

were apparently of the time of the Confessor, but the ornamental part has generally been attributed to the reign of Henry the Third. Formerly this apartment was hung with some curious tapestry, representing the birth of Queen Elizabeth. Anne Boleyn was depicted in bed, with an attendant on one side, and the nurse with the royal infant on the other; Henry and his courtiers standing at some distance. It was to this apartment that Lord Chatham was carried when he was seized with his memorable and fatal illness in the House of Lords. Immediately between the north end of the old Court of Requests and the south end of Westminster Hall, appears to have ran the White Hall, or Great Chamber, of the ancient palace, memorable from having been the scene of many remarkable events in the history of our country, but more especially as having been the apartment where Edward the Black Prince breathed his last.

At the east end of the Painted Chamber stood the *old* House of Lords, the foundations of which were of the time of the Confessor, while the apartment itself had the appearance of having been rebuilt in the reign of Henry the Second. This was the ancient "Parliament Chamber," so often mentioned in the annals of the old palace, and beneath it was the vault, known as Guy Fawkes's cellar, in which the conspirators, associated in the Gunpowder Plot, concealed the barrels of powder with which they proposed to destroy the King and his parliament. Among the principal conspirators were

Thomas Percy, a cadet of the great Northumberland family; Robert Catesby, Esq., of Ashby in Northamptonshire; Thomas Winter, a gentleman by birth; and Guy Fawkes, a soldier of fortune. The plan by which they proposed to carry out their horrible project, was by hiring a house as near as possible to the Parliament Chamber, by which means they hoped to be able to open a subterranean communication between the cellar of the one, and the foundations of the other. Accordingly, a house, which exactly suited their purpose, was hired in the name of Percy, and was taken possession of by Fawkes, who passed as his servant, and was presumed to be the only tenant. The month of December, 1604, was fixed upon by the conspirators to commence their labours, and accordingly, on a dark night, they were admitted by Fawkes, and forthwith set to work at their detestable operations. In order to prevent the suspicion of the neighbours, they laid in a store of provisions sufficient to last them twenty days; at the same time providing themselves with arms, being determined, in case of discovery, to perish rather than fall into the hands of the government. The perseverance with which they set to work at their demoniacal task was deserving a better cause. Each person worked sixteen hours a-day, so contriving it, that while one rested, the three others laboured; Fawkes, in the meanwhile, keeping watch from the windows, and communicating to the others, by some private signal, whenever any person ap-

proached the house. At length they came to a wall, which, though three yards in thickness, they had nearly succeeded in breaking through, when they were not a little alarmed at hearing on the other side a noise, for which they could in no way account. Fawkes was immediately despatched to make inquiries: he soon returned with the information that the noise proceeded from a vault under the Parliament Chamber; that this vault was at present let as a magazine for coals, and that these coals were then selling off, when the vault would be let to the highest bidder. The opportunity was eagerly seized by the conspirators; the vault was taken by Fawkes in the name of his presumed master, Percy, and thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were forthwith stowed in it. These were covered over with faggots and billets of wood, and, to prevent suspicion, the doors were boldly thrown open in the day-time, and everybody freely admitted.

The extraordinary circumstances which led to the discovery of the dreadful secret, are too well known to need repetition. It is sufficient to observe, that suspicion was no sooner aroused, than the Lord Chamberlain and his attendants proceeded to examine the vaults and cellars beneath the Houses of Parliament; disguising their real object with the ostensible purpose of searching for some missing tapestry. On entering the cellar beneath the peers' chamber, they were struck with the quantity of coals and faggots which it contained,

altogether disproportionate to the small establishment kept up by Percy, whose property the fuel was said to be. The suspicions of the Lord Chamberlain were not the less aroused, when, in a dark corner, he beheld Fawkes,—"a very tall and desperate-looking fellow,"—who, in answer to his inquiries, stated that he was servant to Percy.

The next day was that on which parliament was appointed to assemble, and, accordingly, it was decided that the same night another and more rigorous search should be instituted, and especially in the cellar in which Fawkes had been discovered. With this purpose, about midnight, Sir Thomas Knyvet, a justice of peace for Westminster, proceeded to the spot with a strong body of attendants, and had the good fortune to arrest Fawkes just as he was issuing stealthily from the cellar. He was dressed and booted as for a journey, and, on searching him, three matches, a tinder-box, and a piece of touch-wood, were found in his pocket, and, in a corner behind the door, was a dark-lantern with a light in it. Further search was then made; the faggots were removed, and the whole plot was made but too apparent. Fawkes subsequently admitted, that, at the time he was seized, he had just completed his preparations for firing the train.

Let us pass on to the site of the famous chapel of St. Stephen. It would be almost an impertinence to recall to the reader's recollection the numerous historical events with which this interesting building is associated, or to recapitulate the names of the

numerous illustrious statesmen whose eloquence has been heard within its walls.

St. Stephen's! on the silent Thames no more
Thy shadows lengthen where they fell of yore;
Yet still we tread the memorable scene,
Of days gone by, and triumphs that have been;
Scene of the patriot's tear, the statesman's toil;
Approach with awe! we stand on sacred soil!
Here wit and goodness thrilled or won the heart,
A Cato's virtue, or a Tully's art!
Here earlier senates held the high debate,
Here Pym and Hampden sealed their monarch's fate!
Here virtuous Falkland wept the patriot tear,
Here, lordly Strafford, dawned thy high career!
Here Cromwell, thundering with his iron band,
Thrust forth the sovereign Commons of the land;
From yonder table dashed the bauble mace,
And swept the mighty from their pride of place!
Here St. John's angel-eloquence arose,
And Walpole won, and Chatham crushed, his foes!
Pause! for here Pitt a wondering senate fired,
Here Burke blazed forth, and Perceval expired!
Here Erin's wrongs from Grattan's heart were wrung,
And England's glories burst from Canning's tongue!

J. H. J.

St. Stephen's Chapel,—an integral part of the old palace in which the Norman kings offered up their devotions,—was originally founded by King Stephen, and rebuilt by Edward the First. Being considerably injured by the "vehement fire" of 1298, Edward the Second commenced rebuilding it, and in the following reign of Edward the Third, after a labour of seventeen years, it was completed with an elaborateness and magnificence of decoration, which rendered it a model of perfection as a specimen of

the purest style of Gothic architecture. The walls were covered with paintings in oil, of great richness and beauty; the windows were gorgeously illuminated; and all the internal fittings and ornaments,—the jewels, the hangings of the altar, and the vestments of the priests,—corresponded in beauty and costliness with its architectural splendour.

A few years after the suppression of the monastic establishments, this beautiful chapel was converted into a House of Commons: many of its decorations had previously fallen a sacrifice to the fury of the Reformation, and now its beautiful roof was concealed by a false ceiling, and its unique oil-paintings by a wooden wainscoting. In 1800, it being found necessary to enlarge the House of Commons in consequence of the Union with Ireland, the paneling was removed, when a considerable portion of the old paintings was brought to view, and it was seen how costly and elaborate had been the architectural and the other decorations of this beautiful chapel. The fatal fire of 1834 completed the work of destruction, and of those who witnessed that awful but magnificent scene, there were few perhaps who felt without a sigh, that they would never again tread the floor of that famous apartment, where the Commons of England had sat for nearly three centuries; or who did not recall the time when Charles the First came with his armed band to remove the "five members," or when Cromwell ordered his Ironsides to remove the

"bauble" mace. When the author, for the last time, trod the floor of St. Stephen's, the fire was still partially issuing from beneath, and the walls were tottering above his head. The beautiful crypt, or under-chapel, still remains to us, but St. Stephen's itself has passed away for ever.

Old and New Palace Yards are not without their historical associations. In the former, Guy Fawkes, with his associates Thomas Winter, Ambrose Rookwood, and Robert Keyes, were hanged, drawn, and quartered; their heads being subsequently affixed to poles on London Bridge, and their quarters exposed on different gates of the city. The house occupied by the conspirators, in which, in darkness and stealth, they carried on their under-ground operations, was situated at the north-east corner of Old Palace Yard.

Perhaps the event which throws the deepest interest over Old Palace Yard, is its having been the scene of the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh. He was brought here from the Tower, on the morning of the 29th of October, 1618; and, though suffering severely from illness, maintained his dignity and fortitude to the last. On ascending the scaffold, he observed to the bystanders, "I desire you will bear with me withal; and if I shew any weakness, I beseech you to attribute it to my malady, for this is the hour in which it is wont to come." Having concluded his well-known beautiful prayer, "Now," he said, "I am going to God." Taking up the axe, he felt its edge, and said smilingly, "This is a sharp

medicine, but it will cure all diseases." The executioner inquiring in what manner he proposed to lay his head upon the block? "So the heart be straight," he said, "it is no matter which way the head lieth." Having lain down, and the executioner shewing some hesitation in striking the blow, "What dost thou fear?" he said, "strike, man!" His head was then severed from his body at two blows.

In the time of the Commonwealth, there was a well known place of entertainment in Old Palace Yard, known by the singular denomination of "Heaven." Butler speaks of it in "Hudibras" as "false 'Heaven' at the end of the Hall;" and Pepys mentions his dining there in 1659-60. "I sent a porter," he says, "to my house for my best fur-cap, and so I returned and went to 'Heaven,' where Luellin and I dined." About the same time, a club, called the Rota, was founded by the celebrated James Harrington, at Miles's Coffee House, in Old Palace Yard. Pepys was a member of the Club, and more than once mentions the "admirable discourse" which he heard there.*

Before quitting Old Palace Yard, we must not omit to mention that when the celebrated poet Geoffrey Chaucer held the appointment of Clerk of the Works at Westminster, in the reign of Richard the Second, his residence stood on the spot where Henry the Seventh's Chapel now stands,

* For an account of the "Rota" Club, see Biog. Brit. vol. v. p. 3345, and note.

OLD PALACE YARD, IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

and here apparently he died. By a curious writ, dated the 13th of July, 1389, the poet was appointed Clerk of the Works at the palace of Westminster, the Tower of London, the Mews near Charing-Cross, and other places, with a salary of two shillings a day.

In New Palace Yard anciently stood a handsome conduit or fountain, which, according to Stow, on the occasion of great triumphs, was "made to run with wine out of diverse spouts." And opposite the hall, on the site of the present passage into Bridge Street, was a lofty tower, called the Clock Tower.

In regard to this tower, the following rather curious story is related.—In the reign of Henry the Third, a certain poor man having been fined the sum of thirteen and four-pence in an action for debt, Radulphus de Ingham, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, commiserating his case, caused the court roll to be erased, and the fine to be reduced to six shillings and eightpence; which, being soon afterwards discovered, the judge was sentenced to pay a fine of eight hundred marks. This sum, it is said, was expended on building the Clock Tower, in which there was a bell or clock, which, striking hourly, was intended to remind the judges in the hall of the fate of their brother. There seems to have been some truth in the story. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Catlyn, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, proposed to a brother judge to have a

court-roll erased, "No," said the other, "I have no inclination to build a clock-house." The Bell, or Clock Tower, was pulled down in 1715, when the ancient bell was granted to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral, and some time afterwards was recast. On it was inscribed the following doggrel distich,—

Tertius aptavit me rex, Edwardque vocavit,
Sancti decore Edwardi signaretur ut hora.

signifying that the King gave the bell and called it Edward, in order that the hours of the neighbouring Abbey of St. Edward the Confessor might be properly denoted. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the name of the bell seems to have been changed to Tom of Westminster, at least if we may judge by the following couplet,—

Hark! Harry, 'tis late, 'tis time to be gone,
For Westminster Tom, by my faith, strikes one.

In New Palace Yard, extending from the north-east corner of Westminster Hall in the direction of the bridge, stood the old buildings of the Exchequer, containing the despotic and terrible Star Chamber, with its thousand dark but interesting associations. The name is generally supposed to have been derived from the *stars* with which the ceiling was anciently decorated; but according to Blackstone, it was from the *Starra*, (corrupted from the Hebrew Shetar,) or Jewish covenants, which were deposited here by Richard the First. According to some accounts, the Painted Chamber was the original Star Chamber in the time of the

Norman Kings. At all events, the Exchequer Buildings, which contained the Star Chamber of Queen Elizabeth and Charles the First, dated no further back than the reign of the former sovereign. Well does the author remember the interesting old apartment, with its panelled walls, and its curious oaken roof divided into compartments, and ornamented with roses, portcullises, and fleurs-de-lys. It was pulled down within the last few years; when, to the disgrace of the authorities, the old panelling, and the oak-ceiling, with its interesting ornaments, for which many would have given large sums, and would have preserved with religious care, were sold as fire-wood, or were probably converted to even some baser purpose.

When, in September, 1498, the unsuccessful attempt of Perkin Warbeck on the city of Exeter delivered him into the merciless hands of Henry the Seventh, the young, the handsome, and accomplished adventurer, was conducted to London in a kind of mock triumph; and, in order to complete his humiliation, was placed in the stocks before the great entrance to Westminster Hall. "Incontinently," says Holinshed, "Perkin was brought to the court at Westminster, and was one day set fettered in a pair of stocks before the door of Westminster Hall, and there stood a whole day, not without innumerable reproaches, mocks, and scornings; and the next day he was carried through London, and set upon a like scaffold in Cheapside, by the Standard, with like gins and stocks as he

occupied the day before, and there stood all day, and read openly his own confession, written with his own hand." The following year, the unfortunate youth was arrested in an unlucky attempt to escape from the Tower, and was hanged at Tyburn, on the 23rd of November, 1499; the companion of his flight, the Earl of Warwick, being beheaded on Tower Hill a few days afterwards.

On the same spot, in front of Westminster Hall, on which Perkin Warbeck sat in the stocks, was subsequently erected the scaffold on which perished, at the same time, James, first Duke of Hamilton, the devoted adherent of Charles the First, the gay and handsome Earl of Holland, and the gallant and high-minded Lord Capel. On the 9th of March, 1649, less than six weeks after the decapitation of their royal master, the three prisoners were conducted from St. James's Palace to the residence of Sir Robert Cotton, at the upper end of Westminster Hall, a house of some note, from so many great and unfortunate men having at different times partaken of its melancholy hospitality in their last step to the grave. After a short respite which was allowed them to prepare for the fatal stroke, they were conducted through the hall to the scaffold. "It was a remarkable scene," writes Horace Walpole, "exhibited on the scaffold on which Lord Capel fell. At the same time was executed the once gay, beautiful, gallant Earl of Holland; whom neither the honours showered on him by his Prince, nor his former more tender connections with the Queen,

could preserve from betraying, and engaging against both. He now appeared sunk beneath the indignities and cruelty he received from men, to whom, and from whom, he had deserted; while the brave Capel, who, having shunned the splendour of Charles's fortunes, had stood forth to guard them on their decline, trod the fatal stage with all the dignity of valour and conscious integrity."

The Duke of Hamilton was the first who was brought forth to execution. The judges were sitting as he passed through Westminster Hall, and from their seat had a full view of the scaffold. Entertaining hopes of a reprieve to the last, and with a natural longing for life, he lingered for some time in the hall, till the Earl of Denbigh coming up to him, and whispering in his ear that there was no hope, he forthwith mounted the scaffold, and, after an address to the multitude, submitted himself to the stroke of the executioner with great fortitude and composure.

The once gay and graceful Holland came next; his steps tottering, and his cheeks blanched by severe illness. So weak was he, that it was with extreme difficulty that he could harangue the people. Walker, in his "History of Independency," supplies us with some interesting particulars relating to his last illness. "After some divine conference with Mr. Bolton for near a quarter of an hour, and having spoken to a soldier that took him prisoner, and others, he embraced Lieutenant-Colonel Beecher, and took his leave of him. After which he came

to Mr. Bolton, and having embraced him, and returned him many thanks for his great pains and affection to his soul, he prepared himself for the block; whereupon, turning to the executioner, he said, 'Here, my friend, let my clothes and my body alone; there is ten pounds for thee; that is better than my clothes. I am now fit. And when you take up my head, do not take off my cap.' Then taking farewell of his servants, he kneeled down and prayed for a pretty space with much earnestness. Then going to the front of the scaffold, he said to the people,—'God bless you all; God give all happiness to this kingdom, to this people, to this nation.' Then laying himself down, he seemed to pray with much affection for a short space; and then lifting up his head, seeing the executioner by him, he said, 'Stay while I give the sign;' and presently after, stretching out his hand, and saying, 'Now! now!' just as the words were coming out of his mouth, the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body."

Lord Capel was the last who was summoned to the fatal stage. He passed through Westminster Hall with a serene countenance, greeting his friends and acquaintance as he went along. Having ascended the scaffold, he inquired whether the other lords had addressed the people bare-headed? Being informed that such was the case, he took off his hat, and delivered that fine effective appeal, which, more than any other circumstance at the time, elevated the character of monarchy, and served to dis-

gust the people with their fanatical and Republican leaders. "Like Samson," says Heath, "he did the Philistines more harm by his death than he had done by his life." Lord Capel's demeanour at the last afforded a beautiful picture of dignified innocence and Christian fortitude. Lord Clarendon says, — "After some prayers very devoutly pronounced upon his knees, he submitted himself, with an unparalleled Christian courage, to the fatal stroke, which deprived the nation of the noblest champion it had." "He was a man," says Clarendon elsewhere, "that whoever shall after him deserve best of the English nation, he can never think himself undervalued when he shall hear that his courage, virtue, and fidelity, are laid in the balance with, and compared with those of Lord Capel." Even Cromwell, though he refused to save his life, did honour to the talents which he feared, and the unbending probity, which it would have been well if he had imitated.

During the last century, New Palace Yard, from the convenience which its open space afforded, was frequently the scene where criminals were exposed on the pillory. When the celebrated John Wilkes had the boldness to republish his famous No. 45 of "The North Briton," so obnoxious to George the Third and his ministers, it was in the New Palace Yard that his unlucky publisher, Mr. John Williams, a bookseller in Fleet Street, was made to stand in the pillory, on the 14th of February, 1765. The result, however, was very different from

what the ministers either hoped, or perhaps anticipated. Instead of pelting the offender with filth and stones, the mob hailed his appearance on the pillory with repeated cheers; he was brought, in a kind of triumph, to and from Palace Yard, in No. 45 hackney-coach, and even the driver, partaking of the general enthusiasm, refused to be remunerated for his trouble. In ridicule of the Prime Minister, Lord Bute, a Scotch bonnet, a jack-boot, and an axe, were suspended near the pillory, and, after dangling there for some time, a fire was lighted, the top of the boot was cut off, and, together with the bonnet, was burnt amidst the laughter and acclamations of the people. While this was going on, a gentleman put a guinea into a large purse, and handing it among the crowd, collected no less than two hundred guineas for the benefit of the political martyr.

New Palace Yard was anciently surrounded by a wall, in which there were four gates; one on the east, leading to Westminster Stairs, of which some remains existed within the last few years; another to the north, where Bridge Street now stands; a third on the west, taken down in 1706, and a fourth leading into Old Palace Yard, which was demolished as late as 1731.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

ITS ERECTOR.—THE HALL FOR THE CORONATION AND BANQUETINGS OF THE ENGLISH KINGS.—EXTRAORDINARY SCENES AND REMARKABLE TRIALS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED THERE FROM THE TIME OF WILLIAM RUFUS TILL THE PRESENT DAY.

WESTMINSTER HALL is perhaps the most interesting apartment in Europe: to an Englishman it is unquestionably so. Who is there, indeed, whose philosophy is so cold, or whose heart is so dead to every poetical or romantic feeling, as to be able to cross, without deep emotion, the threshold of the colossal banqueting-room of the Norman Kings, associated as it is in our minds with so many scenes of gorgeous splendour, so many events of tragical interest? Here our early monarchs sat personally in judgment on their subjects; here, on its vastest scale, was displayed the rude but magnificent hospitality of the Middle Ages; here a long line of sovereigns, — the Norman, the Tudor, the Plantagenet, and the Stuart,—have sat at their gorgeous coronation banquets; here Edward the Third embraced his gallant son, when the "sable warrior" returned from the bloody field of Poictiers conducting a monarch as his captive; and here were the trial-scenes of the young and accomplished Essex,

the stately Strafford, and the ill-fated Charles the First!

Westminster Hall, it is almost needless to remark, was originally erected by William Rufus, to serve as a banqueting-hall to the palace of the Confessor. It was completed in 1099, in which year we find him keeping his court beneath its roof. "In this year," writes Matthew Paris, "King William, on returning from Normandy into England, held, for the first time, his court in the new Hall at Westminster. Having entered to inspect it, with a large military retinue, some persons remarking that it was too large, and larger than it should have been, the King replied that 'it was not half so large as it should have been,' and that it was only a *bed-chamber* in comparison with the building which he intended to make." This same year, according to Stow, William Rufus kept his Whitsuntide in the Palace of Westminster, and feasted in his new banqueting-hall "very royally."

Henry the First, King Stephen, and Henry the Second were severally crowned in the Abbey of Westminster, and doubtless kept their coronation feasts in the old Hall. Here also Henry, the eldest son of Henry the Second, was crowned in the lifetime of his father, and the banquet in Westminster Hall, which followed, is rendered not a little remarkable from the following scene, as described by one of the old chroniclers. "The King," says Holinshed, "upon that day served his son at the table as sewer, bringing up the boar's head, with

trumpets before it, according to the usual manner. Whereupon the young man, conceiving a pride in his breast, beheld the standers-by with a more stately countenance than he had wont. The Archbishop of York, who sat by him, marking his behaviour, turned unto him, and said,—'Be glad, my good son, there is not another prince in the world hath such a sewer at his table.' To this the new King answered, as it were disdainfully,—'Why dost thou marvel at that? My father, in doing it, thinketh it not more than becometh him; he, being of princely blood only on the mother's side, serveth me that am a King born, having both a King to my father, and a Queen to my mother.' Thus the young man, of an evil and perverse nature, was puffed up with pride by his father's unseemly doing."

During the reigns of Richard the First and King John we find no particular notices of Westminster Hall, but, as both these monarchs were crowned and kept their courts at Westminster, they must often have banqueted beneath its roof.

On the occasion of his marriage, in January, 1236, with Eleanor, daughter of Raymond Earl of Provence, and her subsequent coronation, we find Henry the Third giving a magnificent banquet in Westminster Hall. "At the nuptial feast," says Matthew Paris, "were assembled such a multitude of the nobility of both sexes; such numbers of the religious, and such a variety of stage-players, that the city of London could scarcely contain

them. In the procession, the Earl of Chester bore before the King the sword of Edward the Confessor. The High Marshal of England (the Earl of Pembroke) carried a rod before the King, both in the church and in the hall, making way for the King, and arranging the guests at the royal table. The Barons of the Cinque Ports bare a canopy over the King, supported on five spears. The Earl of Leicester held water for the King to wash before dinner, and the Earl of Warenne officiated as the royal cup-bearer, in lieu of the Earl of Arundel, who was a youth not yet knighted. Master Michael Belet had the office of butler; the Earl of Hereford was Marshal of the King's household; William de Beauchamp was almoner. The justiciary of the forests removed the dishes from the King's table; the citizens of London poured the wine abundantly into precious cups; the citizens of Winchester had oversight of the kitchen and napery. The chancellor, the chamberlain, the marshal, and the constable, took their seats with reference to their offices; and all the barons in the order of their creation. The solemnity was resplendent with the clergy and knights, properly placed; but how shall I describe the dainties of the table, and the abundance of diverse liquors; the quantity of game, the variety of fish, the multitude of jesters, and the attention of the waiters? Whatever the world pours forth of pleasure and glory was there especially displayed."

Such was a royal banquet in the thirteenth

century! The same year we find the King entertaining six thousand poor men, women, and children, in Westminster Hall and the adjoining apartments of the palace.

In 1241, Henry entertained the Pope's legate, Otho, with great magnificence in Westminster Hall, and on the 5th of January following (St. Edward's Day), he feasted a vast assemblage of guests, consisting chiefly of the citizens of London, who, it appears, were summoned to attend by a royal edict, subject to a penalty of one hundred shillings if they absented themselves. The last entertainment which we shall mention in this reign, was a magnificent one given by the King in Westminster Hall, in 1244, in honour of the marriage of his brother, Richard Earl of Cornwall, with Cincia of Provence, sister of the Queens of France and England. According to Matthew Paris, as many as thirty thousand dishes were prepared for the nuptial banquet.

A few years afterwards, Westminster Hall presented an extraordinary and almost awful scene. Henry the Third had so often broken faith with his barons and his people; so often, when he required their assistance, had he made solemn vows to regard the ancient charters of the realm, and so often had he disregarded them in the hour of his prosperity, that when, in 1253, he was reduced to the last extremity for want of money, it was only by agreeing to bind himself by an obligation far more awful and solemn than any of his preceding ones; and by consenting to submit to excommunication, and all

the anathemas of the church, in the event of his failing in his engagement, that the barons and clergy were induced to aid him in his distress. It was decided that the ceremony should take place in Westminster Hall, under every circumstance which could tend to make it solemn and impressive. There were assembled there on the 3rd of May, the King, the nobles, the prelates, and the heads of the great ecclesiastical establishments; the churchmen, clad in their ecclesiastical robes, bearing each a lighted taper in his hand. For some reason a lighted taper was offered to the King, but he declined it, saying pointedly, "he was no priest;" while at the same time, to evince his sincerity, he offered to "keep his hand upon his breast during the proceedings." The scene which followed may be more readily imagined than described. In the midst of a solemn silence, the Archbishop of Canterbury arose from his seat, and in the most awful language invoked the curse of heaven on whomsoever should hereafter infringe the charters of the realm. At the moment when the frightful anathema was passing his lips, the torches were thrown smoking and stinking on the ground, and the voice of the Archbishop rose to a louder pitch; "thus," he said, "be extinguished, and stink, and smoke in hell, all those who dare to violate the charters of the kingdom." After a short pause, the King himself arose, and, with his hand still on his heart, exclaimed, in a no less solemn manner, "So may God help me, I will inviolably observe all these things, as I

am a man and a Christian, and a knight, and a crowned and anointed King." It is possible Henry may have been sincere at the moment, but how indifferently he kept his solemn oath, history has left us a melancholy record.

The only other incident of any interest connected with Westminster Hall in the reign of Henry the Third, was an extraordinary and bloody fracas, arising out of an ancient feud, which took place in 1269, between John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, and Sir Alan la Zouche, one of the King's justices, in which both of these powerful subjects appear to have taken a part with their followers. Sir Alan, being closely pressed by his enemies, flew towards the King's chamber, and had nearly reached it, when he was pierced by the swords of his pursuers. The latter immediately took boat, and flew to seek a place of concealment on the other side of the river, leaving their victim weltering in his blood. His groans soon attracted the ear of the King and his son, Prince Edward, who were naturally not a little indignant at so gross an outrage having been perpetrated so near the domestic apartments of the sovereign. It affords a curious feature of the manners of the times, that De Warenne immediately sought refuge in, and fortified himself in his castle of Reigate; nor was it by the force of the royal authority, but through the mediation of the Duke of Gloucester, and Henry, son of the King of Almaine, that he was induced to submit to the King's mercy. The Earl escaped with

a fine and penance, but Sir Alan was less fortunate, and died shortly afterwards of the effect of his wounds.

On the death of Henry the Third, which took place on the 16th of November, 1272, we find his son proclaimed with all due honours in Westminster Hall, as King Edward the First. Here also, on the 19th of August, 1274, on the occasion of his coronation and his marriage with Eleanor of Castile, we find the young and chivalrous monarch celebrating the double ceremony in the hall of Rufus, with extraordinary magnificence. The nuptial banquet, moreover, was graced by the presence of Alexander, King of Scotland, and the chosen of the Scottish nobility. "The King of Scotland," says the old chronicler, Henry de Knyghton, "was accompanied by one hundred knights on horseback, who, as soon as they had dismounted, turned their steeds loose for any one to catch and keep that thought proper. Then came Edmund, Earl of Cornwall, the King's nephew, and the Earls of Gloucester, Pembroke, and Warenne, each having in their company an hundred illustrious knights, wearing their lord's armour; and when they had alighted from their palfreys, they also set them free, that whoever chose might take them unquestioned. And the aqueduct in Cheapside poured forth white wine and red, like water, for those who would to drink at pleasure."

Edward the Second was crowned at Westminster, on the 25th of February, 1308; and Westminster

Hall was apparently the scene of the magnificent banquetings and rejoicings which accompanied that event, as well as that of his marriage, the same year, with Isabella, the beautiful daughter of Philip le Bel, King of France. When the misconduct of the weak and voluptuous monarch compelled his barons to rise in arms against him, we find him a fugitive at one time in the North of England, and, a short time afterwards, seated on his throne in Westminster Hall, surrounded by all the pomp of royalty, and knelt to by all the magnates of the land. It was only on the 19th of June, 1312, that the associated barons caused his beloved favourite Piers Gaveston, to be dragged from the dungeons of Warwick Castle to the block; and yet, on the 16th of October, the following year, while yet in his heart breathing resentment against the murderers of his minion, we find the barons kneeling submissively to him in Westminster Hall; and, in a full assemblage of the people, expressing their contrition, and acknowledging his clemency.

Four years afterwards, while the King was still pursuing his career of libertinism and misrule, the following remarkable occurrence took place in Westminster Hall. "This year," says the old monkish historiographer, Walsingham, "the King celebrated the feast of Pentecost in the Great Hall at Westminster, where, as he sat in the royal seat at table, in the presence of the great men of his kingdom, there entered a woman adorned with a theatrical dress, sitting on a fine horse with corre-

sponding trappings; who, after the manner of players, made a circuit round the tables, and at length ascended the steps to the table of the King, and laid before him a certain letter; then reining back her steed and saluting the guests, she retired as she came. The King had the letter opened, that he might know its contents, which were as follows, 'His lordship the King shews little courtly consideration for his knights, who in his father's time, and in his own, have exposed themselves to various dangers, and have spent or diminished their substance in their service; while others who have not borne the weight of business, have been abundantly enriched.' When these things were heard, the guests looking upon one another, wondered at the boldness of the woman, and the porters or doorkeepers were blamed for having suffered her to enter; but they excused themselves, answering that it was not the custom at the royal palace in any way to prohibit the entrance of players, especially at solemn festivals. Persons were then sent after the woman, who was easily found, taken, and committed to prison; and being required to tell why she had acted in such a manner, she truly replied that she had been induced to do it by a certain knight for a proper reward. The knight being sent for, and brought before the King, in reply to inquiries, nothing fearing, boldly confessed himself the author of the letter, and avowed that he had consulted the King's honour in what he had done. Therefore the knight by his constancy rendered himself deserving

of the King's favour, with abundant gifts, and the woman was released from prison."

In August 1321, when the Spencers had succeeded Piers Gaveston in the affections of the weak monarch, we find the Barons of England assembling in Westminster Hall, and signing a sentence of banishment on the obnoxious favourites, under the penalty of death should they ever return to the kingdom. Lastly, speaking of this unhappy reign, it was in Westminster Hall, a few months before Berkeley Castle echoed with the shrieks of the agonizing king, that the Barons proclaimed him incapable of governing the realm, and announced to the assembled people that the prince, his son, had been invited to ascend the throne.

Edward the Third was knighted and crowned at Westminster on the same day, the 1st of February 1327, and afterwards kept his coronation feast with great magnificence in the Hall. Many years afterwards, when Edward the Black Prince returned victorious from the Battle of Poictiers with John King of France as his captive, we find Edward the Third seated on his throne in Westminster Hall, in the midst of his nobles and prelates, anxiously expecting the arrival of his august prisoner and valiant son. When the trumpets announced that they were approaching the Hall, the King descended from his throne, and receiving the King of France with the same kindness as if he had been a neighbouring monarch come to pay him a friendly visit, led him courteously to a banquet which had been

prepared for him. When Edward and his gallant son subsequently endeavoured to console the French King for his misfortunes, the latter answered with a mournful smile in the words of the Psalmist, "How shall we sing in a strange land?"

Richard the Second, the day before his coronation, proceeded in a magnificent procession from the Tower to Westminster, where he took possession of the palace of his ancestors. "On arriving at Westminster," we are told, "with the Princes, nobles, and many others of his lieges, he entered the great Hall of the palace, and going up to the high marble-table, he asked for wine, which being brought he drank of it, as did others standing around him. The King then retired with the Princes and his family to his chamber, where he supped royally, and having bathed becomingly retired to rest." The following day, the 16th of July, 1377, Richard was crowned with great state in the Abbey, and, after the ceremony, partook of the usual banquet in the Hall; the nobility, the prelates, and the great officers of state being seated at different tables. "During the entertainment," we are told, "the Lord Steward, the Constable, and the Earl Marshal, with certain knights deputed by them, *rode* about the Hall on noble coursers, to preserve peace and order among the people. All that time, the Earl of Derby stood at the King's right hand, holding the principal sword drawn from its scabbard. The Earl of Stafford performed the office of chief carver. Dinner being finished, the King arose and went to his

chamber, with the prelates, great men, and nobles before mentioned. Then the great men, Knights, and Lords, passed the remainder of the day until supper time, in shows, dances, and solemn minstrelsy; and having supped, the King and the others retired to rest, fatigued with their exertions in the ceremonies of this magnificent festival." At this early period, we find Sir John Dymoke, as possessor of the manor of Scrivelsby, in Lincolnshire, claiming to be the king's champion, and riding into Westminster Hall in full armour. "Having furnished himself," says Walsingham, "with the best suit of armour save one, and the best steed save one, from the King's armoury and stable, he proceeded on horseback, with two attendants, the one bearing his spear and the other his shield, to the Abbey gates, there to await the ending of the mass. But the Lord Marshal, the Lord Seneschal, and the Lord Constable, being all mounted on their great horses, went to the knight, and told him that he should not have come so soon; wherefore, he had better retire, and, laying aside his weighty armour, rest himself until the proper time." The champion, it appears, took their advice, and withdrew till the King took his seat at the banquet in the Hall.

When the associated Barons, headed by the King's uncle Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, took up arms, in 1387, against the unfortunate Richard the Second, we find them assembled with their armed retainers in Westminster Hall, waiting

for an interview with their sovereign. It is curious to find, in the records of the days of chivalry, how extraordinary was the respect paid by the nobles to their King, even when they had drawn their swords from the scabbard, and were prepared to encounter him on the battle-field. On this occasion, we are told by Holinshed, "The King, when he heard they were come, apparelled himself in his kingly robes, and, with his sceptre in his hand, came into the great Hall at Westminster. The lords, as soon as they had sight of him, made him their humble obeisance, and went forward till they came to the nether steps going up to the King's seat of state, where they made their second obeisance; and then the King gave them countenance to come nearer to him." This display of courtesy, however, was but the prelude to a storm; the Barons loudly denouncing Robert de Vere, Duke of Ireland, and others of the King's council, as traitors to their sovereign and their country; and concluding by throwing down their gauntlets on the floor, and offering to prove the truth of what they asserted by single combat. With some difficulty they were pacified by Richard, who solemnly promised to summon a Parliament, when their grievances should be taken into full consideration. Having thus succeeded in lulling the storm, at least for a season, the King could not altogether conceal the indignation which he felt at the Barons having the boldness to appear in arms in his presence. "Have I not armed men," he said, "sufficient to have beaten you down, compassed about

like deer in a toil, if I would? Truly, in this behalf, I make no more account of you than of the vilest scullion in my kitchen." During this remarkable scene, it is not a little curious to find the haughty Barons, including even the King's uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, kneeling the whole time before the King. At the conclusion, however, of the interview he raised them from their knees with great courtesy, and led them to one of the apartments of the palace in which a banquet had been prepared for them.

On the 30th of September, 1399, the day after the unfortunate Richard had formally renounced the crown in the Tower of London, Westminster Hall witnessed a far more memorable scene than the foregoing. The Hall had recently been "hung and trimmed sumptuously;" the prelates and barons were in their respective places; the throne alone was vacant! In the midst of a profound silence, the Archbishop of York arose, and read aloud the renunciation of the King. His abdication having been accepted by the Parliament, there was again a solemn silence, when Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster, rising from his seat, and making the sign of the cross on his forehead and breast, said aloud, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I, Henry of Lancaster, challenge this realm of England, and the crown, with all the members and appurtenances, as that I am descended by right line of the blood, coming from the good lord King Henry the Third; and through the right that God,

of his grace, hath sent me, with help of my kin and of my friends to recover it; the which realm was in point to be undone for default of governance, and undoing of good laws." This speech was followed by loud cries of, "Long live Henry the Fourth!" In proof of Richard having resigned the regal authority to him, Henry produced the signet-ring of the abdicated monarch; and the assembly having unanimously admitted his rights, the Archbishop of Canterbury approached him, and led him towards the vacant throne. On reaching the steps which led to it, he knelt down for a short time in silent prayer, and was then placed in it by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, amidst the renewed acclamations of the assembly.

Shakspeare, in his tragedy of "Richard the Second," has made the dethroned monarch an actor in this memorable scene:—

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

Enter King Richard.

K. Richard. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee;
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
To this submission.

* * * *

Now mark me how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With my own tears I wash away my balm,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny!
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
God save King Henry, unkinged Richard says,
And send him many years of sunshine days!
What more remains?

Shakspeare correctly places the scene in Westminster Hall, but it is not the case that the abdicated monarch was a witness of the triumph of his successor.

To the ill-fated Richard the Second we are indebted for the magnificent old hall as it now stands. Under his auspices it was greatly strengthened and beautified; the present matchless roof having been added, and the exterior coated with thick walls of stone. At its completion in 1398, it must have presented nearly the same appearance which it wears at the present day. As an apartment, it is said to be the largest in Europe, and its massive timber roof is perhaps the finest specimen of similar scientific construction in the world.

Henry the Fourth was crowned at Westminster on the 12th of October, 1399, and the same day presided at a sumptuous banquet in the Hall; the two archbishops, and several of the other prelates,

sitting at the same table with him, and Dymoke, the champion, entering the hall "mounted upon a goodly steed, barbed, with crimson housings;" the herald, who accompanied him, vociferating the usual challenge.

Henry the Fifth, the victor of Agincourt, was also crowned at Westminster, but of the subsequent feastings and ceremonies in the Hall we find no particular record. In 1421, however, on the occasion of the coronation of his Queen, Katherine, daughter of Charles the Sixth of France, we find the ceremony in the Abbey followed by a sumptuous entertainment in Westminster Hall; the Queen being seated on a throne "at the marble-table at the upper end of the hall," the Archbishop of Canterbury sitting on one side of her, and the King of Scotland on the other. The menial offices were performed by the principal nobility; the Duke of Gloucester, as "over-looker," stood bare-headed before the Queen, and on her right knelt the Earl of March holding a sceptre, and on her left the Earl Marshal. During the ceremony, the Earl of Worcester performed one of the duties of the Earl Marshal, by riding up and down the hall "on a great courser," to preserve order.

Henry the Sixth was crowned at Westminster in his tenth year, but, with the exception of the closing scene of his reign, we find it but rarely connected with the old hall. Under its roof it was, in 1460, that the memorable scene took place, when the assembled prelates and nobles declared that

King Henry had forfeited the crown, and that it had descended by right to the Earl of March, afterwards Edward the Fourth. During these proceedings, Edward was seated on the throne of the Plantagenets, holding the sceptre of Edward the Confessor in his hand, and, as soon as they were concluded, the hall reverberated with loud shouts of "Long live King Edward the Fourth!

During the reign of Edward the Fourth, and that of his son and successor, Edward the Fifth, Westminster Hall is but rarely mentioned; nor is it till the usurpation of the "crooked-backed" Richard the Third, that we again find it the scene of regal hospitality. It was in this Hall, on the day of his being proclaimed King, that Richard made his famous jesuitical speech to his subjects, which was intended to deceive and win all hearts; and here also, after the ceremony of his coronation, on the 6th of July, 1483, we find him presiding at a magnificent entertainment. The procession, which took place to and from the Abbey, must have been gorgeous in the extreme. First issued forth the trumpets and clarions, the serjeants at arms, and the heralds, bearing the King's heraldic insignia; then followed the bishops and abbots, their mitres on their heads, and their croziers in their hands, the Bishop of Rochester carrying the cross before Cardinal Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury; then the Earl of Northumberland carrying the sword of state; the Duke of Suffolk with the sceptre; the Earl of Lincoln with the cross and globe; and the

Earls of Kent and Surrey, and Lord Lovel, carrying other swords of state. Immediately before the King walked the Duke of Norfolk bearing the crown, and after him came Richard himself, dressed in robes of purple velvet. On each side of him walked the Bishops of Bath and Durham; his train was held up by the Duke of Buckingham; and the gorgeous canopy over his head was supported by the Barons of the Cinque Ports. The procession was closed by a long train of Earls and Barons.

After the procession of the King had passed, came that of the Queen. Her sceptre was borne by the Earl of Huntington; the Viscount Lisle carried the sceptre and dove, and the Earl of Wiltshire, her crown. Then came the Queen herself, having "on her head a circlet of gold, with many precious stones set therein;" over her head was borne a "cloth of estate;" on each side of her walked the Bishops of Exeter and Norwich, and the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry the Seventh, supported her train. After the Queen came Catherine, Duchess of Suffolk, the Queen's sister, walking in the procession by herself; and after her followed a long train of ladies, who were succeeded by another train of knights and esquires.

At the banquet in the Hall, the King and Queen were served on dishes of gold and silver; Lord Audley performed the office of state carver, Thomas, Lord Scrope, of Upsal, that of cup-bearer; Lord Lovel, during the entertainment, standing before the King, and "two squires lying under the

board, at the King's feet." As soon as the second course was put on the table, "the King's champion, Sir Robert Dymoke, rode into the Hall, his horse trapped with white silk and red, and himself in white harness; the heralds of arms standing upon a stage among all the company. Then the King's champion rode up before the King, asking, before all the people, if there was any man would say against King Richard the Third, why he should not pretend to the crown. And when he had so said, all the Hall cried 'King Richard,' all with one voice. And when this was done anon one of the Lords brought unto the champion a covered cup full of red wine, and so he took the cup and uncovered it, and drank thereof; and when he had done, anon he cast out the wine and covered the cup again; and, making his obeisance to the King, turned his horse about, and rode through the Hall, with his cup in his right hand, and that he had for his labour." *

If the chronicles of Westminster Hall present us with many gorgeous scenes of historical interest, they also afford us, in the changeful fortunes of many an illustrious name, no less striking pictures of the vicissitudes of human life, and of the mutability of human greatness. In 1484, we find King Richard keeping his Christmas in the old Hall, with great magnificence, and yet only eight months were allowed to elapse, before King Henry the Seventh celebrated his coronation feast in the same apart-

* MS. in the Harleian Collection, quoted in Brayley and Britton's "History of the Palace of Westminster."

ment, wearing, during the gorgeous banquet, the same crown on his head which had been taken from the bloody corpse of his predecessor, on the field of Bosworth.

The palace of Westminster appears to have been constantly the residence of Henry the Seventh. With the exception, however, of his coronation feast, and of its having been the scene of his nuptial banquet, on the occasion of his marriage with Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward the Fourth, I am not aware that the Hall presents any particular feature of interest during his reign.

In June, 1509, Henry the Eighth solemnized both his coronation, and his marriage with Catherine of Arragon, at Westminster, and considering his taste for splendour, the old Hall was, doubtless, on these occasions, the scene of extraordinary revellings and rejoicings. A few years afterwards, however, a scene, very different from a nuptial banquet, took place in Westminster Hall. According to Stow, "a great heart-burning and malicious grudge had grown amongst the Englishmen of the city of London against strangers; the artificers finding themselves much aggrieved because such a number of strangers were permitted to resort hither with their wares, and to exercise handicrafts, to the great hindrance, and impoverishing of, the King's liege people." Exasperated by the injury done to their trade, the artizans,—and the 'prentices of London were sure to take part with them in any such affray,—appear to have insulted, and even beat, a

foreigner, wherever they could fall in with one. This was in the days when the cry of "'Prentices, 'prentices! clubs, clubs!" was formidable, not only to the city authorities, but to the government itself. At length the excitement grew to such a pitch, that it was commonly believed, according to Stow, that "on May-day next following, the city would slay all the aliens; insomuch that diverse strangers fled out of the city." The fears of the government were now thoroughly aroused, and, accordingly, orders were issued to the aldermen of the different wards, enjoining them that no man should quit his house after nine o'clock in the evening of the 1st of May, but should keep his doors closed, and his servants within, till the same hour the following morning.

But for a trifling circumstance, the dreaded day, —"Evil May Day," as it was afterwards styled,— would probably have passed away without bloodshed or riot; even though a May-day in the reign of Henry the Eighth, was an important periodical occurrence,—a favourite festival of dancing and feasting, when the heads of the young 'prentices were bewildered, for weeks before, with visions of arbours decorated with bright scarfs and ribbons, of streamers waving from the Maypole-tree, and around it light forms advancing and receding in the dance; their bright eyes beaming with love and pleasure, and their glossy hair encircled with the youngest flowers of the year. As old Herrick beautifully describes such a scene in the days of Queen Elizabeth,—

I've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round;
Each maiden, like a spring,
With honey-suckles crowned.

Many a youth and many a maiden were probably disappointed of happiness on May-day, 1547; but, as we have already mentioned, the day would probably have passed away with merely suppressed sighs, or perhaps suppressed maledictions, had it not been for a trifling occurrence. One of the aldermen, on going his rounds, chanced to find two young men playing at "bucklers" in Cheapside, in the midst of their companions, when he somewhat peremptorily threatened to send them to the Compter. Words arose between them, and in the midst of the altercation, the war-cry of the city of London, "'Prentices, 'prentices! clubs, clubs!" disturbed the stillness of the night. In an incredibly short space of time every door was thrown open, and 'prentices, servants, and watermen, joined in the fray. Finding themselves masters of the field of battle, and having beaten every reinforcement which the Lord Mayor sent against them, they proceeded to gut and destroy the house of every foreigner of whom they could find any trace. The work of demolition continued till three o'clock in the morning, when, a great number having retired to their beds, the Lord Mayor seized his opportunity, and captured three hundred of the rioters. Seven days afterwards, one John Lincoln, their reputed leader, and about twelve others, were hanged; while the remainder, many of them women and boys, were re-

prieved at the King's mercy; the Queen, and Henry's sisters, the Queens Dowager of France and Scotland, who were then in England, remaining on their knees before the King till he promised to spare their lives.

If we have wandered too long away from the old hall, it was for the purpose of introducing the curious sequel to the riots of "Evil May Day." "Thursday, the 22nd of May," says Hall, "the King came into Westminster Hall, for whom, at the upper end, was set a cloth of estate, and the place hanged with arras: with him went the Cardinal, the Duchess of Norfolk and Suffolk, &c. The Mayor and Aldermen were there, in their best livery, by nine of the clock. Then the King commanded that all the prisoners should be brought forth. Then came in the poor younglings and old false knaves, bound in ropes, all along, one after another, in their shirts, and every one a halter about his neck, to the number of four hundred men and eleven women. And when all were come before the King's presence, the Cardinal rose, laid to the Mayor and commonalty their negligence, and to the prisoners he declared they had deserved death for their offence. Then all the prisoners together cried, 'Mercy, gracious lord, mercy!' Then the Lords altogether besought his Grace for mercy, at whose request the King pardoned them all. And then the Cardinal gave unto them a good exhortation, to the great gladness of the hearers. And when the general pardon was pronounced, all the prisoners shouted at once, and altogether

cast up their halters into the hall roof, so that the King might perceive they were none of the discreetest sort." In the crowd were several of the leaders of the riot, who had hitherto contrived to evade justice, but who no sooner ascertained the favourable turn which affairs were taking, than they "suddenly stripped them into their shirts, with halters," and mingling with the other offenders received pardon with the rest.

On the 13th of May, 1521, Westminster Hall witnessed the trial scene of that once all-powerful subject, Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, Lord High Constable of England, and lineally descended from King Edward the Third. Great preparations were made for the trial, which was conducted in solemn state before the Duke of Norfolk, sitting as Lord High Steward, and twenty-two other peers. Having been found guilty of high treason, and sentence of death having been passed upon him, the Duke, in a calm and dignified manner, addressed the court;—"My Lord of Norfolk," he said, "you have said as a traitor should be said to; but I was never any. I nothing malign you for what you have now done to me, and may the Eternal God forgive you my death, as I do. I shall never sue to the King for life; howbeit, he is a gracious Prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I beseech you, my Lords, and all my fellows, to pray for me."

I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet Heaven bear witness,

And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
It has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to Heaven.—Lead on in God's name.

Henry III. Act 2, Scene 1.

The Duke was re-conducted to the Tower, and three days afterwards was beheaded on Tower Hill, where he died with great composure, attended by the lamentations of the people.

In July, 1535, the trial of the wise and witty Sir Thomas More, for denying the King's supremacy, took place in Westminster Hall. Notwithstanding the eloquence of his defence, he was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; a sentence which the King afterwards commuted for decapitation, and which was carried into effect on Tower Hill on the sixth of the month. An affecting scene took place as this great man was being led from the bar in Westminster Hall. His son forced his way through the crowd, and, falling

on his knees, in a passion of grief besought the blessing of his condemned father.

Edward the Sixth was crowned in Westminster Abbey, on the 20th of February, 1547, and after the ceremony partook of his coronation feast in the old Hall The young King himself tells us in his journal, that on his entering the Hall "it was asked the people whether they would have him to be their King, and they answered, 'Yea, yea.'" At the conclusion of the banquet we find him dubbing thirty-five "Knights of the Carpet."

On the 1st of December, 1552, the great Protector, Duke of Somerset, uncle to the King, was brought from the Tower to Westminster Hall, to undergo his memorable trial on charges of treason and felony. "The Lord Treasurer, the Marquis of Winchester," says Hayward, "sat as High Steward, under a cloth of state, on a bench mounted three degrees; the peers, to the number of twenty-seven, sitting on a bench one step lower." He was acquitted of the charge of treason, but being found guilty of the felony, the object of his enemies was fully answered, and he was condemned to death. On the 22nd of the following month, the Duke was led forth to Tower Hill, where he submitted himself to the stroke of the executioner with a dignified fortitude and resignation.

The next trial of any importance which we find taking place in Westminster Hall, was that of Charles, seventh Baron Stourton, who was arraigned here, on the 26th of February, 1557, for the foul

murder of two gentlemen, William and John Hartgill, father and son, who were his neighbours in Somersetshire. Having been found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, he was placed on a horse's back, with his arms pinioned behind him and his legs tied under the horse's belly, and thus conveyed by slow stages to Salisbury, in the market-place of which town the sentence was carried into effect. The only distinction made between him and an ordinary malefactor was his being hanged with a silken halter.

Queen Mary was crowned in Westminster Abbey, and in all probability kept her coronation feast in Westminster Hall, as did also her sister and successor, Queen Elizabeth, on the 15th of January, 1559. "She dined," says Holinshed, "in Westminster Hall which was richly hung, and everything ordered in such royal manner as to such a regal and most solemn feast appertained."

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, more than one state trial of deep interest took place in Westminster Hall. That of Thomas Howard Duke of Norfolk, who died for his romantic attachment to Mary Queen of Scots, presented an imposing and magnificent scene. The trial took place on the 16th of January 1572, George Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury presiding as Lord High Steward of England. "A scaffold," says Camden, who was present at the trial, "was erected in the midst of the Hall, reaching from the gate to the upper end; where there was a tribunal built, with seats

on both sides; such a sight as had not been seen full eighteen years."

Being called upon to answer the charges, the Duke strenuously entreated to be allowed the aid of counsel. Being answered by the Lord Chief Justice, that counsel was never allowed to criminals charged with high treason, — "Then," said the Duke, "to-day I must plead for my life, my estate, my children, and, which is above all, my honour. If I die innocent, God will be sure to avenge my cause." The Clerk of the Crown then asked him, —"Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, art thou guilty of the crimes with which thou art charged, or no?" The Duke answering, "Not Guilty;" then, said the Clerk, "how wilt thou be tried?" to which the Duke replied, "To God and to these Peers I commend my cause."

The Duke having been found guilty, the Lord Steward asked him if he had anything to object why sentence should not be passed upon him, to which he replied,—"God's will be done: He will judge between me and my false accusers." Silence being again proclaimed, and the edge of the axe having been turned towards the Duke, Barham, the Queen's Serjeant-at-Law, rose from his seat, and called upon the High Steward in the Queen's name to pass sentence. With tears in his eyes, the Lord Steward then proceeded to pronounce the dreadful sentence of the law. "Forasmuch," he said, "as thou, Thomas Duke of Norfolk, hath been charged with high treason, hath

pleaded not guilty, and hath submitted thyself to the judgment of thy peers; this court adjudgeth thee to be carried back from hence to the Tower; then to be laid upon an hurdle, and drawn through the city to the gallows, there to be hanged; and being half dead, to be cut down, thy bowels taken out, and after thy head is cut off, to be quartered; thy head and body to be disposed of according to the Queen's pleasure; and God have mercy upon thy soul." The Duke listened to these frightful details without any visible emotion. "Sentence is passed upon me," he said, "as upon a traitor: I have none to trust but God and the Queen. I am excluded from your society, but hope shortly to enjoy the heavenly. I will fit myself to die. Only one thing I crave; that the Queen would be kind to my poor children and servants, and take care that my debts be paid." The Duke was beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 2nd of June, 1572. He died pious and undaunted, on the same spot where his father, the accomplished Earl of Surrey, had been decapitated twenty-six years before.

A more interesting person even than the Duke of Norfolk, was Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the ill-fated favourite of Queen Elizabeth, who was tried in Westminster Hall, with his friend, Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, on the 19th of February, 1601. Camden was also present on this occasion, and has left us an interesting account of the proceedings. The Peers having unanimously pronounced a verdict of guilty, the Clerk of the Crown

inquired of the prisoners, as usual, if they had anything to offer why judgment should not be passed upon them? Southampton addressed them in a modest, pathetic, and effective appeal, while Essex contented himself with generously pleading the cause of his friend. As for his own life, he said, he valued it not; his only desire was to lay down his life with the sincere conscience of a good Christian, and a loyal subject; and though he was unwilling that he should be represented to the Queen as a person who despised her clemency, yet he trusted he should make no cringing submissions for his life. "And you, my Lords," he concluded, "though you have condemned me in this tribunal, yet I most heartily entreat you, that you will acquit me in your opinion of having entertained any ill intentions against my Prince."

The edge of the axe being now turned towards the prisoners, the High Steward passed on them the dreadful sentence of the law. At its conclusion Essex exclaimed, "If her Majesty had pleased, this body of mine might have done her better service: however, I shall be glad if it may prove serviceable to her in any way." He then requested that a clergyman whom he named, Mr. Ashton, should be allowed to administer the Holy Sacrament to him, and attend him in his last moments; and, lastly, he begged pardon of the Earl of Worcester and the Lord Chief Justice, for having detained them prisoners in Drury House; and especially of the Lords Morley and Delawarr for having brought

their sons into danger. The Lord Steward then broke his wand and the court broke up. "I was myself present at these proceedings," says Camden, "and have related them with all fairness and impartiality." Southampton escaped with his life, and shortly afterwards, on the accession of James the First, obtained the Order of the Garter and other honours. Essex was less fortunate. He was beheaded in the court-yard of the Tower six days after his condemnation; displaying on the scaffold the same unaffected courage and calm dignity which he had exhibited at his trial in Westminster Hall.

James the First and his consort, Anne of Denmark, were crowned in Westminster Abbey, and afterwards sat at their coronation banquet in the Hall, though the festivities were greatly curtailed in consequence of the plague which was raging in the metropolis. Two years afterwards the old Hall witnessed a very different scene, the trial of the handsome Sir Edward Digby, Guy Fawkes, and the other conspirators engaged in the memorable Gunpowder Plot, who were conveyed by water from the Tower to be tried by a special commission in Westminster Hall.

A scarcely less remarkable trial was that of the celebrated favourite, Robert Carr Earl of Somerset, and his Countess, who were arraigned before the bar of the House of Lords in Westminster Hall on the 24th and 25th of May, 1616, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury.

The Countess was the first who was brought to

trial; presenting the extraordinary spectacle of a young and beautiful woman being tried by her peers for a foul and unnatural murder. The Lord Chancellor, who acted as Lord High Steward, rode into Westminster Hall on *horseback*. When the prisoner was brought to the bar, doubtless in consideration of her sex, the ceremony of carrying the axe before her was omitted. She stood pale and trembling, and, during the reading of the indictment kept her face covered with her fan. She pleaded guilty of the crime; but beseeched the Peers to intercede for her with the King, with so many tears and with such evident anguish of mind, that the bystanders, forgetting the horror of her crime in the touching sight of beauty in distress, were unable to withhold from her their commiseration.

The following day, the Earl was brought with all due solemnity before the same tribunal in Westminster Hall. He is described as being dressed on the occasion in "a plain black satin suit, his hair curled, his face pale, his beard long, and his eyes sunk in his head:" he was also decorated with the George and Garter. According to Weldon, two persons were placed behind him at his trial, whose instructions were to throw a cloak over his face, and carry him off, should he exhibit the slightest intention of implicating the King. He pleaded innocent; but the peers bringing in a verdict of guilty, he was sentenced, with his Countess, to be reconducted to the Tower, and from thence to be carried to the place of execution, where they were to be hanged

like common criminals. They received at different times several reprieves; till, at last, in 1624, about four months previous to the death of James, they received a full pardon for their crime. In the reign of Charles the First, Somerset petitioned, though unsuccessfully, for the restoration of his estates. The guilty pair, during the remainder of their lives, resided together in a private and almost obscure condition. Their former passionate love was converted into abhorrence, and though inmates of the same house, they lived entirely separated and estranged. Such was the end of these two persons, both of them gifted with extraordinary beauty of person and of exalted rank; whose marriage had been solemnized a few years before in the palace of Whitehall, with greater splendour than had ever been witnessed in England at the espousals of a subject; and which even the citizens of London, in order to please their sovereign, had celebrated with all kinds of masks, dancing, and rejoicings.

Charles the First was crowned in Westminster Abbey on the 2nd of February, 1626, and afterwards dined in the Hall accompanied by the usual ceremonies. We are told that he was habited in a robe of white satin, which was probably intended to denote the purity of his intentions; but his predecessors having invariably been robed in purple at their coronations, it was inferred, we are told, by the superstitious that hereafter he would have to rely rather upon his own virtues and integrity, than upon the greatness of regal power.

More than one other incident occurred at the time, which were regarded as extremely ominous to the young King, and which, considering the misfortunes of his subsequent career, were certainly singular coincidences. That which was thought particularly to forbode ill, was the golden dove falling from the sceptre during the coronation ceremony; while the text selected by Senhouse, Bishop of Carlisle, for the sermon, (Rev. ii. 10, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," &c.) was considered far more suitable for a funeral sermon than adapted to the gorgeous ceremonial of a coronation.

On the twenty-second of March, 1641, Westminster Hall, witnessed the trial of the stately and high-minded Thomas Wentworth Earl of Strafford. It was a scene which, for grandeur and solemnity, has never been surpassed; presenting the extraordinary spectacle of a great and free people bringing an unpopular minister to the bar of justice, in spite of their sovereign, whose arm was powerless to save his minister and his friend. From the account of Rushworth, who was employed to take notes of the evidence, and from others who were present, we are able to form a tolerable conception of the memorable scene.

At the upper end of the Hall was placed a throne for the King, and by the side of it a chair for the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles the Second, then in his eleventh year. The throne was vacant, but the young Prince, dressed in his robes, occupied

the place appointed for him. On each side of the throne were erected temporary closets, covered with tapestry, in one of which sat some French noblemen who were then in England, and in the other the King and Queen, and several ladies of the court. In front of this box was a curtain, which had been placed there for the purpose of screening the royal party from observation, but Charles no sooner entered the box than he tore it down with his own hands. The Queen and her ladies, we are told, were observed constantly taking notes during the trial.

Beneath the throne, on seats covered with green cloth, sat the Peers in their parliamentary robes; and near them the judges, on "sacks of wool," in their scarlet gowns. Lower down were ten ranges of seats for the members of the House of Commons. A bar, covered with green cloth, ran across the centre of the Hall, and behind were placed a table and desk for the convenience of the prisoner, and a chair which he could make use of if he felt fatigued. Close to him stood Sir William Balfour, the Lieutenant of the Tower. Strafford employed four secretaries, who sat on a desk behind him; and on one side of them were the witnesses for the prosecution. Galleries were erected on each side of the Hall, which were filled with the rank and beauty of the land; and here also sat apart such members of the House of Commons as were not actually concerned in the impeachment.

The trial of Strafford lasted from the 22nd of March to the 17th of April; nearly a month of

miserable suspense; less, however, to the even-minded Strafford than to the unfortunate Charles, who, says Whitelocke, "did passionately desire of them not to proceed severely against the Earl," and who was himself so shortly to stand a prisoner at the same bar of justice, at which the noble Strafford now stood. On each day of the trial, the Earl was brought by water from the Tower, six barges attending him, guarded by an hundred soldiers. On his landing at Westminster stairs he was received by an hundred of the train bands, who conducted him into the Hall, and afterwards stood guards at the doors. Strafford and the peers usually arrived about eight o'clock in the morning; the King generally preceding them by about half-an-hour. Principal Baillie, who was present, speaks of the scene as "daily the most glorious assembly the isle could afford;" and he has also supplied us with some interesting particulars relating to Strafford's carriage. "All being set," he writes, "the Prince in his robes, in a little chair on the side of the throne, the chamberlain and black rod went out and brought in my Lord Strafford. He was always in the same suit of black. At the entry he made a low courtesy; proceeding a little, he gave a second; when he came to his desk, a third; then, at the bar, the fore-face of his desk, he kneeled: rising quickly, he saluted both sides of the house, and then sat down. Some few of the Lords lifted their hats to him: this was his daily carriage."

The iniquitous proceedings, under the false pre-

tence of being guided by law and justice, by which Strafford was brought to the block, are too well known to require repetition. He was already a pre-judged and pre-condemned man, and his pathetic and brilliant eloquence filled the old Hall in vain. On the last day of his trial he was attended by his young children, who were allowed to stand by his side at the bar. Regarding them with looks of deep affection, and pointing towards them, he thus concluded his beautiful appeal to the vast audience, "My lords, I have now troubled your lordships a great deal longer than I should have done, were it not for the interest of these pledges which a saint in heaven has left me." Here his feelings overcame him, and compelled him to pause for a few seconds. "I should be loath, my lords,—what I forfeit for myself is nothing; but I confess, that my indiscretion should forfeit for them, it wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity; something I should have said, but I see I shall not be able, and therefore I will leave it. And now, my lords, for myself, I thank God I have been, by his good blessing towards me, taught that the afflictions of the present life are not to be compared with that eternal weight of glory that shall be revealed to us hereafter. And, my lords, even so with all humility and all tranquillity of mind, I do submit myself clearly and freely to your judgments, and whether that righteous judgment shall be to life or to death,

Te Deum laudamus, Te Deum confitemur."

Even the enemies of Strafford beheld his dignified demeanour and listened to his lofty eloquence with admiration, and Sir William Pennyman, after giving his evidence against him, burst into tears. But the strongest testimony of the sensation which he created is that of Whitelocke, who was chairman of the committee of the House which drew up the impeachment, and who was little likely to be prejudiced in his favour. "Never," he says, "did any man ever act such a part, on such a theatre, with more wisdom, constancy, judgment, and temper, and with a better grace in all his words and actions, than did this great and excellent person; and he moved the hearts of all his auditors, some few excepted, to remorse and pity." On the 12th of May following, Strafford was beheaded on Tower Hill, displaying on the scaffold the same grace and dignity, the same humble submission to the will of heaven, and the same proud superiority over the machinations of his enemies, which, amidst the assembled thousands in Westminster Hall, had drawn the tear from the eye of beauty, and had thrilled the heart even of the most acrimonious republican.

It must have been an extraordinary scene to those who witnessed it, when, on the 9th of January, 1649, a sergeant-at-arms, rode into the middle of Westminster Hall, and, after a loud flourish of drums and trumpets, proclaimed to the astonished crowd that the Commons of England had determined on bringing King Charles the First to a

solemn trial. But, twelve days afterwards, Westminster Hall presented a far more extraordinary scene, when the world beheld the amazing spectacle of a great nation sitting in judgment on its sovereign. Apart from the reflections to which such a sight must have given birth; apart from the astounding incident of the descendant of a long line of kings being arraigned as a criminal in the banqueting hall in which his forefathers had feasted amidst all the pomp of power; apart, we say, from all these considerations, the scene must have been imposing and magnificent in the extreme. At the upper end of the hall, on benches raised one above the other, and covered with scarlet, sat the King's judges, about seventy in number. In the centre of them was a raised platform, on which was placed a chair of state for the President Bradshaw, covered with crimson velvet, as was a desk placed before him for his use. Immediately in front of Bradshaw, though with a considerable space intervening between them, was placed a chair, covered also with velvet, for the King; the space between Charles and Bradshaw being filled with a large table, covered with a rich Turkey carpet, on which the mace and sword of justice were laid, and at which the two clerks of the court were seated. On either side of the hall galleries had been erected for the convenience of the spectators; and behind, and on the right and left hand of the King were arranged the soldiers and officers of the court; Cooke, the solicitor for the self-styled people of England, standing on the

King's right hand. A strong bar ran across the centre of the Hall, behind which were crowded the populace in a dense mass; and for the protection of the judges, the leads and windows of the Hall were filled with soldiers.

At the entrance of the King into the Hall, he was received from the custody of Colonel Hacker by the sergeant-at-arms, who conducted his Majesty to his seat at the bar. After glancing sternly at the judges, and on the galleries on each side of him, he seated himself without either taking off his hat, or shewing the least respect for the court. Some minutes afterwards he rose from his chair, and turning round, fixed his eyes steadily on the guards and the dense mass of people behind him. While the indictment was being read, he sat unmoved, and preserved his usual calm and melancholy expression of countenance, except when some more absurd or daring allegation was laid to his charge, when he was occasionally observed to smile.

During the proceedings, a well-known incident occurred, which created a considerable sensation in the Hall. The name of Fairfax, the Lord General, being called over, and no answer being returned, a female voice exclaimed from one of the galleries,—"He has more wit than to be here." Again, in the course of reading the charge, when the proceedings were stated to be on behalf of the people of England, the same mysterious voice called out with increased energy, "No, not the hundredth part of them! It is false,—where are they?—Oliver Cromwell is a

traitor!" The utmost confusion was the consequence, and Colonel Axtell even desired the soldiers to fire into the gallery from whence the voice proceeded. It was soon discovered that the offender was the Lady Fairfax, the wife of the general, who was instantly compelled to retire.

The behaviour of the President Bradshaw,—intoxicated with his extraordinary elevation from being an insignificant lawyer to be the judge of his sovereign,—was inconceivably brutal. At the close of the day's proceedings, the vulgar insolence of manner with which he ordered the guards to remove their prisoner, ruffled even the calm temper of Charles. Pointing with his cane to the mace which was lying on the table,—"Sir," he said, "I do not fear *that*."

The following morning the King was conducted from Whitehall to Westminster by water. On being brought into the Hall, his countenance changed colour, and he seems to have been much affected by the soldiers receiving him with loud cries for "justice:" he attributed it afterwards, however, and perhaps with reason, to their being instigated by their officers. "Poor souls," he said, "for a little money, they would do as much against their commanders." It was on this day, (according to the evidence given by Sir Purbeck Temple, at the trial of Colonel Axtell,) that the soldiers "did fire powder in the palms of their hands, that did not only offend his Majesty's smell, but enforced him to rise up out of his chair, and with his hand

to turn away the smoke; *and after this he turned about to the people and smiled upon them, and those soldiers that so rudely treated him.*"

As he was quitting the Hall, one of the common soldiers, of a kinder nature than his fellows, as the King passed by, exclaimed,—"God bless you, sir!" Charles was gratified, and thanked him, but the man's officer, overhearing the benediction, struck him severely on the head with his cane. "Methinks," said the King, "the punishment exceedeth the offence." One person was actually brutal enough to spit at the meek monarch: Charles quietly wiped his face. "My Saviour," he remarked, "suffered more than this for me."

On the third day of the trial, nothing remarkable happened, except the rather singular coincidence of the gold head of the King's walking-cane falling off, which Charles himself, who was singularly superstitious even for the age he lived in, regarded as an ill omen.

On the fourth day,—the last and most memorable of the trial,—Bradshaw entered Westminster Hall in his scarlet gown, a signal to the King that his doom was fixed, and that, before another sun had set, his doom would be pronounced. Silence having been commanded, Bradshaw commenced a vulgar and tedious tirade, in which the King was accused of being the author of "all the late unnatural, cruel, and bloody wars; of all the murders, rapines, burnings, spoils, desolations, damages, and mischief, occasioned by, and committed during the said

wars;" for which "treasons and crimes," this court, said the President, "doth adjudge that he, the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy, shall be put to death by severing his head from his body." Charles listened calmly to the reading of the sentence, and, at its conclusion, lifted up his eyes as if pleading for that mercy in Heaven, which he was denied by his persecutors on earth.

The last—the only favour asked by Charles,—was permission to address a few words to his judges. But even this, with inconceivable brutality and bad taste, was refused, and the following remarkable dialogue took place:—

Bradshaw.—Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence.

Charles.—No, Sir?

Bradshaw.—No, Sir, by your favour. Guards, withdraw your prisoner.

Charles.—I may speak after the sentence, by your favour, Sir, I may speak after the sentence, ever. By your favour——

Bradshaw.—Hold!

Charles.—The sentence, Sir; I say, Sir, I do——

Bradshaw.—Hold!

Charles.—*I am not suffered to speak! expect what justice the people will have.*

Before he could say more, the King was hurried off by the guards. As he passed for the last time through that famous Hall, the banqueting room of the Kings his ancestors, he was insulted in the grossest manner by the poor hirelings whom he passed; the soldiers smoking their tobacco in his face, and throwing their pipes before him in his

path; besides heaping on him the lowest and most virulent abuse.

On the 26th of June, 1657, Westminster Hall witnessed the extraordinary scene of the installation of Oliver Cromwell as Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of Great Britain and Ireland, on the same spot on which, a few years before, he had sat in judgment on his unfortunate sovereign. The ceremony was conducted with as much splendour as if it had been the coronation of one of the ancient Kings. On a raised platform, under a splendid canopy, sat the subverter of monarchy, on the same throne on which the Tudors and Plantagenets had taken their coronation oaths, and which had been brought from the Abbey for the purpose. When Cromwell had previously been sworn into the office of Lord Protector, in 1653, we find him, simply dressed in a suit and cloak of black velvet, long boots, and the only extraneous ornament, a broad band of gold round his hat. But the usurper had for some time been amusing himself with the trappings, and aping the airs, of royalty, and we now find him clad in robes of purple velvet lined with ermine, and even holding the sceptre in his hand. Before him was set a table, covered with pink-coloured Genoa velvet fringed with gold, on which were placed the Bible, the sword, and the sceptre of the Commonwealth. On each side of the Hall were erected temporary galleries, in which sat the Protector's family, the spectators, and the members of the House of Commons; Sir Thomas Widdrington, the

Speaker, being the only person honoured with a seat near the Protector. As soon as the oath was taken, the heralds, after a flourish of trumpets, proclaimed him, with all the usual formalities, Lord Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Exactly three years afterwards, the head of Cromwell, —a ghastly object,—was affixed to a pole on the roof of that very apartment, in which he now sat in all the pomp and pride of usurped power. By the side of that of Cromwell, were also affixed on poles the heads of Ireton and Bradshaw.

In the time of Cromwell, and up to a later period, it is curious to find Westminster Hall used as a fashionable lounging-place, where the gay and idle assembled to discuss the news and gossip of the day. Here, too, books, and apparently all kinds of articles, were exposed for sale. Pepys especially mentions, in 1660, buying, "among other books, one of the life of our Queen, which I read at home to my wife, but it was so sillily writ that we did nothing but laugh at it." As late as the middle of the last century, Westminster Hall, except when required for state purposes, appears to have presented the appearance rather of a bazaar than a banqueting hall. On each side of it were arranged book-shelves and stalls, on which books, mathematical instruments, prints, and even articles of ladies' dress, were exposed for sale.

On the 8th of May, 1660, to the great disgust and abhorrence of the old Puritan and Republican party, Charles the Second was proclaimed by the heralds King of Great Britain and Ireland in front

of Westminster Hall; the members of the House of Commons standing by, bare-headed. On the 23rd of April, the following year, Charles was solemnly crowned in the Abbey, and the same day the "merry monarch" kept his coronation feast with great magnificence in the old hall, where twenty-one years before he had listened, a mere child, to the dying eloquence of the ill-fated Strafford. Since that time how many revolutions of fortune had the old hall witnessed! Since then, his own unfortunate father, the princely Hamilton, the gay and graceful Holland, and the virtuous and high-minded Lord Capel, surrounded by guards and preceded by the fatal axe, had severally passed under its massive portal, never to cross its threshold again. Since then, the mighty Cromwell had sat there arrayed in purple and ermine, and now he was beneath the gibbet at Tyburn. The empire, too, of the second Cromwell had passed away, and he who, a few months before, had received a greater number of fulsome addresses from the people of England than had ever congratulated the accession of a legitimate sovereign, was now a prescribed fugitive in a foreign land. And these were men, many of them of rare virtues or of exalted talent; while Charles, without any merit of his own, was now quietly seated at the gay and gorgeous banquet, bandying wit and repartee with the frolic Buckingham, or exchanging looks of love and gallantry with the bright eyes which glanced down on the young monarch from the silken galleries above.

James the Second was crowned in Westminster Abbey with his consort, the young and lovely Mary of Modena, on the 23rd of April, 1685, and afterwards partook of a "most sumptuous and magnificent" banquet in the Hall. At the coronation of the misguided monarch more than one incident occurred, which his subjects regarded as ominous of future ill, and they certainly were remarkable coincidences. At the moment when the Tower guns announced that the King was crowned, the royal standard was blown from the White Tower; the canopy over the King's head was observed to be unaccountably rent; and in one of the London churches, a window, in which the royal arms were beautifully painted, fell down without any apparent cause. But that which was considered in the last degree ominous, was the circumstance of the crown tottering on the King's head. It seems it would have dropped to the ground, had not Henry Sidney, the brother of the lamented and high-minded Algernon Sidney, stepped forward and prevented its falling. "It was not the first occasion," he said, "that his family had supported the Crown."

During the short and dark reign of James the Second, the only incident of great interest associated with Westminster Hall is the memorable trial of the Seven Bishops, with the Archbishop of Canterbury at their head,—the most important, perhaps, that ever took place under its venerable roof. On the day of their trial, the 29th of June, 1688, the Bishops were conducted from the Tower

to Westminster by water; the banks of the river, on both sides, being crowded with an immense mass of anxious spectators, who followed the barge with their eyes, and audibly offered up their prayers for the persecuted fathers of the church. On being arraigned at the bar in Westminster Hall, the venerable appearance of the aged prelates, the position in which they stood as the meek but undaunted champions of the civil and religious liberties of their fellow-countrymen, as well as the crowded thousands who filled the Hall, presented one of the most imposing scenes of which we can form any notion. After sitting up all night, the jury made their reappearance in the Hall before the anxious and excited audience. The wished-for verdict of "Not Guilty" was returned, when the roof of the old Hall rang with such an universal shout of joy as had not often been heard within its walls; the same shout was echoed through the cities of Westminster and London, and in a short time was echoed back by the army on Hounslow Heath, where the King was dining with the general, Lord Faversham, in his tent. Being informed of the cause of the uproar, the bigoted monarch appears to have been startled for the moment; but while every one but himself was watching the brooding of the storm, which was so soon to burst over his head, he alone remained obstinate, blind, and perverse.

William the Third and his consort, Queen Mary, were crowned in Westminster Abbey, on the 11th of April, 1689, and afterwards banqueted in the

Hall with the usual pomp and ceremony, Dymoke, the champion, making the customary challenge. "It was as usual," says Reresby, "a splendid sight: the procession to the Abbey was quite regular, though not so complete in the number of nobility as at the two last solemnities of the same kind. Particular care was had of the House of Commons, who had a place prepared for them to sit in, both in the church and in the Hall. They had tables spread for them, to which I, among other friends, had the honour of being admitted, so that I had a very fair opportunity of seeing all that passed."

It was in this reign that Peter the Great of Russia paid a visit to England, and, among other places, was conducted by the Marquis of Carmarthen, who was appointed to attend him during his visit, into Westminster Hall. To a despotic monarch, what a host of startling reflections was that Hall capable of exciting! But we mention the visit of the Czar rather for the purpose of recording an amusing incident. It happened to be term time, and the vast area was, as usual at such seasons, crowded with lawyers in their wigs and gowns. Peter appeared to be struck with the sight, and inquired who these persons could possibly be? Being informed by Lord Carmarthen that they were all persons of the legal profession, he appeared quite confounded. "Lawyers!" he exclaimed, "why I have only *two* in all my dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get back."

On the 23rd of April, 1702, Queen Anne was

crowned in Westminster Abbey. The banquet in the Hall was solemnized with the customary splendour and rejoicings; her consort, Prince George of Denmark, sitting on her right hand under the same canopy. Two years afterwards, Westminster Hall presented the cheering spectacle of being hung with the trophies won by the great Marlborough at Blenheim,—that memorable battle in which, out of an army consisting of sixty thousand men, the French and Bavarians lost, in killed and wounded, *forty thousand*, including fifteen hundred officers and the greater number of their generals. The trophies, suspended in Westminster Hall, consisted of no less than one hundred and twenty-one standards, and one hundred and seventy-nine colours. Since the days when Hannibal sent three bushels of gold rings to Carthage, stripped from the dead bodies of the Roman knights on the field of Cannæ, never, perhaps, had so many trophies adorned the triumph of a general.

We have recently made a passing reference to the singular and chequered fortunes of the second Protector, Richard Cromwell. In the reign of Queen Anne, when he had arrived at a very advanced age, a law-suit, in which his daughters had unfortunately engaged him, compelled him to visit London for the purpose of giving evidence at the Court of King's Bench, Westminster. While his cause was pending, curiosity induced him to wander into the Hall, which, half a century before, had been the scene of his father's and his own splen-

dour. His reflections may be more readily imagined than described. Wandering on, he entered the House of Lords, fraught with no less strange and painful associations. The peers happened to be sitting at the time, when a stranger, mistaking him for a mere country gentleman who had been attracted there by curiosity, inquired of him if he had ever before beheld such a scene? "*Never*," replied the old man, pointing to the throne, "*since I sat in that chair!*" When Richard Cromwell appeared in court, his venerable appearance, and the exalted position which he had once filled, appear to have excited an extraordinary sensation. The judge ordered him to be conducted into a private apartment where refreshments were in readiness; he directed a chair to be brought into court for his convenience, and insisted that, on account of his age, he should remain covered. When the council on the opposite side objected, for some reason, to the indulgence of the chair, the Judge said, "I will allow of no reflections to be made, but that you go to the merits of the cause." It was to the credit of Queen Anne, that she appreciated and had the good taste to express her approbation of the conduct of the presiding Judge.

The only other incident of any interest connected with Westminster Hall in the reign of Queen Anne, was the trial of the celebrated Dr. Sacheverel, which took place here before the Peers on the 27th of February, 1710. The sentence passed on him, that he was not to preach for three years, was regarded

by the people as a triumph, and was hailed by them with acclamations almost as loud as those which had attended the acquittal of the Seven Bishops.

The first of our German sovereigns, George the First, was crowned and feasted at Westminster, the usual ceremonies being performed, if with less popular enthusiasm, at least with as much magnificence as had attended the coronation ceremonials of the Plantagenets or the Stuarts. The people of England had not forgotten their ancient kings; they remembered that the legitimate heir to the throne was an exile in a foreign land; half England was ready to embrace a cause which was at once the rightful and the romantic one; while the devoted and enthusiastic Highlanders were ready, at a moment's notice, to draw the claymore in favour of the descendant of Robert Bruce.

Against this tide of national loyalty and enthusiasm, the German Elector could oppose neither legitimate claims nor talents for government, not even fascination of manner nor personal accomplishments. He was alike ungraceful in his person and inelegant in his address; alike ignorant in literature, ignorant of the customs and manners of the people over whom he came to rule, ignorant even of their very language, in which he had never thought it worth his trouble to instruct himself. He was alike a bad husband, a bad man, and a bad King. He had inherited from his great-grandfather, James the First, all the worst qualities of the Stuarts, without their accomplishments. He could boast

neither the scholarship of James the First, nor the dignified manners, the high-bred melancholy look, and domestic virtues of Charles the First. He was as much a libertine as Charles the Second without the excuse of youth and passion; he kept almost as many mistresses as that monarch, without their charms of youth and beauty; and he was as debauched as Charles, without the charm of his affability, or the fascination of his wit. When Charles the Second, on the night of his Restoration, slipped down the back stairs at Whitehall, and crossed the water to pass the night with Lady Castlemaine, he had only that day completed his thirtieth year, while, when George the First made his appearance in the British metropolis with his hideous seraglio of German prostitutes, he had attained the mature age of fifty-five.

Such was the man who was invited over from a petty German Electorate to fill the throne of the Tudors and the Plantagenets, and whose misrule and questionable rights led to the famous insurrection of 1715, and conducted as criminals to the bar of justice, in Westminster Hall, those noble and chivalrous spirits, whose enthusiastic loyalty deserved a better spirit than exile or the block.

On the 10th of January, 1716, were arraigned at the Bar of the House of Lords, in Westminster Hall, the Earls of Derwentwater, Nithisdale, and Carnwath, and the Lords Widdrington, Kenmure, and Nairn. The Hall, as usual on such occasions, presented an imposing and magnificent scene. The

area behind the bar was crowded with thousands of spectators; the peers and judges sat in their robes; the galleries were filled with the rank and beauty of the land; the Commons of Great Britain, with great solemnity, presented the articles of impeachment at the bar of the House of Lords; and the prisoners were led into the Hall with the usual formalities; surrounded by soldiers, and with the back of the axe turned towards them.

The peers having returned a verdict of guilty, on the 9th of February these unfortunate noblemen were again brought to the bar in Westminster Hall to receive their sentence. When asked by the Lord High Steward if they had anything to advance why judgment should not be pronounced against them, they severally threw themselves on the King's mercy, admitting their offence, and declaring that if the royal clemency should be extended towards them, they would continue dutiful and devoted subjects to the end of their lives. The appearance and demeanour at the bar of the young and gallant Derwentwater, excited the warmest commiseration in the vast audience. "The terrors of your Lordships' just sentence," he said, "which at once deprives me of my life and estate, and completes the misfortunes of my wife and innocent children, are so heavy upon my mind, that I am scarcely able to allege what may extenuate my offence, if anything can do it. I have confessed myself guilty; but, my lords, that guilt was rashly incurred without any premeditation." Lord Nairn

also pathetically pleaded the cause of his wife and twelve children.

The Lord Steward having answered, at some length, the arguments advanced by the unfortunate lords, in extenuation of their offence, proceeded to pass on them the awful sentence awarded for high treason. The Lords Derwentwater and Kenmure, were beheaded on the same scaffold, on Tower Hill, on the 24th of February, 1716; the Earl of Nithisdale, by means of his heroic Countess, contrived to escape from the Tower in female attire; and the Earl of Carnwath, and Lords Widdrington and Nairn, after remaining in prison till 1717, were released by the Act of Grace, with the forfeiture of their titles and estates.

The only other event of any interest connected with Westminster Hall, in the reign of George the Second, was the arraignment of the celebrated statesman, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, for high crimes and misdemeanours, on the 24th of June, 1717. The King, the royal family, and the foreign Ambassadors were present; and, with the usual ceremonials, the Earl was conducted from the Tower, and led to the bar. It was the object, however, of the ministry to prevent, if possible, an investigation which was likely to reflect but little credit on their own conduct. By means, therefore, of Mr. Walpole, afterwards Sir Robert, a feigned quarrel was got up between the two houses; long discussions took place as to the mode of conducting the impeachment and trial; and, at the close of the day, it

was declared to be unlikely in the extreme that they should ever come to a mutual understanding. Accordingly, on the 1st of July, the Lords again took their seats in Westminster Hall; the prisoner was called to the bar, and no prosecutors appearing, the Earl was unanimously acquitted, and, after an imprisonment of upwards of two years, was restored to his liberty.

George the Second was crowned in Westminster Abbey, on the 11th of October, 1727, and the banquet was afterwards held in the Hall with the usual splendour and formalities. But from the coronation festivities of this uninteresting monarch, we turn with far more interest to the splendid and imposing scene presented by Westminster Hall, when those gallant and devoted followers of the fortunes of Charles Edward, the Earls of Cromartie and Kilmarnock, and Lord Balmerino, were arraigned as criminals under its roof. At eight o'clock in the morning, on the 28th of July, 1746, they were conducted from the Tower to Westminster, in three coaches, attended by a strong guard of foot soldiers, and as soon as the peers had assembled in Westminster Hall, proclamation was made for their appearance. They were then brought to the bar, preceded by the gentleman gaoler, who carried the axe with the blunt part towards them. The usual compliments having passed between the prisoners and the peers, the indictments were read with all the customary formalities.

The trial-scene of the insurgent Lords is graphi-

cally described by Horace Walpole, in one of the most interesting of his charming letters. To Sir Horace Mann he writes on the 1st of August, 1746, —"I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! You will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel Lords. As it was the most interesting sight, so it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes, and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three-parts of Westminster Hall were enclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own house to consult. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men, who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches *frequent and full!* The Chancellor* was Lord High Steward; but, though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the minister† that is no peer, and consequently applying to the other ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was

* Lord Hardwicke. † Henry Pelham.

peevish, and instead of keeping up the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian,* in weepers for his son, who fell at Culloden,—but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me! their behaviour melted me!"

"For Lord Balmerino," adds Walpole, "he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw; the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without: she is big with child, and very handsome, so are her daughters. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go. Old Balmerino cried, 'Come, come, put it with me.' At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-gaoler; and one day somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between

* William Kerr, third Marquis of Lothian, whose second son, Lord Robert Kerr, had been killed at the battle of Culloden.

their faces. During the trial a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child and placed him near himself.

"When the trial began, the two Earls pleaded guilty, Balmerino not guilty, saying, he could prove his not being at the taking of the castle of Carlisle, as was laid in the indictment. Then the King's counsel opened, and Serjeant Skinner pronounced the most absurd speech imaginable, and mentioned the Duke of Perth, 'who,' said he, 'I see by the papers is dead.' Then some witnesses were examined, whom afterwards the old hero shook cordially by the hand. The Lords withdrew to their house, and returning, demanded of the Judges, whether one point not being proved, though all the rest were, the indictment was false? to which they unanimously answered in the negative. Then the Lord High Steward asked the Peers severally, whether Lord Balmerino was guilty? All said, 'Guilty, upon honour,' and then adjourned, the prisoner having begged pardon for giving them so much trouble. While the Lords were withdrawn, the Solicitor-General Murray (brother of the Pretender's minister), officiously and insolently went up to Lord Balmerino, and asked him how he could give the Lords so much trouble, when his solicitor had informed him that his plea could be of no use to him? Balmerino asked the bystanders who this person was? and being told, he said, 'Oh, Mr. Murray? I am extremely glad to see you; I have been with several of your relations; the good

lady, your mother, was of great use to us at Perth.' Are you not charmed with this speech? How just it was! As he went away, he said, 'They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me; but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve.'

"When the Peers were going to vote," proceeds Walpole, "Lord Foley withdrew as too well a wisher; Lord Moray, as nephew of Lord Balmerino; and Lord Stair, as, I believe, uncle to his great-grandfather. Lord Windsor very affectedly said, 'I am sorry I must say, *guilty, upon my honour.*' Lord Stamford would not answer to the name of Henry, having been christened Harry: what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted, too, with old Norsa, the father of my brother's concubine, an old Jew that kept a tavern. My brother, as Auditor of the Exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court. I said, 'I really feel for the prisoners!' Old Issachar replied, 'Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of *all us?*' When my Lady Townshend heard her husband vote, she said, 'I always knew *my* Lord was *guilty*, but I never thought he would own it *upon his honour.*' Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading *not guilty* was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show."

Having been found guilty by the unanimous verdict of their Peers, the prisoners were recalled to

the bar, and having been informed by the Lord Steward, that on the day following the next, sentence would be passed upon them, they were reconducted to the Tower, with the edge of the axe turned towards them. Accordingly, on the 30th of July, they were again brought to the bar of Westminster Hall to receive judgment, but in consequence of a technical objection raised by Lord Balmerino, the court was once more adjourned to the 1st of August, in order to enable him to obtain the assistance of counsel. On that day, the Peers again assembled in Westminster Hall, when the prisoners were called upon, with the usual formalities, to state if they had any objection to raise why sentence of death should not be passed upon them. They all answered in the negative, Lord Balmerino adding, that his counsel had satisfied him that there was nothing in the objection which he had raised which could do him service, and that he therefore regretted that he had occasioned so much trouble to their Lordships. The Lord Steward then addressed them in a pathetic speech, and concluded by passing on them the dreadful sentence which the law awards for the crime of high treason. The prisoners were then removed; the Lord Steward broke his staff, and declared the commission to be dissolved.

Eight months afterwards, the same imposing spectacle was exhibited in Westminster Hall, at the trial of the celebrated Lord Lovat, who now stood a prisoner before his Peers, after a long life of craft and profligacy, at the almost patriarchal age of

eighty. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 20th of March, 1747, "I have been living at old Lovat's trial, and was willing to have it over before I talked to you of it. It lasted seven days. The evidence was as strong as possible; and after all he had denounced, he made no defence. The Solicitor-General,* who was one of the managers for the House of Commons, shone extremely; the Attorney-General,† who is a much greater lawyer, is cold and tedious. The old creature's behaviour has been foolish, and at last indecent. I see little of parts in him, nor attribute much to that cunning for which he is so famous: it might catch wild Highlanders; but the art of dissimulation and flattery is so refined and improved, that it is of little use now where it is not very delicate. When Sir Everard Falkner," adds Walpole, "had been examined against Lovat, the Lord High Steward asked the latter if he had anything to say to Sir Everard, he replied, 'No; but that he was his humble servant, and wished him joy of his young wife.' The two last days he behaved ridiculously, joking, and making everybody laugh even at the sentence. He said to Lord Ilchester, who sat near the bar, '*Je meurs pour ma patrie, et ne m'en soucie guères.*' When he withdrew, he said, 'Adieu, my Lords, we shall never meet again in the same place.' He says he will be hanged; for that his neck is so short and bended, that he should be struck in the shoulders. I did

* William Murray, afterwards the celebrated Lord Mansfield.

† Sir Dudley Ryder, afterwards Lord Chief Justice.

not think it possible to feel so little as I did at so melancholy a spectacle; but tyranny and villany, wound up by buffoonery, took off all edge of concern. The foreigners were much struck." This extraordinary man, notwithstanding his buffoonery at his trial, his vices, and the exceeding infamy of his career, died with a dignity which would have done credit to an ancient Roman. Walpole writes on the 10th of April, "Old Lovat was beheaded yesterday, and died extremely well, without passion, affectation, buffoonery, or timidity: his behaviour was natural and intrepid." He jested with the executioner on the subject of his melancholy occupation, and died with the beautiful line of Horace on his lips, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*"

George the Third, with his consort, Charlotte of Mecklenberg Strelitz, was crowned at Westminster on the 22nd of September, 1761; and afterwards sat at his coronation banquet in the Hall with his young bride, attended by all the formalities and ceremonials which had been dignified by the custom of past ages. And, looking down from one of the galleries, sat one, who, in a disguised habit, and with his face half concealed, was no unconcerned spectator of that gorgeous scene. This person was he, who, in his youth, had been the idol of the rude and devoted Highlanders who fought their way to Derby with their claymores in 1745; the young hero of Preston Pans and Falkirk, the descendant of an hundred kings; he who, by the right of legitimate descent, and who, but for the bigotry of his grand-

father, James the Second, would have sat on the splendid throne which he now saw occupied by the German alien who was the usurper of his rights. David Hume writes to Sir John Pringle on the 10th of February, 1773, "What will surprise you, Lord Maréchal, a few days after the coronation of the present King, told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my Lord the reason for this strange fact? 'Why,' says he, 'a gentleman told me that saw him there, and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words, 'Your royal highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to meet here.' 'It was curiosity that led me,' said the other, 'but I assure you that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence, is the man I envy the least.' *What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?*"

We have already perhaps lingered at too great length on the scenes which have taken place in Westminster Hall. But to those who delight in graphic descriptions of the manners and customs of past times, the picture is one of equal interest, whether it be borrowed from the pages of an ancient monkish chronicler, or from a gossiping writer of modern times; from the grave chronicles of Fabian and Matthew Paris, of Hall and Holinshed, to the charming pages of Horace Walpole; whether it be a description of the Black

Prince as he gallantly presented himself in Westminster Hall after the battle of Poictiers, or of George Selwyn mystifying with witty nonsense the ermined and bedizened Lady Harrington at the coronation of George the Third.

We have mentioned William Rufus, "feasting royally" in the eleventh century in Westminster Hall; and as a curious contrast we will let Walpole describe a similar scene as it was presented, nearly eight hundred years afterwards, in the middle of the last century. To George Montague he writes on the 24th September, 1761,—"For the coronation, if a puppet show could be worth a million, that is. The multitudes, balconies, guards, and processions, made Palace Yard the liveliest spectacle in the world; the Hall was the most glorious. The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the benches of peers and peeresses, frequent and full, was as awful as a pageant can be; and yet for the King's sake and my own, I never wish to see another, nor am impatient to have my Lord Effingham's promise fulfilled. The King complained that so few precedents were kept for their proceedings. Lord Effingham owned the Earl Marshal's office had been strangely neglected; but he had taken such care for the future that the 'next coronation' would be regulated in the most exact manner imaginable. The number of peers and peeresses present was not very great; some of the latter with no excuse in the world appeared in Lord Lincoln's gallery, and even walked about

the hall indecently in the intervals of the procession. My Lady Harrington covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of Roxana, was the finest figure at a distance; she complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth, who would have a wig and a stick. 'Pooh,' said he, 'you will only look as if you were taken up by the constable.' She told this everywhere, thinking the reflection was on my Lady Portsmouth. Lady Pembroke alone, at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty; the Duchess of Richmond as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her; Lady Spenser, Lady Sunderland, and Lady Northampton, very pretty figures; Lady Kildare still beauty itself, if not a little too large. The ancient peeresses were by no means the worst party. Lady Westmoreland still handsome, and with more dignity than all. The Duchess of Queensbury looked well, though her locks are milk white; Lady Albemarle very genteel; nay, the middle age had some good representatives in Lady Holderness, Lady Rochford, and Lady Strafford, the perfectest little figure of all. My Lady Suffolk ordered her robes, and I dressed part of her head, as I made some of my Lord Hertford's dress, for you know no profession comes amiss to me from the tribune of the people to a habit maker. Don't imagine that there were not figures as excellent on the other side; old Exeter who told the King he was the handsomest man she ever saw; old

Effingham, and a Lady Say and Seale, with her hair powdered, and her tresses black, was an excellent contrast to the handsome. Lord B—— put on rouge upon his wife and the Duchess of Bedford in the Painted Chamber: the Duchess of Queensbury told me of the latter, that she looked like an orange peach, half red and half yellow. The coronets of the peers and their robes disguised them strangely; it required all the beauty of the Dukes of Richmond and Marlborough to make them noticed. One there was, though of another species, the noblest figure I ever saw, the high constable of Scotland, Lord Errol; as one saw him in a space capable of containing him, one admired him. At the wedding, dressed in tissue, he looked like one of the giants in Guildhall new gilt. It added to the energy of his person, that one considered him acting so considerable a part in that very Hall where so few years ago one saw his father, Lord Kilmarnock, condemned to the block. The champion acted his part admirably, and dashed down his gauntlet with proud defiance. His associates, Lord Effingham, Lord Talbot, and the Duke of Bedford were woeful; Lord Talbot piqued himself on backing his horse down the hall, and not turning its rump towards the King, but he had taken such pains to dress it to that duty, that it entered backwards, and at his retreat the spectators clapped, a terrible indecorum."

On the 16th of April, 1765, William, fifth Lord Byron, was tried before his peers in Westminster Hall, for the manslaughter of William Chaworth,

Esq. The circumstances under which Lord Byron killed his neighbour and friend, we have already related in our notices of Pall Mall. The duel, originating in a most trifling dispute, took place in the Star and Garter Tavern in that street; the combatants fighting with swords in a solitary apartment, without witnesses or seconds, and by the light of a single candle. Fortunately for Lord Byron, Mr. Chaworth was able before he died to exonerate his antagonist from blame, and to declare the duel to have been a fair one. Horace Walpole writes to the Earl of Hertford, "Lord Byron has not gone off, but says he will take his trial, which, if the coroner brings in a verdict of manslaughter, may, according to precedent, be in the House of Lords, and without the ceremonial of Westminster Hall. George Selwyn is much missed on this occasion, but we conclude it will bring him over." The following month Gilly Williams writes to George Selwyn:—"I suppose Byron has told you himself, that he intends to surrender as soon as Westminster Hall is ready for him. It will be a show for a day to the Queen and the foreign ministers, but cannot possibly be attended with any ill consequences to the culprit." Lord Byron was found guilty by his peers, there being a majority of one hundred and fourteen against four; but claiming the privilege of peerage under a statute passed in the reign of Edward the Fourth, he was discharged. The eccentricities of this extraordinary person, his subsequent strange career,

living in a state of austere and almost savage seclusion," have been rendered familiar to us by the Memoirs of his no less eccentric heir and great nephew, the author of Cain and Don Juan.

On the 15th of April, 1776, the profligate and once beautiful Duchess of Kingston underwent her trial in Westminster Hall, for having married Evelyn Pierrepoint, Duke of Kingston, her first husband Augustus, third Earl of Bristol, being still alive. Hannah More, who was present, thus describes the scene:—"Garrick would have me take his ticket to go to the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, a sight which for beauty and magnificence exceeded anything which those who were never present at a coronation or trial by peers, can have the least notion of. Mr. Garrick and I were in full dress by seven. You will imagine the bustle of five thousand people getting into one hall; yet, in all this hurry we walked in tranquilly. When they were all seated, and the king-at-arms had commanded silence on pain of imprisonment, (which however was very ill observed,) the gentleman of the black rod was commanded to bring in his prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess dowager of Kingston, walked in, led by black rod and M. La Roche, courtsying profoundly to her judges. The peers made her a slight bow. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning; a black hood on her head, her hair modestly dressed and powdered, a black silk sacque with crape trimmings, black gauze, deep ruffles, and black gloves. The counsel spoke about her an

hour and a quarter each. Dunning's manner is insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words, but his sense and his expression pointed to the last degree; he made her grace shed bitter tears. The fair victim had four virgins in white behind the bar. She imitated her great predecessor, Mrs. Rudd, and affected to write very often, though I plainly perceived she only wrote as they do their love epistles on the stage, without forming a letter. The Duchess has but small remains of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamoured. She looked much like Mrs. Pritchard. She is large and ill shaped, there is nothing white but her face, and had it not been for that, she would have looked like a bale of bombazeen. There was a great deal of ceremony, a great deal of splendour, and a great deal of nonsense; they adjourned upon the most foolish pretences imaginable, and did nothing with such an air of business as was truly ridiculous. I forgot to tell you the Duchess was taken ill, but performed it badly." The writer adds in a subsequent letter, "I have the great satisfaction of telling you, that Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess Dowager of Kingston, was this very afternoon undignified and unduchessed, and very narrowly escaped being burned in the hand. If you have been half so much interested against this unprincipled, artful, licentious woman as I have, you will be rejoiced at it as I am. Lord Camden breakfasted with us. He is very angry that she was not burned in the hand; he says, as he was once a

professed lover of hers, he thought it would have looked ill-natured and ungallant for him to propose it, but that he should have acceded to it most heartily, though he believes he should have recommended a cold iron." The Duchess claimed the benefit of the peerage, under the statute of the first of Edward the Sixth, and was accordingly discharged without punishment. The subsequent history of the eccentric Duchess is well known.

One of the most remarkable trials which have taken place in Westminster Hall, or perhaps in any country or age, was that of Warren Hastings, who was arraigned on the 12th of February 1788, for alleged tyranny over the native princes and the dusky population of Hindoostan. Few men have ever conferred greater services on their country, or have been more deserving of its gratitude. This great man had recently returned from his dominion over the vast empire of the East, followed by the blessings of thousands, and leaving behind him a name which was revered, even where it had been most dreaded. When he reached his native country, he was still in the prime of life; eager to take that share in the great political struggles of the day, for which his genius so well adapted him, and expecting that his brilliant services in the East would be repaid with those honours and rewards which they so well merited. But a different fate awaited him. He had scarcely set his foot in England, when he found himself a proscribed man; assailed in all quarters as a tyrant

and despot, and compelled to oppose himself, almost alone and unsupported, to an united and powerful party, at the head of whom were arrayed the giant intellects of Burke, Sheridan, and Charles James Fox. The trial, or rather persecution, of Warren Hastings lasted no less than nine years; and, when the verdict of acquittal was at length pronounced, it was when the vigour of life had passed away, and when, having expended his fortune in the struggle, he found himself, comparatively speaking, a ruined man.

The celebrated trial scene of Warren Hastings, in Westminster Hall, has been graphically and beautifully painted by Mr. Macaulay.

"The place," he says, "was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers,* the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the high court of justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues

* This is more poetical than true. The proceedings, both against Bacon and Somers, took place, not in Westminster Hall, but in the old House of Lords. We have merely mentioned these facts, lest, in our notices of the Hall, we might be supposed to have omitted two such remarkable events in its past history, as the trials of these two celebrated men.

were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in velvet and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under garter-king-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near an hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the Upper House, as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, George Elliot Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene

surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society, which quoted, criticized, and exchanged repartees under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. The sergeants made proclamation, Hastings advanced to the bar and bent his knee. The

culprit, indeed, was not unworthy of that great presence; he had ruled an extensive and populous country, and made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes; and in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and wan but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis;* such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges."

The only other event of any interest associated with Westminster Hall;—the last occasion also on which it presented the striking splendour of ancient times,—was the coronation of George the Fourth, which was solemnized on the 1st of August, 1820. At the magnificent banquet, the King sat on a gorgeous throne, on a raised dais, immediately under the great window at the south end of the Hall. At long ranges of tables were seated the guests, including the peers, and the knights of the different Orders, in their robes; every ceremonial was followed which had been in use in the days

of the Tudors and Plantagenets; and lastly, the champion Dymoke rode into the fine old Hall attended by the Duke of Wellington as High Constable of England, and the Marquis of Anglesea as Lord High Steward, both of them also on horseback. The total expense of the coronation ceremony of George the Fourth, the pageant of a day, was estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

EARLY PLACES OF WORSHIP ON ITS SITE.—ERECTION OF THE PRESENT EDIFICE.—SCENES AND CEREMONIES IN IT.—POETS' CORNER. CHAPELS OF ST. EDMUND, ST. NICHOLAS, ST. PAUL, EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, ISLIP, HENRY THE SEVENTH.—CLOISTERS.—JERUSALEM CHAMBER.—CHAPTER HOUSE.

WILLINGLY would we enter into a detailed history of Westminster Abbey, and dwell at leisure on its ancient monuments, its architectural magnificence, its host of romantic and historical associations. But volumes might be written on the subject, while the character of the present work compels us to restrict ourselves to a brief history of the venerable pile, and the principal objects of interest which are contained within its walls. Perhaps there is no other religious structure in the world which awakens so many heart-stirring emotions, or which can boast so many exquisite specimens of ancient art, or so many interesting monuments to the illustrous dead. Who is there who has ever found himself beneath the roof of Westminster Abbey, without being struck with feelings of admiration and awe, or without being sensitive of the influence of the sublime? Who is there who has ever wandered among its tombs of departed kings and warriors, of statesmen and poets, without becoming

the moralist of an hour; or who has ever quitted its walls, without being impressed with sensations of not unpleasing sadness, in which the selfishness of the present hour is entirely absorbed in memories of the past. "When I look," says Addison, "upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me: when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together." Such are the reflections which many have felt in wandering through Westminster Abbey, but which none have so beautifully described.

Unrivalled work of ages that have gone,
Thou glorious Abbey, which I gaze upon!
How dear to me is thy religious pile,
Each ancient tomb, and each familiar aisle!
Dear, when at noon the vulgar crowd have fled,
To hear thy walls re-echo to my tread;
Through the stained glass to mark the sunbeams pour
Their blood-red tints upon the marble floor;

Come, then, let fancy weave the idle strain,
And fill with airy forms these aisles again;
While rapt Imagination's kindling eye
Views all the pomp of Papal Rome pass by:
The mitred Abbot and the torch-lit throng,
The white-robed chanters of the vesper song;
And hooded monks in each deserted stall,
And Beauty kneeling at confessional;
While bards and monarchs of the ancient time,
Rise from their marble tombs and live in rhyme.—J. H. J.

The earliest notice which we find of there having been a place of worship on the site of the present Westminster Abbey, is the account given by Sporley, one of its monks, who dates its erection to about the year 184, when King Lucius is reported to have embraced Christianity. Usher informs us, on the authority of Fleta, that even at this early period it was "specially deputed for the burial of kings, and as a treasury or repository of their royal ornaments."

According to the old monkish writers, the church built by King Lucius continued to be a place of Christian worship, either till the persecution of the Christians in Britain in the reign of the Emperor Dioclesian, or till the irruption into the island of a large body of Pagan Saxons, about the fifth or sixth century, when, on one of these two occasions, it was converted into a temple of Apollo. In this state it is said to have remained till about the year 610, when, having been flung down by an earthquake, Sebert, King of the East Saxons, erected a new church on the ruins of the Pagan temple; Mellitus, Bishop of London, instigating him to persevere in

his pious work. In connection with the consecration of the new church, a curious legend is related, which, for centuries, obtained universal credence. Every preparation having been made for the ceremony, St. Peter, to whom the church was intended to be dedicated, is said to have descended on a stormy night, on the Lambeth side of the river, and to have prevailed upon one Edric, a fisherman, to ferry him over to the opposite side. Desiring the fisherman to wait for him, the Saint proceeded in the direction of the Abbey, which was shortly afterwards miraculously illuminated, accompanied by the voices of angels singing choral hymns. On his return to the fisherman, St. Peter desired him to tell the Bishop that the church had no need of further consecration; and, in proof of the truth of the man's story, the chrism, and droppings of the wax candles, were found the next day in the church. The Saint further desired Edric to cast his nets into the water, who, having done so, drew them out again loaded with a miraculous draught of salmon. St. Peter told him also, that neither he nor his successors should ever want salmon, provided they presented every tenth to his new church. It is curious to find this custom kept up as late as the end of the fourteenth century; the fishermen still continuing to bring salmon to the high altar, and having periodically the honour allowed them of sitting at the same table with the prior.

The accounts of the monkish writers, as regards

the antiquity of the site of Westminster Abbey as a place of religious worship, as well as to its having been the site of a temple of Apollo, may very possibly be as much without foundation as the legend of St. Peter appearing to Edric the fisherman. It is quite impossible, indeed, to reduce to anything like fact the confused accounts given us by the old chroniclers, and, with the exception of the certainty that there existed a monastic establishment here in the early part of the seventh century, we are left almost entirely in the dark as to its real history, till Edward the Confessor pulled down the old building, and erected on its site a structure worthy of the religion to which it was dedicated.

The Confessor appears to have taken the deepest interest in the new pile which he so piously re-constructed, "pressing on the work," says Sulcardus, "very earnestly, and appropriating to it a tenth of his entire substance in gold, silver, cattle, and all other possessions." This church, which was commenced in 1049 and completed in 1066, appears to have been one of the first built in the shape of a cross, and, according to Matthew Paris, became an example much followed in the construction of other churches. Not content with its architectural adornment, the pious Confessor filled it with all kind of relics. Here, says Dort, were "part of the place and manger where Christ was born: some of the frankincense offered to him by the Eastern Magi; of the table of our Lord; of the bread which he blessed; of the seat where he was presented in

the Temple; of the wilderness where he fasted; of the gaol where he was imprisoned; of his undivided garment; of the sponge, lance, and scourge with which he was tortured; of the sepulchre, and cloth that bound his head." Here, also, were preserved the veil, and some of the milk of the Virgin; the blade-bone of St. Benedict; the finger of St. Alphage; the head of St. Maxilla; and half the jaw-bone of St. Anastasia.

The Confessor had proposed to consecrate his new church with an extraordinary display of magnificence; and, for this purpose, had summoned the prelates and his principal nobles to assemble on Innocents' Day, 1065. On the night, however, before Christmas day, he was seized with his fatal illness, and being unable to quit his chamber, his consort, Queen Editha, was compelled to preside at the ceremony. The Confessor was buried within his own church; William the Conqueror bestowing a rich pall on his resting-place, and Henry the Second subsequently erecting a magnificent tomb over his remains.

As we find the unfortunate successor of the Confessor, King Harold, proceeding from York to Westminster after his accession, it is not improbable that he was crowned in the Abbey, as every successive sovereign of England has been from the time of the Conquest to the present day, from the Norman and the Plantagenet to the Stuart and the Guelph. It was in the old Abbey, that William the Conqueror solemnly returned thanks after his victory over

King Harold at the battle of Hastings, and here he was crowned, on Christmas day following, by the side of the tomb of the Confessor. Here, in September, 1189, Richard the First was crowned in the presence of the "assembled archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, and a great number of knights;" and here, on the 27th of May, 1199, the crown was placed on the head of his brother, King John, "after the manner then used, with great solemnity, and no less rejoicing of all such as were present."

Henry the Third, too, was crowned in the Abbey, when only ten years old, wearing, we are told, a plain circlet of gold, the crown worn by his predecessors, as well as the rest of the regalia, having been lost by King John in the Wash between Lincolnshire and Norfolk. Whether the church built by the Confessor had fallen to decay, or whether Henry the Third was desirous of erecting a more magnificent structure on its site, is not certain; but, in the year 1245, the latter monarch commenced the demolition of the old edifice, and, on the 13th of October, 1269, a great portion of the beautiful Abbey as it now stands,—namely, the eastern part, with the choir, to some distance beyond the transept,—was opened for divine service. At the time of Henry's death, the work had proceeded no further than the fourth arch west of the middle tower, and even the vaulted roof of this part was not completed till 1296. Edward the First proceeded with the good work which his predecessor had commenced; but the two towers were not built till after the Restora-

tion of Charles the Second, and the centre tower is still wanting.

At the same time that the finished portion of the new church was opened for divine worship, King Henry removed the remains of Edward the Confessor from their old resting place into the present "chapel at the back of the high altar, and there laid them in a rich shrine," which he had piously caused to be erected. The ceremony was performed with great solemnity and splendour, the King and many of his nobles, clothed in white garments, passing the preceding night within the walls of the Abbey, watching and performing their devotions. According to a passage in Wykes's Chronicle, "The King, being grieved that the reliques of St. Edward were so poorly enshrined, and not elevated, resolved that so great a luminary should be placed on high as a candlestick to enlighten the church. He therefore, on the 3rd of the ides of October, the day of St. Edward's first translation, summoned the nobility, magistrates, and burgesses of the realm to Westminster, to attend this solemn affair. At that time, the coffin being taken out of the old shrine, the King and his brother, the King of the Romans, carried it upon their shoulders in view of the whole church; his son Edward, Edmund Earl of Lancaster, the Earl Warenne, and the Lord Philip Basset, with as many other nobles as could come near to touch it, supporting it with their hands to the new shrine, which was of gold, adorned with precious stones, and placed in an exalted situ-

ation." At the conclusion of the ceremony the King gave a magnificent banquet in the neighbouring palace to all who had been summoned to attend.

We must not omit to mention another remarkable religious ceremony, which took place in Westminster Abbey in this reign. It occurred on St. Edward's day, 1247, on the occasion of the King presenting to the Abbey Church some of the blood which was asserted to have trickled from the wounds of our Saviour on the cross, and which had been sent him from Jerusalem by the Knights Templars and Hospitallers, the genuineness of the holy relic being attested by the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and the Archbishop, Bishops, and Abbots of the Holy Land. Having previously sent summonses to his nobles and prelates to attend him, Henry, on the appointed day, rode in a magnificent procession to St. Paul's, where a beautiful vase of crystal, containing the second relic, was delivered over to him. Matthew Paris, who was present at the ceremony, describes the scene. "The King," he says, "commanded that all the priests of London, habited in costly dresses, and bearing standards, crosses, and lighted tapers, should, early on the morning of St. Edward's day, meet reverently at St. Paul's. Thither the King himself came, and with the utmost veneration receiving the vase with the treasure, he bore it openly before him, walking slowly, in a humble garb, and without stopping, to the church of Westminster. He held the vase with both hands, keeping his

eyes fixed on the vessel, or looking up to heaven, whilst proceeding along the dirty and uneven road." A pall was held over him on four spears, and two persons supported his arms, lest the fatigue should be too much for him. Near Durham House in the Strand (the palace of the Bishops of that See), he was met by the Abbot and monks of Westminster, accompanied by other prelates and abbots, who, "singing and rejoicing, with tears, in the Holy Spirit," accompanied the procession to the Abbey. Henry, unfatigued, having carried the vase round the palace and the monastery, finally delivered it in great state, and in the presence of an immense concourse of people, to the custody of the Abbot and monks, to be preserved by them as a relic beyond price. "To describe the whole course and order of the procession and feast kept that day," says Holinshed, "would require a special treatise; but this is not to be forgotten, that the same day the Bishop of Norwich preached before the King in commendation of that relic, pronouncing six years and one hundred and sixteen days of pardon granted by the Bishops there to all that came to reverence it."

It must have been a striking scene, when, in the commencement of the succeeding reign, the barons swore fealty to the young and warlike Edward the First, before the high altar in Westminster Abbey. Notwithstanding he was constantly absent in his wars in Scotland and Wales, the new monarch piously proceeded in the work of rebuilding the Abbey church, and, moreover, says Stow, "he

caused his father's sepulchre at Westminster to be richly garnished with precious stones of jasper, which he had brought out of France for that purpose."

In 1306, we find the high altar of the Abbey presenting another striking scene. Edward the First, determined on the subjugation of Scotland, and desirous of strengthening his army, issued a proclamation for the attendance at the palace of Westminster, at the feast of Pentecost, of all those who were heirs to estates held by military tenure. Accordingly, we are told, three hundred young men, the sons of earls, barons, and knights, assembled at the appointed time, and received presents of purple, silk, fine linen, and girdles embroidered with gold, according to their respective rank. At night, by the King's command, the Prince of Wales, with some of the young men of the highest rank, kept watch within the Abbey, when, we are informed, such was the clamour created by their trumpets, pipes, and vociferations, that the service of the choir was rendered perfectly inaudible. The next day, the ceremonies were renewed, when the King girded his son with the belt of a knight, and presented him with the Duchy of Aquitaine. The Prince, being now knighted, proceeded to the high altar, to gird, in his turn, the young men his companions, when such was the pressure of the crowd, that, notwithstanding each knight was guarded by at least three men at arms, two died, and several fainted away. The crowd being removed

from the altar, the King next made his appearance, and the ancient chivalrous ceremonial took place of making a vow before *the swan:* the vow, in the present instance, being rendered the more remarkable, from its being one of eternal hatred and hostility sworn against the Scottish nation. With great pomp and ceremony, two swans, covered with gold net-work and other ornaments, were brought to the altar. Regarding them with a fixed look, Edward, surrounded by his nobles and in the midst of his people, swore a solemn oath, "by the God of Heaven and the swans," that he would revenge himself on the Scots; adjuring his son and the assembled barons, that, should he die before he had accomplished his purpose, they should carry his body before them into Scotland, and not commit it to the tomb till they had humbled their enemies to the dust. Edward, as is well known, died on his way to Scotland, in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. In his last moments, he sent for the Prince his son, and enjoined him in the most solemn manner to prosecute the war, and to carry his "dead bones" with the army till he had pierced the very extremity of Scotland. "He called his eldest son," says Froissart, "and made him swear by the saints, in the presence of all the barons, that as soon as he should be dead he would have his body boiled in a large cauldron, until the flesh should be separated from the bones; that he would have the flesh buried and the bones preserved; and that every time the Scots should rebel against him he would summon his

people and carry against them the bones of his father; for he believed most firmly that, as long as his bones should be carried against the Scots, those Scots would never be victorious." How far the second Edward followed the dying injunctions of his father is well known, but we must not depart from our history of the Abbey.

The coronation of Edward the Second took place in Westminster Abbey with great magnificence. The procession from the Palace to the church was headed by the Earl Marshal, Aylmer Earl of Pembroke, carrying the golden spurs; then came the Earl of Hereford holding the sceptre with the cross; then the King's cousin, Henry of Lancaster, carrying a second sceptre surmounted with the dove; next followed the Earls of Lancaster, Lincoln, and Warwick, bearing the swords of state; afterwards came four noblemen, carrying the regal vestments; then the High Treasurer with the patera of the chalice of Edward the Confessor: then the King's favourite, Piers de Gaveston, bearing the crown ornamented with precious stones; and lastly, Edward himself, walking under a splendid canopy supported by the Barons of the Cinque Ports. The following is the coronation oath taken by Edward the Second, with its ancient orthography:

Interrogacio Episcopi.—Sire, volez vous graunter et garder, et par vostre serment confermir, au poeple d'Engleterre, les leys et les coustumes à eux grauntez par les aunciens Rois d'Angleterre voz predecessours, droiterels et devoutez a Dieu, et nomement les leys, les coustumes, et les fraunchises grauntes au clergie et au poeple par le glorious Roy Seint Edward, vostre predecessour?

Responsio Regis.—Je les graunt et promet.

Sire, garderez vous a Dieu et a Saint Eglise, et au clergie et au poeple, pais et acord en Dieu entierement solonc vostre poer?

Je le garderez.

Sire, ferez vous paraistre en touz les jugementz ouele et droite justice et descrecion en misericorde et verite a vostre poeple?

Je le ferez.

Sire, graunterez vous a tenir et a garder les leys et les coustumes droitureles, les quoy la comunaute de vostre Reaume aura esleuz, et les defenderez et afforcerez al honeur de Dieu a vostre poer?

Je les graunte et promets.

The oath having been taken by the King, the ceremony of anointing and consecrating was performed by the Bishop of Winchester; the Archbishop of Canterbury being prevented from attending in consequence of bodily weakness. The King's right shoe and spur were put on by the Queen's uncle, brother to the King of France; his left shoe by the Earl of Pembroke, and his left spur by the Earl of Cornwall. Then the King took the crown from the altar, and delivered it to the Bishop, who placed it on the King's head; and the clergy at the same time commencing singing the *Te Deum*, the King was conducted to a raised seat in the choir at some distance in advance of the altar. The ceremony of the Queen's coronation next followed, after which, at the conclusion of the mass, the King again advanced to the high altar and received the sacrament in the midst of the assembled bishops and abbots. The ceremonial being now concluded, the King, with the crown on his head and the sceptre in his hand, returned to the

palace with the same procession which had attended him to the Abbey, and afterwards partook of a sumptuous banquet in Westminster Hall.

When Edward the Third, after his merciless ravages and spoliations in France, consented, in 1361, to the treaty of peace with that country, by which John King of France obtained his liberty, we find Edward and his sons ratifying it with solemn oaths, and with great ceremony, in the Abbey church of Westminster. Mass having been performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, King Edward and the Princes arose in the presence of the French hostages, and the torches having been lighted, and "crosses held over the eucharist and missal," swore upon the "sacred Body of our Lord," to preserve inviolate the peace which had that day been agreed upon. The same oath was then taken by the English barons who were present, and was elsewhere repeated by the French nobles who were in England.

Richard the Second, when in his eleventh year, was crowned at Westminster with great magnificence; when so fatiguing was the long and tedious ceremony, that at the close of the day he was compelled to be carried to his apartment in a litter. A few years afterwards, the Abbey had a narrow escape from the ignorance and violence of Wat Tyler and his followers. They broke open the Exchequer, destroyed the records, violated the Sanctuary, and put to death one of the King's servants, who vainly clung to the shrine of Edward

the Confessor for protection. As soon as the rebels had taken their departure, the King proceeded to the Abbey with some of his barons to ascertain the extent of mischief which they had committed. "After dinner, about two of the clock," says Stow, "the King went from the Wardrobe, called the royal, toward Westminster, attended by the number of two hundred persons, to visit St. Edward's shrine, and to see if the commons had done any mischief there. The Abbot and Convent of that Abbey, with the Canons and Vicars of St. Stephen's Chapel, met him with rich copes in procession, and led him by the charnel-house into the Abbey; then to the church, and so to the high altar, where he devoutly prayed and offered. After which he spake with the Anchoret, to whom he confessed himself; then he went to the chapel, called our Lady in the Pew, where he made his prayers." It was on this very day, after quitting Westminster, that the young King met the rioters at Smithfield, on the famous occasion when the valiant Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Walworth, struck their leader, Wat Tyler, to the earth, in the presence of his followers.

Let us introduce a description of one more splendid ceremony which took place in Westminster Abbey, and then proceed to notice the principal objects of interest in the ancient pile. The occasion to which we refer, is the coronation of Henry the Fourth, which took place on the 13th of October, 1399. "Having confessed himself, as he had

good need to do," says Froissart, "the King went to the church in procession, and all the lords with him in their robes of scarlet, furred with minever, barred on their shoulders according to their degrees, and over the King was borne a cloth of estate of blue, and four bells of gold, and it was borne by four burgesses of the port of Dover, and others. And on each side of him he had a sword borne, the one the sword of the church, and the other the sword of justice. The sword of the church, his son the Prince did bear; and the sword of justice, the Earl of Northumberland; and the Earl of Westmoreland bore the sceptre. Thus they entered into the church about nine of the clock, and in the midst of the church there was a high scaffold all covered with red, and in the midst thereof there was a chair-royal, covered with cloth of gold. Then the King sat down in the chair, and so sat in estate-royal, saving he had not on the crown, but sat bareheaded. Then, at the four corners of the scaffold, the Archbishop of Canterbury shewed unto the people how God had sent unto them a man to be their King, and demanded if they were content that he should be consecrated and crowned as their King; and they all with one voice said 'yea!' and held up their hands, promising faith and obedience. Then the King rose, and went down to the high altar, to be consecrated, at which consecration there were two archbishops and ten bishops; and before the altar there he was despoiled out of all vestures of estate, and there he was anointed in six places,—on

the head, the breast, and on the two shoulders behind, and on the hands. Then a bonnet was set on his head, and, while he was anointing, the clergy sang the litany, and such service as they sing at the hallowing of the font. Then the King was apparelled like a prelate of the church, with a cope of red silk, and a pair of spurs with a point without a rowel; then the sword of justice was drawn out of the sheath and hallowed, and then it was taken to the King, who did put it again into the sheath; then the Archbishop of Canterbury did gird the sword about him; then St. Edward's crown was brought forth and blessed, and then the Archbishop did set it on the King's head. After mass the King departed out of the church in the same estate, and went to his palace; and there was a fountain that ran by divers branches white wine and red."

There may, perhaps, be other religious edifices in Europe, which may boast as many sumptuous monuments to kings, and statesmen, and heroes, as Westminster Abbey, but in what church or in what cathedral, shall we find a spot possessed of such unique interest, as Poets' Corner! It would almost amount to affectation, to endeavour, by any ornament of language or extraneous observations, to enhance the emotions which even the most cold and unimaginative must feel on entering this hallowed spot. It is sufficient to remember, that, beneath and around us, lies the dust of those gifted beings, whose immortal effusions of fancy and genius have so often kindled our imaginations or

melted our hearts. Many of them, too, were in their life-times the children of misfortune;—for, alas! misfortune and genius are too often united, and the laurel has too often been moistened with tears,—and the emotions, therefore, which are always excited by a pilgrimage to the tomb of genius, are doubled, in the present instance, by the memory of many a tale of misery and privation; of many a struggle with penury, and many a triumph over neglect.

Almost side by side with the author of the "Canterbury Tales,"—the first of our poets who was buried here,—lie the remains of him to whom we owe the glorious imagery of the "Fairy Queen:" the eye rests on the mouldering tomb of Chaucer, and now on that of Spenser, who, by his own wish, was buried near the great father of English verse. On this spot it was that Spenser was lowered into the earth, while the great and the noble stood round the grave of him, whom in his life-time they had allowed to starve; and here it was that all the poets of the day,—including, perhaps, the immortal Shakspeare himself,—threw poetical tributes on the coffin which contained his sacred remains. Raising our eyes, the memorable epitaph, "O rare Ben Johnson," tells us that we are standing on the resting-place of the great dramatic poet; he whose imitable humour, and exquisite and fanciful masques, have been the delight of successive generations. Passing on, we find ourselves at one moment standing by the tomb of Dryden, and now by

that of Cowley; and, as we read on the latter the name of its founder, the Duke of Buckingham, we smile to think how the frolic Duke cudgelled the one poet and raised a tomb over the other. There are monuments also to poets whose names are scarcely less familiar to us in the literary history of our country. Now the eye glances on the tomb of Michael Drayton, — the courtier poet,—the author of the "Polyolbion," the unfortunate dependent at the tables of the great;—advancing to another spot, we stand by the tomb of one more fortunate, Nicholas Rowe, the translator of Lucan's "Pharsalia," and the author of the "Fair Penitent," and "Jane Shore;"—now we stand by the mural monument of Christopher Anstey, the author of the witty "New Bath Guide;" and now by that of Thomas Shadwell, once the rival of the great Dryden, and immortalized by him as the original of Mac Flecnoe. How singular that the two rival poets,—he who penned the inimitable satire, and he who writhed under its bitterness,—should rest peaceably together under the same roof!

Let us turn from the monument of the statesman and poet, Matthew Prior, to that of his friend, —the gentle, the beloved, the single-hearted, Gay. We have only to glance over the inscription on the tomb of the latter, to perceive that it was the affectionate attachment of the noble Queensberry and his fair Duchess, which raised the interesting monument over the dust of the departed poet. How forcibly do these names recall to us the history

of a past age!—those days, when the Duchess was the lovely "Kitty" of Prior's verse, and when,—

Gay was nursed in Queensberry's ducal halls.

When we see those familiar names inscribed on the same tomb, can we help regretting that the patron and the poet,—those who, divided as they were by the distinctions of rank, were yet so united by friendship and love,—were not laid side by side, tenants of the same tomb!

Thanks to the great for what they took away,
And what they left me, for they left me Gay;
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die,—and write it on his tomb;
Of all his blameless life this sole return,
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er his ~~tomb~~ urn!

We have as yet merely recorded the names of those poets whose monuments are conspicuous objects in Poets' Corner. But here, too, lie the remains of men of a different order of genius, but whose names are scarcely less illustrious. Here is the monument of the great composer, Handel, whose glorious melody has so often enraptured thousands, as it rolled along the vaulted roof and fretted aisles beneath which the magician sleeps so calmly; here rests the great antiquary Camden, and the memorable critic and scholar, Isaac Casaubon: from the monuments of the celebrated philosophers and divines, Isaac Barrow, Hales, and South, we turn to the memorial of the gay and witty St. Evremond, associated with the frolic annals of the court of Charles the Second; and from the monument of St. Evremond, we turn to the simple tribute to Gran-

ville Sharp the philanthropist, or to the conspicuous recumbent figure of Dr. Busby, the famous head-master of Westminster School, the school master of Dryden, and of half the poets and prelates of the seventeenth century.

Neither must we forget those whose mimic genius awoke at will the laughter or the tear, and who drew down upon them the applause of thousands in the lighted theatre, in the past days when they fretted their hour upon the stage. Let us linger a moment beneath the sumptuous monument of Garrick, to ponder on his genius and his triumphs; and then let us wander on to the humbler memorial of the scarcely less celebrated actor Barton Booth. He it was, who, when he was still a thoughtless boy at Westminster School,—having his head turned by the sensation which he created when acting in one of Terence's plays, and forgetful of his descent from an ancient family,—quitted the tutorship of Busby, of whom he was the favourite pupil, and with apparently no other advantages but melody of voice, and beauty and elegance of person, became, by industry and application, the great actor, whose exquisite delineation of human passions drew down upon him the applause of millions in his life-time, and after his death procured him the honour of a burial-place in Poets' Corner. From the monument of Booth, we pass on to that of the charming actress, Mrs. Pritchard. Lastly, though without any record of their resting-place, here rest the remains of the great actor, John Henderson, who,

we are told, whether he acted in the character of "Falstaff" or "Hamlet," was equally great in both,—the same inimitable actor, whether he figured in the ludicrous or in the sublime.

In wandering through Poets' Corner, let us not forget that beneath our feet lie the remains of many of the illustrious dead, to whose memory the gratitude of their countrymen has reared no memorial of their resting-place. On the pavement, however, scattered among the names and epitaphs of persons of little note, may be traced with some slight difficulty, the grave-stones of no less remarkable persons than Thomas Parr, who lived in the reign of ten sovereigns, and who did penance at the age of one hundred and thirty for being the father of an illegitimate child; of the celebrated poet, Sir William Davenant; of Macpherson, the translator, or rather author of "Ossian;" of Cumberland, the dramatic writer; of Dr. Johnson; of Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and lastly, of Thomas Campbell, the author of "The Exile of Erin" and "Hohenlinden." To the disgrace alike of their contemporaries and of posterity, the burial-place of the great dramatic poet Francis Beaumont, and of Sir John Denham, the author of "Cooper's Hill," are distinguished neither by name nor date.

If there are poets buried in Poets' Corner to whom there are no monuments, so also are there monuments to poets whose burial-places are far away. Shakspeare lies buried at Stratford-on-Avon, and Milton in the church of St. Giles's, Cripplegate,

where his body was discovered a few years since, and one of his fingers converted into a tobacco-stopper. John Phillips, the author of "The Splendid Shilling," lies interred in Hereford Cathedral; Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," in the churchyard of St. Paul's Covent Garden; Addison in Henry the Seventh's Chapel; Thomson at Richmond, in Surrey; Goldsmith in the Temple churchyard; Gray in the churchyard of Stoke Pogis, and Mason, I know not where. That Poets' Corner should have been selected to hold the monuments of these celebrated men, is in a great degree to be regretted, inasmuch as we are apt to misplace our sentiment by imagining that we are standing on the dust of departed genius, whereas we are only gazing on their cenotaphs.

Curiously misplaced among the monuments to poets and philosophers, may be traced, between the recumbent effigies of South and Busby, part of the half ruined tomb of Anne of Cleves. We might be inclined to shed a tear over the grave of an unfortunate Princess, who had been conducted from a distant land, and perhaps a beloved home, to share the bed of so unfeeling a tyrant as Henry the Eighth; but, unfortunately, the ridiculous is apt to prevail over the sublime, and we call to mind rather the obese and ill-favoured female, of whom Henry inquired, when she was first introduced to him, "*If they had brought him a Flanders mare?*"

Passing to the right through an iron grating, we find ourselves in the chapel of St. Benedict.

Among other memorials which it contains is a fine monument to the memory of Frances, Countess of Hertford, daughter to the great admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham; another to Lionel, Earl of Middlesex, Lord Treasurer in the reign of James the First; and lastly, the tomb of the famous Archbishop Langham, who, as his epitaph informs us, rose from being a monk of the adjoining Abbey to be Primate and Chancellor of England, and Bishop-Cardinal of Preneste. As we quit St. Benedict's Chapel, facing us is the ancient tomb of Sebert, King of the East Saxons, and of Athelgoda, his Queen, who both died at the commencement of the seventh century. Between this chapel, also, and that of St. Edmund, may be seen a monument, once richly ornamented, to the memory of the children of Henry the Third and Edward the First.

The next chapel which we enter is that of St. Edmund, which is rich with costly and ancient monuments. Here a small tomb covers the remains of William of Windsor and his sister Blanche, the infant children of Edward the Third; and here, too, distinguished by their exquisite workmanship, are the defaced but still beautiful tombs of William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, half brother to Henry the Third; of John of Eltham, son of Edward the Second, with its beautiful alabaster effigy; and of Eleanor de Bohun, daughter of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hertford, and wife of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward the Third. Here is the monu-

ment which Walpole so much admired, of Francis Holles, son of John Earl of Clare, which the bereaved father raised to the memory of his deceased son; and, lastly, on the pavement may be traced a small brass plate, of which the inscription, now almost illegible, records that beneath it rest the remains of Robert de Waldeby, tutor of Edward the Black Prince, afterwards Divinity Professor in the University of Toulouse, and Archbishop of Dublin.

From the chapel of St. Edward we stroll on to that of St. Nicholas. Here, as in the preceding ones, lie the remains of many a gallant knight and lovely dame, who in their day figured in the tournament and the dance. Here is the tomb of Anne, Duchess of Somerset, wife of the great Protector, and of Mildred, wife of the scarcely less celebrated Lord Burleigh: the names of the Cliffords, the Percies, the St. Johns, the Sackvilles, the De Veres, and the Stanleys, attract the eye at every glance; and from the inscription to a Stanley who was knighted by Henry the Seventh on the field of Bosworth, we turn to the tomb of a Cecil, who was Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth. Here is the interesting old Gothic tomb, in freestone, of Philippa, wife of Edward Plantagenet, Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Agincourt; and here also is the beautiful effigy in brass of Sir Humphrey Stanley, the gallant knight to whom we have alluded as having been knighted by Henry on the field of Bosworth. Lastly, we turn to the fine monument of Sir George Villiers,

and of his wife, Mary Beaumont, created Countess of Buckingham, the father and mother of the great favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

We next enter the small but beautiful chapel of St. Paul's. Now the eye glances on the effigy of Giles, Lord Daubigny, Knight of the Garter, and Lord Chamberlain to Henry the Seventh, and now on that of Sir Dudley Carleton, the celebrated ambassador in the reign of James the First; now on the monument of Francis Lord Cottington, who accompanied Charles the First and the Duke of Buckingham on their romantic expedition to Madrid, and now on that of the celebrated statesman, William Pulteney, Earl of Bath; and lastly, from the interesting and ancient Gothic tomb of Lewis Robsart, Lord Bourchier, Standard-bearer to Henry the Fifth, we turn to Chantrey's colossal statue of James Watt, doubtless a work of great merit, but which is sadly misplaced among the mouldering monuments to the abbots and knights and barons of a past age.

Let us now pass into the chapel, and pause by the shrine, of Edward the Confessor, once adorned with costly gems, rubies, sapphires, onyxes, and pearls, but now presenting a melancholy picture of ruin, desolation, and neglect. The once beautiful shrine was the work of Peter Cavalini, in the reign of Henry the Third, who brought from Rome, says Weever, "certain workmen, and rich porphyry stones, whereof he made that curious, singular, rare pavement, before the high altar; and with these

stones and workmen he did also frame the shrine of Edward the Confessor." Here lie the remains of the canonized monarch, and of his beautiful and gentle Queen Editha; on this memorable spot our early sovereigns took their vows and paid their devotions; and here more than one of our sovereigns were interred by their dying wish, in order that their bones might lie as near as possible to those of the holy Confessor. It was in front of the shrine of St. Edward, that the Barons of England, laying their hands on the dead body of Henry the Third, swore fealty to his young son, Edward the First, then in the Holy Land; and lastly, it was while offering up his devotions at this spot, that Henry the Fourth was seized with the fatal attack of illness, of which he died a few hours afterwards in the Jerusalem chamber.

Close to the shrine of St. Edward, though without a monument, lie the remains of the pious and charitable Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, King of Scotland, and wife of Henry the First. The next monument in point of antiquity, is the magnificent one of Henry the Third, with its mosaic work of gold and scarlet, its beautiful panels of porphyry, and its fine recumbent image of the King in brass, said to be the first brazen effigy ever cast in England. The second of our Norman Kings who lies buried here is Edward the First. The tomb of this great monarch, which is of grey unpolished marble, modest, simple, and unornamented, was opened in 1770, by permission of the Dean, when a most

interesting spectacle presented itself. "On lifting up the lid of the tomb, the royal body was found wrapped in a strong linen cloth, waxed on the inside; the head and face were covered with a 'sudarium,' or face cloth of crimson sarsenet, wrapped into three folds, conformable to the napkin used by our Saviour in his way to the crucifixion, as we are assured by the Church of Rome. On flinging open the external mantle, the corpse was discovered in all the ensigns of majesty, richly habited. The body was wrapped in a fine linen cere cloth, closely fitted to every part, even to the very fingers and face. Over the cere cloth was a tunic of red silk damask, above that a stole of thick white tissue crossed the breast, and on this, at six inches' distance from each other, quatrefoils filigree work, of gilt metal set with false stones, imitating rubies, sapphires, and amethysts, &c, and the intervals between the quatrefoils on the stole powdered with minute white beads, tacked down into a most elegant embroidery, in form not unlike what is called the true lover's knot. Above these habits was the royal mantle of silk crimson satin, fastened on the left shoulder with a magnificent fibula, of gilt metal richly chased, and ornamented with four pieces of red, and four of blue, transparent paste, and twenty-four more pearls. The corpse, from the waist downwards, is covered with a rich cloth of figured gold, which falls down to the feet, and is tucked beneath them. On the back of each hand was a quatrefoil like those on the stole. In

his right hand is a sceptre, with a cross of copper gilt, and of elegant workmanship, reaching to the right shoulder. In the left hand is the rod and dove, which passes over the shoulder and reaches the royal ear. The dove stands on a ball placed on three ranges of oak leaves of enamelled green; the dove is white enamel. On the head is a crown charged with trefoils made of gilt metal. The head is lodged in the cavity of the stone coffin, always observable in those receptacles for the dead."*

By the side of the monument of Henry the Third is that of Eleanor of Castile, the gentle and beautiful wife of Edward the First. Her tomb is of Petworth marble, and on it rests an effigy of copper gilt, lovely as the Queen herself is said to have been in her lifetime, uninjured by the lapse of ages, and in every respect indescribably graceful and beautiful.

We next turn to the tomb of the great and warlike Edward the Third. His figure, remarkable for its dishevelled hair and long flowing beard, is of copper, once gilt, and reclines under a rich Gothic shrine. In each hand is a sceptre, and round the altar tomb, on which his effigy reposes, are figures of his children in brass.

Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.

At the feet of Edward rests his Queen Philippa, whose name is endeared to us from the touching story of her interceding with her husband to save

* "Archæologia."

the lives of the heroic burgesses of Calais. Like that of her husband, the tomb of Philippa has suffered severely from the hands of barbarians and the silent injuries inflicted by time. Of the fretted niches, once containing the statues of thirty Kings and Princes, with which it was formerly adorned, scarcely a trace is visible. Not far from the tombs of Philippa and her husband, is a large stone, formerly plated with brass, beneath which rest the remains of the once powerful Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, son of Edward the Third, younger brother of the Black Prince, and uncle to Richard the Second.

Close to the tomb of Thomas of Woodstock is that of his unfortunate nephew, Richard the Second, and of his consort, Anne, sister of Winceslaus, King of Bohemia. Their effigies, of copper gilt, were cast by order of Richard in his life-time. In regard to the manner in which the ill-fated King was murdered much difference has existed among our historians. That the story of his being knocked on the head in Pomfret Castle by Sir Piers Exton and the halberts of others of his guards is without foundation, there is every reason to believe. The fact, indeed, is placed beyond a doubt, that his body was publicly exposed at the time, and that no mark of violence was perceptible on it; moreover, in recent times, when the tomb of Richard and his Queen was opened, neither of the skulls presented the least mark of fracture or any other injury.

Enclosed in a chantry of the most beautiful

Gothic workmanship is the tomb of Henry the Fifth; carrying us back in imagination from the frolic scenes in Eastcheap between Prince Hal, Falstaff, and Dame Quickly, to the glorious triumph of English chivalry on the field of Agincourt. The helmet, the shield, and the saddle, said to have been worn by Henry in that famous battle, are still exhibited near his grave. Alas! for the mutilated and disgraceful state of this and of every other object of interest in Westminster Abbey! Indeed, what with the dirty and dilapidated state of the monuments and architectural decorations;—the incivility of the vergers; the exaction of the paltry admission fee; the manner in which visitors are hurried in droves over the edifice; and, worse than all, the indifference to every thing that is interesting in history and beautiful in art, displayed by the cold Protestant successors of the enthusiastic abbots and monks of the olden time,—Westminster Abbey presents a scene of neglect, desolation, and decay, for which it would be impossible to find a parallel in any city of Europe. Surely, out of the vast revenues enjoyed by the Dean and Chapter, they might spare something to render the noble establishment, by which they are supported, less discreditable to them. Our ruling powers, moreover, have recently wasted immense sums on the theatrical and meretricious adornments of a new House of Lords. Could not they spare an insignificant sum to replace the stolen head of the victor of Agincourt, or the broken fingers of Mary Queen of Scots!

Near the magnificent tomb of Henry the Fifth lie the remains of his beautiful wife, Catherine, daughter of Charles the Seventh of France; and lastly, in addition to the other royal personages, whom we have mentioned as having been interred in the Confessor's chapel, may be traced the tombs of Margaret, the infant daughter of Edward the Fourth, and of Elizabeth Tudor, second daughter of Henry the Seventh, who died at Eltham in her fourth year.

We must not forget to mention, that in Edward the Confessor's chapel is preserved the ancient and celebrated coronation chair, which was brought from Scotland by Edward the First in 1297, together with the regalia of the Scottish monarchs. We have only to call to mind, that in this chair have sat at their coronations every one of our sovereigns from the time of Edward the First to the present time, and what a host of associations the reflection conjures up! In regard to the remarkable stone under the seat, various traditions were formerly current, and, among others, that it was Jacob's pillow, on the night that he had his memorable dream. Of its great antiquity, however, there can be no doubt. According to some authorities, King Fergus was crowned on it three hundred and thirty years before Christ; but we are not aware that there is any certain proof of its having been the coronation seat of the Kings of Scotland before the reign of Kenneth the Second, who placed it in the palace of Scoon about the year 840. Fordun,

the Scottish chronicler, informs us that the following lines, in Latin, were anciently engraved on the stone.

Except old saws do fail,
And wizards' wits be blind,
The Scots in place must reign,
Where they this stone shall find.

From the chapel of the Confessor we pass into that of ST. ERASMUS, where, among other monuments of inferior interest, are those of Hugh and Mary de Bohun, grandchildren of Edward the First; of Sir Thomas Vaughan, Treasurer of Edward the Fourth; of William of Colchester, Abbot of Westminster in 1420; and of Henry Carey Lord Hunsdon, first cousin and Lord Chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth. Here also is the remarkable tomb of Thomas Cecil Earl of Exeter. On the right side of the recumbent figure of the Earl lies the effigy of his first wife Dorothy, daughter of John Nevil Lord Latimer, leaving the other side vacant for that of his second wife, Frances daughter of William Brydges fourth Lord Chandos, who survived him. The Countess, however, it is said, could not brook the indignity of being placed on the left side, and though she had no objection to moulder in the same vault with her predecessor, left express orders in her will that her effigy should on no account be placed on the tomb.

The next of these interesting chapels to which we are conducted, is a small one, known as Islip's Chapel, founded by Abbot Islip, the well-known favourite of Henry the Seventh, whose tomb it

contains. Here too lie the remains of Archbishop Usher, whose name is so intimately associated with the misfortunes of Charles the First, but of whose resting-place we believe there is no memorial.

Opposite to Islip's Chapel are the ancient monuments of Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, son of Henry the Third; of Aymer de Valence, second and last Earl of Pembroke of his family; of Aveline, the great heiress of William de Fortibus, Earl of Albemarle, and wife of the Earl of Lancaster, whom we have just mentioned; and, opposite to the latter, that of a hero worthy of the days of chivalry, the gallant and lamented General Wolfe. Close by is the monument of the pious and amiable Brian Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, who attended his unfortunate master, Charles the First, in his misfortunes, and who was tutor to Charles the Second. A few hours before the dissolution of the venerable prelate, the "merry monarch" paid him a visit in his sick chamber, and kneeling down by his bed-side, requested his blessing. The dying prelate, with one hand on the King's head, and the other lifted to heaven, prayed fervently that he might prosper and be happy.

As we wander through the rest of the Abbey, the monuments being of more modern date, and the inscriptions consequently more conspicuous, we find but little necessity for a guide, and are not sorry to be left to our own reflections. Passing into the east aisle of the north transept, we gaze for a moment in admiration on the unique and beautiful

monument of Sir Francis Vere, who died in 1608, and thence pass on to Roubiliac's painful but no less striking one, to the memory of Mrs. Nightingale. Here is the sumptuous monument of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, the gallant and devoted follower of Charles the First, and of his learned and eccentric Duchess; and here also is the scarcely less magnificent tomb of John Holles, Duke of Newcastle.

In the north aisle are the monuments of no less celebrated men than Lord Mansfield, the great Lord Chatham, Charles James Fox, and George Canning; of Warren Hastings, and John Kemble; of Sir Humphrey Davy, and Thomas Telford, the celebrated civil engineer. In the centre of the north transept, within a short distance from one another, lie the remains of Chatham, Castlereagh, Wilberforce, Grattan, Pitt, and Fox.

> Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
> 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
> O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
> And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
>
> *Marmion, Intro. to Canto I.*

In the north aisle of the choir, leading from the north transept into the nave, may be traced the monuments of the well known composer and musician, William Croft; of Dr. Charles Burney, himself a composer and the author of the "History of Music;" and lastly, of the celebrated Henry Purcell. How different from the inflated inscription on the tomb of Dr. Burney, written by his daughter, Madame d'Arblay, is the brief and beautiful epi-

taph on Purcell, said to have been written by Dryden! "Here lies Henry Purcell, Esq., who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." It was probably from this epitaph that Dr. Johnson borrowed the idea of the exquisite concluding couplet of his lines to the memory of the Welch musician, Claude Phillips;

> Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,
> 'Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

Passing into the nave, and keeping along the north aisle, the eye is attracted by Rysbrack's large monument of Sir Isaac Newton. From thence we pass on to that of William Wilberforce, and of his contemporary Spencer Perceval, who was shot by Bellingham in the lobby of the House of Commons. At the west end of the nave, the most conspicuous monument, perhaps, of any in the Abbey, is that of William Pitt, over the great entrance, and near it are the more humble ones of Sir Godfrey Kneller, Zachary Macaulay, and George Tierney.

As we wander along the south end of the nave, on our return to Poets' Corner, many monuments of celebrated persons attract our attention. Nearly in the corner is that of James Craggs the younger, who succeeded Addison as Secretary of State. On it are engraved Pope's well-known lines to the memory of his friend:—

> Statesman, yet friend to truth; of soul sincere,
> In action faithful, and in honour dear:

> Who broke no promise, served no private end,
> Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;
> Ennobled by himself,—by all approved,
> Praised, wept, and honoured by the muse he loved.

It was Peter Leneve, the herald, who, in allusion to the lowness of Cragg's origin and the circumstance of his dying before his father, suggested that his epitaph should have been, "Here lies the last who died before the first of his family." Near the tomb of Craggs, lie the remains of the celebrated Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, once Dean of the Abbey, and of the charming actress, Mrs. Oldfield, but there is no memorial to either.

Close to the monument of Craggs is that of the wittiest of dramatic writers, William Congreve, whose body, however, lies in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. The pall-bearers at his funeral were the Duke of Bridgewater, the Earl of Godolphin, Lord Cobham, Lord Wilmington, the Hon. George Berkeley, and General Churchill, and the monument to his memory was erected at the expense of the beautiful Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, as "a mark how dearly she remembers the happiness she enjoyed in the sincere friendship of so worthy and honest a man." "When the younger Duchess," says Walpole, "exposed herself by placing a monument and silly epitaph of her own composition and bad spelling to Congreve, in Westminster Abbey, her mother, quoting the words, said, 'I know not what *pleasure* she might have in his company, but I am sure it was no *honour*.'"

From the monument of Congreve we pass on to those of the celebrated physician and philosopher, Dr. John Friend; of the poet, Thomas Spratt, Bishop of Rochester, the companion of the social hours of Charles the Second and of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; of the well-known Field-Marshal Wade; of Sidney, Earl Godolphin, the celebrated first minister of Queen Anne; and of Sir John Chardin, the traveller. From the monument of the gallant and ill-fated Major André, we turn to that of Thomas Thynne, the wealthy Issachar of Dryden's immortal poem, who was assassinated by Count Coningsmark, in Pall Mall. Lastly, just before we again enter Poets' Corner, we trace the monuments of the unfortunate Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who was shipwrecked and drowned on the rocks of Scilly; of Pasquale de Paoli, the brave and accomplished asserter of the liberties of Corsica; of the non-conformist divine, Isaac Watts, the author of the well-known "Hymns;" of Dr. Bell, the founder of the Madras system of education; and, in striking contrast to the staring and tasteless monuments of modern times, the tomb, of marble and alabaster gilt, of William Thynne, the gallant soldier in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

Passing under a gloomy arch of admirable workmanship, we suddenly find ourselves in a blaze of light and beauty, gazing in admiration at that most exquisite creation of human genius, Henry the Seventh's Chapel. How sublime is the effect, how beautiful the scene! On each side hang the ban-

ners of the Knights of the Bath, and above us is the vaulted and fretted roof, so marvellous in its construction, "suspended aloft as by magic, and achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb."

And how many celebrated persons,—conspicuous for their greatness, their genius, or their misfortunes,—rest beneath our feet. In front of us, the work of Torregiano, is the magnificent chantry, or tomb, of the founder, Henry the Seventh, and of his consort, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward the Fourth. At the head of the tomb sleeps the young King Edward the Sixth; and close by is Westmacott's chaste and beautiful monument of Anthony Philip, Duke of Montpensier, brother of the present King of France.

Not the least interesting tomb in this part of the chapel, is that which contains the murdered remains of the celebrated favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham: in the same vault lie his two sons, George, the second and witty Duke, and the young, the gallant, the beautiful Lord Francis Villiers, who, being overpowered with numbers, was killed in a skirmish with the forces of the Commonwealth, near Kingston-on-Thames. Here is the monument of one whose name is intimately associated with the literary history of the last century,—John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham; and, under the east window is interred the well-known favourite of William the Third, William Bentinck Earl of Portland, but

without any memorial of his resting-place. Lastly, between the knight's stalls, in the centre of the Nave, lie the remains of George the Second, and his consort, Queen Caroline; of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his Princess, Augusta of Saxe Gotha; of William, Duke of Cumberland, the Butcher of Culloden; and of many other of the descendants of George the First.

Passing into the south aisle of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, among the most interesting monuments are those of the beautiful Margaret, Countess of Lennox, mother of Lord Darnley, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots; of the celebrated George Monk, Duke of Albemarle and his boisterous Duchess; of Catherine Shorter, the wife of Sir Robert, and mother of Horace Walpole; and that most exquisite altar tomb,—the work of Torregiano,—to the memory of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry the Seventh. Lastly, here is the interesting and magnificent monument of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, whose remains were brought from Peterborough by her son, James the First, to rest beneath the same roof as those of her relentless rival, Queen Elizabeth.

Together sleep th' oppressor and th' oppressed.

In the same vault with the beautiful and ill-fated Queen, lie the bodies of the interesting and persecuted Lady Arabella Stuart; of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York; of Queen Mary, the consort of William the Third; and of the young Marcellus of

his day, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, the lamented and accomplished son of Queen Anne. At the end of this aisle is another royal vault, in which are deposited the remains of Charles the Second; Prince Rupert; William the Third; and of Queen Anne and her consort, Prince George of Denmark.

In the north aisle, the most conspicuous monument is the sumptuous one of Queen Elizabeth. Here also is the tomb of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, the well-known statesman; and of Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, the poet: in front of this latter monument lie the remains of Addison. At the further end is another royal vault containing the bodies of King James the First, of his consort, Queen Anne of Denmark, and his accomplished son, Prince Henry; and above it are two quaint monuments, to the memory of their infant daughters, Maria and Sophia. Close by, an inscription in Latin tells us that:—"Here lie the relics of Edward the Fifth, King of England, and Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried, by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard, the Usurper. Their bones, long inquired after and wished for, after lying 190 years in the stairs, (those lately leading to the chapel of the White Tower,) were, on the 17th of July, 1674, by undoubted proofs, discovered, being buried deep in that place. Charles the Second, pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate Princes to be laid among the relics of their predecessors, in

the year 1678, and the thirtieth of his reign." The tomb to the memory of the murdered Princes has naturally been regarded by thousands with deep interest. Whether, however, the bones which it contains be really those of Edward the Fifth and his younger brother, we fear admits of considerable doubt.

Before quitting Henry the Seventh's Chapel, we must not forget to mention that in this aisle, though without a monument, lies the body of Edward Hyde, the great Earl of Clarendon. Here too lie the remains of William Congreve, the dramatic poet, and,—probably in the same vault, with King James and his Queen,—the bodies of the charming and interesting Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia.

For a short time the bodies of Oliver Cromwell, his mother, and of the great Admiral Blake, were allowed to remain in peace among the tombs of the Kings of England, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where they had been severally interred with great magnificence.. At the Restoration, however, it was thought a degradation that their dust should mingle with that of royalty; and, accordingly, their remains were disinterred, those of the great Protector to moulder beneath the gibbet, and those of his mother and Blake, to be flung into a pit in the adjoining churchyard. Cromwell's favourite daughter, the interesting Mrs. Claypole, was also buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, but being a member of the Church of England, and a devoted royalist, her body was allowed to remain undisturbed in its

resting-place, where, in 1725, it was discovered by some workmen who were employed in repairing the foundations of the edifice. An attempt was made to purloin the silver plate attached to it, but the offenders were discovered, and the memorial restored.

Those who would wish to witness, perhaps, the most beautiful and impressive scene which London can afford, should wander on a moonlight night from Dean's Yard, into the solitary cloisters of Westminster Abbey. The sudden transition, from the noise and bustle of the streets to the most solemn stillness; the gloom of the vaulted roof, the light playing on the beautiful tracery of the arches, the mouldering tombs of departed abbots and monks which lie around us; and above all, the glorious Abbey, with its lofty towers and massive buttresses steeped in, and mellowed by, the moonlight;—present altogether a scene of beauty and interest, to which no language could do justice.

There is a cloistered and half-ruined aisle,
Which girts, proud Westminster, thine ancient pile;
Close to the crowded scenes of noise and strife,
Yet here how still the pulse of human life!
Save when it tolls, yon iron tongue of time,
To warn the living with its solemn chime.
Here, many a night, in happier hours than this,
When life was new, and solitude was bliss,
My steps have turned from Folly's senseless bower,
To woo the beauty of the moonlight hour;
And now, when years have brought a gloomier lot,
I tread once more the venerated spot:
No more its rich monastic courts display
The holy pageantry, the long array;

The hooded tenants of the convent cell
No more are summoned by the vesper-bell;
Yet still how calm and beautiful! on high
Hang the far lights that gem the azure sky;
And through the open arches I behold
That pile o'er which a thousand years have rolled;
Calm on its lofty towers the moonlight falls,
Gilding its pinnacles and buttressed walls;
Above me frowns the cloister's vaulted gloom,
Beneath me rest the slumberers of the tomb;
Some, o'er whose dust affection's tears still flow,
And some who died a thousand years ago;
Learning's pale sons, and Pleasure's laughing crew,
Warriors whose fame through frightened regions flew;
Who waved in Paynim lands their battle-blade,
And spurned the Crescent in the red Crusade;
Beauty whose smile a pleading lover blest,
Maids of the melting eye, and snowy breast;
Churchmen, who hurled, unawed by earthly things,
Their dread anathemas on trembling kings;
Saw the mailed warrior humbled at their feet,
And cited monarchs to their judgment seat.
What are they now, those meteors of their day,
The brave, the fair, the haughty, what are they!
Whose is this broken slab, this crumbling bust?
They mark no more the undistinguished dust:
Look down, ye restless worshippers of fame,
And read the empty nothing of a name! J. H. J.

In the cloisters of Westminster Abbey may be traced the ancient monuments of Abbot Vitales, who died in 1082; of Gervase de Blois, natural son of King Stephen, who died in 1106; of the Abbot Chrispinus, who died in 1114; and of another Abbot, Laurentius, who died in 1176. Here also lie buried the great actors Betterton and Barry; Aphra Behn, celebrated for her gallantries and dramatic writings; the beautiful Mrs. Cibber, of

whom Garrick said, when he heard of her death—"Then tragedy has expired with her;" two other celebrated actresses, Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Yates, and the inimitable actor and mimic, Samuel Foote.

Besides the persons we have mentioned, here lie the remains of Lawes, the companion of Milton, and the composer of the music of Comus; of Dr. William King, Archbishop of Dublin, the friend and correspondent of Swift; of Vertue, the engraver; and of Sir John Hawkins, the friend of Dr. Johnson and the author of the History of Music. Here it was that the murdered remains of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, followed by seventy-two clergymen and a procession consisting of a thousand persons of distinction, were lowered into the grave; and lastly, in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey lived Dr. Henry Killegrew, the author of the "Conspiracy," and the companion of Charles the Second, in his social hours. At the house of her father, in these cloisters, died the young, the celebrated, the interesting Anne Killegrew, of whom Dryden says:—

> Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

We must not forget to mention a remarkable scene which took place on a stormy night, in the reign of Charles the First, in the dark cloisters of Westminster Abbey, and of which the principal actor in it, William Lilly, the famous astrologer, has given us an account in his Life of Himself. One David Ramsay, the King's clockmaker, it

appears, had taken it into his head that a vast treasure was concealed beneath the pavement of the cloisters. Accordingly, he applied in the first instance to Dr. Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, then Dean of the Abbey, who readily gave his permission to a search being made, on condition that the Dean and Chapter should receive a certain share of any gold that might be discovered. Ramsay subsequently disclosed his secret to the astrologer Lilly, and, accompanied by about thirty other persons, having selected a winter's night, they were admitted into the cloisters. One John Scott, celebrated for his knowledge of "the use of the Mosaical or Miner's rod, then began to apply the hazel rods, and these beginning to tumble over one another on the west side of the cloisters," the searchers were persuaded that the treasure lay beneath that particular spot. On this "they fell to digging," and, after considerable labour, about six feet deep from the surface, came to a coffin. Having lifted it, and poised it, they found it so light, that they thought it scarcely worth while to open it, which, says Lilly, "we afterwards much repented." The divining rods proving of no further assistance in the cloisters, the searchers proceeded to the Abbey, when, we are told, a storm so sudden and violent arose, that they were afraid the western entrance of the cathedral would have blown down upon them. It was then that the astrologer, in the midst of the fury of the elements and under the vaulted and dimly-lighted roof of the old Abbey, proceeded to give his

frightened companions a proof of his supernatural powers. To use Lilly's own words, "Our rods would not move at all; the candles and torches, all but one, were extinguished, or burned very dimly; John Scott, my partner, was amazed, looked pale, and knew not what to think or do; *until I gave directions and command to dismiss the demons;* which, when done, all was quiet again." Terrified by the raging of the storm, the gloom of the Abbey, and by the magical communion which apparently existed between the astrologer and the agents of the dark fiend, the whole party, it seems, unceremoniously fled to their respective homes, nor does it appear that they ever again ventured to disturb the resting-places of the dead.

Close to the cloisters, at the south-west end of the Abbey, is the celebrated Jerusalem Chamber, built by Abbot Littlington, and anciently forming part of the Abbot's lodgings. It was in this interesting apartment that Henry the Fourth breathed his last. We have already mentioned that the King was paying his devotions at the shrine of Edward the Confessor, when he was seized with one of those fits to which he had for some time been subject. His attendants feared, says Fabian, that he would "have died right there;" but having succeeded in removing him to the Abbot's apartments, the King recovered his senses, and inquired where he was. Being informed that it was called the Jerusalem Chamber, he exclaimed, to use the words of Shakespeare,—

Laud be to God!—even there my life must end,
It hath been prophecied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land, &c.
Second Part of Henry IV, Act iv. Sc. 4.

An additional interest is conferred on the Jerusalem Chamber, in consequence of its having been the spot where the remains of several celebrated men have lain in state, previous to their interment in Westminster Abbey. Among these may be mentioned, Dr. Robert South, the eminent divine; the Earl of Halifax, the poet; Sir Isaac Newton; Congreve, the great dramatic writer; Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, and, lastly, Thomas Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope."

Before concluding our notices of Westminster Abbey and its precincts, we must not omit to mention the interesting and once beautiful Chapter House, where the Commons of England first sat apart from the Lords, as a distinct body, and where they continued to hold their Parliaments till 1547, when the Chapel of St. Stephen's was granted them by Edward the Sixth. The building itself has been allowed to fall into a lamentable state of neglect and decay; its lofty windows, once resplendent with stained glass, have been nearly filled up; and the fine roof has been destroyed and one of wood substituted. There still, however, remains the beautiful Gothic portal leading from the cloisters; as well as the light and elegant central column which helps to support the roof; some interesting remains of the ancient tiled pavement

of the reigns of Edward the Confessor and Henry the Third; and on the walls have been preserved some very curious paintings of the latter reign, one of which a female figure, is of exquisite colours and execution. Here, too, are preserved the famous Doomsday book, and other ancient records. Beneath the Chapter House is the crypt of massive and very singular construction, but which, for some reason which the author has been unable to discover, has been entirely closed for nearly a quarter of a century.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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